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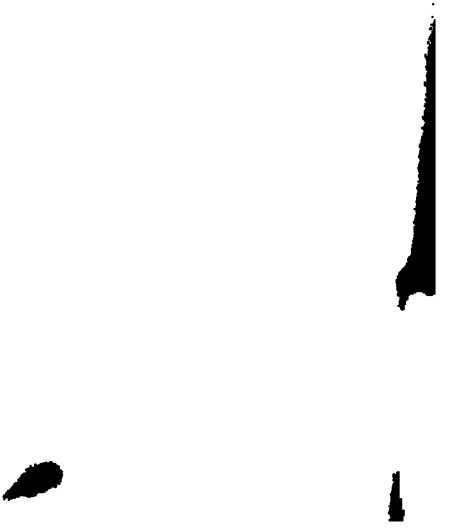

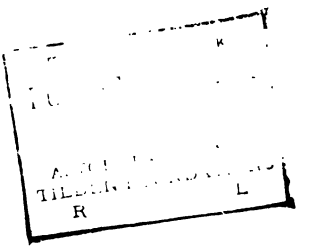

Massacre of the family of M. de Laveze.—MASSACRES IN THE SOUTH.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

CELEBRATED CRIMES

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CELEBRATED CRIMES

MASSACRES IN THE SOUTH

1551–1815

It may be that our readers, whose memories hardly go back beyond the Restoration, will be surprised at the large frame in which we enclose the picture that we are about to place before their eyes, embracing something more than two centuries and a half; but everything has its precedent, every river its source, every volcano its internal fire; from 1551 to 1815, on that portion of the earth's surface to which we direct our attention, the pendulum swung constantly from one side to the other, action was followed by reaction, vengeance by reprisals; and the religious annals of the South are nothing more than a double entry ledger kept by fanaticism with death, with the blood of Protestants entered on one side, and of Catholics on the other.

In the great political and religious commotions of the South, whose convulsions, like earthquakes, reached sometimes to the capital, Nîmes was always the central point. We therefore select Nîmes as the central point of our narrative, which may sometimes stray away to other places, but will always return thither in the end.

Nîmes, reunited to France under Louis VIII., and governed by consuls, whose authority, substituted for

that of Bernard Athon VI., its viscount, dated from the year 1207, had just celebrated, during the episcopate of Michel Briçonnet, the discovery of the relics of St. Bauzile, martyr and patron of the town, when the new doctrines were disseminated throughout France. The South early had its share of persecution, and in 1551 the seneschal's court at Nîmes sentenced several professors of the reformed religion to be burned at the stake upon the public square at Nîmes,—among them Maurice Sécenat, a missionary from the Cevennes, taken in the act of preaching. Thenceforth Nîmes had two martyrs and two patron saints, one worshiped by the Catholics, the other by the Protestants, and St. Bauzile, after a reign of twenty-four years, was forced to share the honors of the protectorate with his new concurrent.

To Maurice Sécenat succeeded Pierre de Lavan; these two preachers, whose names have survived many other names of obscure and forgotten martyrs, were put to death upon the Place de la Salamandre four years apart, the only difference being that the first was burned and the second hanged.

Pierre de Lavan was attended during his last moments by Dominique Deyron, doctor of theology; but the usual order of things was reversed, and instead of the priest converting the patient, it was the patient who converted the priest. The word, which they had striven to stifle, rang out anew. Dominique Deyron was sentenced, pursued, hunted, and escaped the gibbet only by taking refuge in the mountains.

The mountains are the refuge of every rising or decaying sect; God has given to the kings and the mighty ones of earth the cities, the fields and the sea; but He has given the mountains as an offset to the weak and the oppressed.

Persecution and proselytism, however, kept pace with each other; but blood produced its ordinary effect,—it fertilized the soil, and after two or three years of strife, after two or three hundred Huguenots had been burned or hanged, Nîmes awoke one morning to find the Protestants in the majority. Wherefore, in 1556 the consuls of Nîmes were sternly brought to book for the manifest leanings of the city toward the reformation. In 1557, hardly a year after this admonition, King Henri II. was forced to remove the Huguenot Guillaume de Calvière from the office of president of the presidial court. Finally, the chief justice having ordered the consuls to supervise the execution of all heretics, those bourgeois magistrates protested against this order, and the royal authority lacked the strength to make them comply with it.

Henri died, and Catherine de Medici and the Guises ascended the throne under the name of François II. There is one period, when a nation always has a breathing space, and that is during the obsequies of its king. Nîmes took advantage of the opportunity afforded by the burial of King Henri II., and on September 29, 1559, Guillaume Moget founded the first Protestant community there.

Guillaume Moget came from Geneva; he was the child of Calvin's bowels; he arrived at Nîmes with the firm determination to convert all the remaining Catholics to the new faith, or to be hanged. He was eloquent, ardent, artful; too intelligent to be violent, and disposed to make concessions, if reciprocal concessions were made to him; therefore the chances were all in his favor, and Guillaume Moget was not hanged.

The moment that a growing sect ceases to be enslaved it becomes a queen; heresy, which was already mistress

of three fourths of the city, began to raise its head boldly in the streets. A bourgeois named Guillaume Raymond loaned his house to the Calvinist missionary; a public service was established there, and the most irresolute were converted. Soon the house became too small to contain the multitudes who thronged thither to drink in the poison of the revolutionary doctrines, and the most impatient began to turn their eyes upon the churches.

Meanwhile the Vicomte de Joyeuse, who had been appointed governor of Languedoc in the room of M. de Villars, was much concerned by this rapid progress, which the Protestants no longer attempted to conceal, but of which on the other hand they openly boasted; he summoned the consuls and reprimanded them roundly in the king's name, threatening to send a garrison to Nîmes which would find a way to put an end to all the commotion. The consuls promised to check the evil without the necessity of outside intervention, and by way of keeping their promise doubled the patrol, and appointed a captain whose sole duty was to enforce order in the streets. Now this captain, employed to repress heresy, was Captain Bouillargues, the most abandoned Huguenot who ever lived.

The result of this fortunate choice was as follows. One day when Guillaume Moget was preaching in a garden to an enormous crowd, a heavy shower came up. It was necessary for them to disperse or to find some place of shelter, and as the preacher was at the most interesting part of his sermon, they did not hesitate to adopt the latter alternative. The church of Saint-Etienne-du-Capitole was near at hand, and one of the audience suggested that that place would be most convenient, if not strictly appropriate. The suggestion was enthusiastically received; the rain came down with renewed violence, and

they hurried off to the church. The curate and the priests were driven out, the Holy Sacrament trampled under foot, and the sacred images broken in pieces. After those preliminaries Guillaume Moget ascended the pulpit, and resumed his sermon with such eloquence, that his auditors, renewing their excitement, were not satisfied to end their exploits for the day there, but lost no time in taking possession of the Cordelier convent, where they proceeded to instal Moget and the two women, who, in the words of Menard, the historian of Languedoc, never left him, day or night. As for Captain Bouillargues, his impassive demeanor was something magnificent.

The consuls, being brought to book a third time, would have been very glad to deny that there had been any disorder, but it was impossible. They therefore threw themselves upon the mercy of M. de Villars, who had been reinstated in the government of Languedoc, and M. de Villars without further reference to them, introduced a garrison into the castle of Nîmes, to be paid and fed by the city, while a military police, independent of the municipal police, was organized and placed under the control of a governor, assisted by four district captains. Moget was driven from Nîmes, and Captain Bouillargues was removed from his office.

Thereupon François II. died. His death produced the usual effect; the persecution was relaxed, and Moget returned to Nîmes. It was a victory, and as each victory is followed by a step forward, the victorious preacher organized a consistory, and the deputies from Nîmes demanded in the States-General of Orléans that houses of worship be provided. This demand was unheeded; but the Protestants knew what to do under such circumstances; on the twenty-first of December, 1561, the churches of Saint-Eugénie, Saint-Augustin, and the

Cordeliers were taken by assault, and swept clear of their images in the twinkling of an eye. On this occasion Captain Bouillargues was not content simply to look on, but directed the operations.

The cathedral still remained, and there the remnant of the Catholic clergy were intrenched as in their last stronghold; but it was evident that it would be transformed into a temple of the religion at the first opportunity; the opportunity was not long in coming.

One Sunday, when the bishop, Bernard d'Elbène, was officiating, and the preacher in ordinary was about to begin his sermon, the children of certain Protestants, who were playing on the church stoop, set up a tremendous hooting. Some of the faithful, whose meditations were interrupted by the children's cries, rushed out of the church and chastised the little Huguenots. Their parents looked upon themselves as insulted in the persons of their children; there was great commotion in the neighborhood, crowds assembled, and shouts of "To the church! to the church!" arose on all sides. Captain Bouillargues happened to be passing. He was a man of method; he organized the excited populace, and, marching at their head, carried the cathedral at the double quick, in spite of the barricades hastily thrown up by the papists. The assault lasted only a few moments; the priests and the faithful took flight by one door as the reformers entered by another. The church was appropriated to the new religion in a twinkling; the great crucifix above the altar was dragged into the street at the end of a rope, and scourged through the city. At last when evening came they lighted a great fire in front of the cathedral, and threw into it all the papers of the ecclesiastical and religious establishments, the images and relics of the saints, the altar ornaments, the sacerdotal

vestments, everything, in short, even the consecrated host, was burned without interference on the part of the consuls. The wind which blew at Nîmes was from an heretical quarter.

Instantly Nîmes was in full revolt, and a thorough organization was at once effected. Moget assumed the title of pastor and minister of the Christian church. Captain Bouillargues ordered the consecrated vessels of the Catholic churches to be melted down, and with the proceeds derived from their sale paid the volunteers of Nîmes and the German *reiters*. The stones from the demolished convents served to build fortifications, and the city was in a state of defence before an attack upon it was even contemplated.

It was at this time—Guillaume Calvière being at the head of the presidial court, Moget, president of the consistory, and Captain Bouillargues in command of the armed force—that it was determined to establish a new power, which, while sharing the authority of the consuls, should be even more devoted to Calvin and his school than they, and the bureau of the *Messieurs* was born. It was nothing more nor less than a committee of public safety, and being established on a revolutionary basis it proceeded to act accordingly. The power of the consuls was absorbed, and the consistory was compelled to confine its energies to spiritual affairs. At this juncture was issued the Edict of Amboise, accompanied by the announcement that Charles IX. accompanied by Catherine de Medici was about to visit his faithful provinces in the South.

Enterprising as Captain Bouillargues was, he had to do at this time with too strong a party to try to resist; and, despite the murmuring of the enthusiasts, the city of Nîmes determined, not only to open its gates to its

sovereign, but to give him a reception which would do away with all the unfavorable impressions Charles IX. might have received from its previous course. The royal cortège was met at the Pont du Gard by young girls dressed as water-nymphs, who came forth from a grotto, carrying refreshments, which were served by the road-side, and to which their majesties did ample justice. The repast at an end, the illustrious travelers resumed their journey. But the imagination of the authorities of Nîmes was not content with such a trifle. Upon reaching the city wall the king found the Crown gate changed into a mountain, covered with vines and olive-trees, upon which a shepherd was feeding his flock. But, as if to prove that everything must give way before his mightiness, the mountain opened at the king's approach, and the noblest maidens of Nîmes came out to meet him, and handed him the keys of the city in bouquets of flowers, singing songs to the accompaniment of the shepherd's pipe. As he passed beneath the mountain Charles IX. saw, at the end of a grotto, a monstrous crocodile chained to a palm-tree, ejecting flames from his jaws; it was the ancient crest granted to the city by Octavius Cæsar Augustus after the battle of Actium, and which François I. had restored to it in exchange for a model of the amphitheatre in silver, presented to him by the city. Lastly he found the Place de la Salamandre brilliantly illuminated; and without inquiring whether the illuminations were what was left of the funeral pile of Maurice Sécenat, the king went to sleep, well content with his reception at the hands of his good city of Nîmes, and feeling certain that it had been basely slandered to him.

However, in order that such slanderous reports, albeit they seemed to him to be without foundation, might not

be renewed, the king appointed Damville, governor of Languedoc, and himself installed him in the capital of his government. He then removed the consuls from the first to the last; those whom he appointed in their places were all Catholics, and were Guy-Rochette, advocate, Jean Beaudan, citizen, François Aubert, mason, and Christol Ligier, laborer. After which he set out for Paris, where, some time after, he signed with the Calvinists the treaty, which the people, unerring prophets, called a lame and unstable (*mal assise*) * peace, and which resulted in the St. Bartholomew.

Although these measures for the future tranquillity of Nîmes were taken by the king with the utmost graciousness, there was a reaction, none the less. The Catholics, feeling that they had the support of the royal authority returned to the city in crowds, the citizens reoccupied their houses, the curés took possession of their churches, and both priests and laymen, who had been starving upon the bitter bread of exile, laid violent hands upon the treasure. No murder stained this general overturn, but the Calvinists had their turn at being insulted and hooted at on the streets. A few blows of the dagger or arquebus shots would have been preferable perhaps, for a wound may heal, but an insult never ceases to rankle.

On the morrow of the feast of Saint-Michel, September 30, 1657, about midday, two or three hundred conspirators suddenly issued from a certain house, and rushed through the streets, crying: "To arms! Death to the papists!" It was Captain Bouillargues taking his revenge.

* These two adjectives, which proved to be so apt, were only prophetic by accident after all; they were applied to this treaty because it was negotiated on behalf of the king by Biron who was lame, and by Mesme, who was Seigneur de Malassis.

As the Catholics were taken by surprise, they did not even try to make any resistance. A party of the better armed Protestants went to the house of Guy-Rochette, first consul, and gained possession of the keys of the city. Guy-Rochette, aroused by the shouts of the people, put his head out of the window, and seeing a crowd of madmen hurrying toward his house, guessed that it was he they wanted, and took refuge at his brother Gregory's. There, having collected himself and recovered his courage, a realizing sense of the importance of his duties came to his mind, and he determined to perform them, whatever might be the result. Consequently he hastened to the officers of the law, but they all gave him such excellent reasons for not interfering that he saw that he must not rely upon such cowards, or traitors. He therefore called upon the bishop, and found him in his Episcopal palace surrounded by the principal Catholics, all on their knees, praying and awaiting martyrdom. Guy-Rochette joined them, and they all prayed together.

A moment later there was a renewed outcry in the streets, and the gates of the palace groaned under the blows of axes and crowbars. At that threatening sound the bishop forgot that it was his duty to set an example of martyrdom, and escaped through a hole in the wall into an adjoining house. But Guy-Rochette and a few other Catholics, being resigned to their fate and determined not to fly, stood their ground. The gates yielded and the Huguenots spread through the courtyard and the apartments. Captain Bouillargues entered, sword in hand; Guy-Rochette and his companions were taken prisoners and confined in a bedroom under guard of four sentinels, and the palace was pillaged. At the same time another party went to the house of the vicar-general, Jean Peberean, took eight hundred crowns from him,

dealt him seven blows with the dagger, and threw his body out of the window, as the Catholics did eight years later, with that of Admiral de Coligny. The two parties then joined forces and rushed off to the cathedral, which they sacked a second time.

The whole day was passed in murder and pillage. At last night came, and as they had been foolish enough to take a great number of prisoners, and began to be embarrassed by them, they resolved to take advantage of the darkness to get rid of them without arousing too much excitement in the city. They therefore collected them from the various houses where they were confined, and took them all to a large hall in the Hôtel de Ville, which would hold some four or five hundred persons, and was completely filled by them. A sort of tribunal was thereupon organized, and a clerk assumed the duty of recording the judgments of the improvised court. A list of the prisoners was handed him, and a cross in the margin indicated those who were condemned. He went from room to room with the list in his hand, calling out those whose names were marked with the fatal cross, and when this process of selection was completed, they were taken in groups to the palace assigned beforehand for their execution.

This place was the courtyard of the bishop's palace; in the middle was a well fifty feet deep and twenty-four feet in circumference; it was a grave already dug, and the Huguenots, who were in a hurry, had determined to make use of it to save time.

The ill-fated Catholics were led thither, slashed with daggers, or hacked with axes, and cast into the well. Guy-Rochette was one of the first to suffer and asked neither mercy nor pardon for himself, but he did pray for the life of his young brother, whose only crime consisted in

his close relationship to him. The assassins would listen to nothing; they dispatched man and boy alike, and threw them both into the well. The body of the vicar-general, although he had been slain previously, was also dragged to the spot at the end of a rope and sent to join the other martyrs. The massacre lasted through the night; the blood-red water rose as fresh bodies were thrown in, and at daybreak the well overflowed, after about one hundred and twenty persons had been thrown into it.

On the following day, October 1st, the tumultuous scenes were renewed. With the first streak of dawn Captain Bouillargues ran through the streets, shouting: "Courage, comrades! Montpellier, Pézenas, Aramon, Beaucaire, Saint-Andéol and Villeneuve are taken, and are devoted to us. The Cardinal de Lorraine is dead, and we have the king in our hands."

This outcry aroused those of the assassins who had begun to grow weary; they joined the captain, demanding loudly that the houses surrounding the bishop's palace should be searched, as it was almost certain that the bishop, who, it will be remembered, had escaped the night before, had taken refuge in one of them. The suggestion was adopted, and the process of searching was begun. When they reached the house of M. de Sauvignargues, he confessed that the prelate was in his cellar, and proposed to Captain Bouillargues to arrange a ransom for him.

The proposition was in no wise unseemly, and was accepted, and after a few moments of discussion as to the sum, it was finally fixed at a hundred and twenty crowns. The bishop gave up what he had upon him, his servants emptied their pockets, and Monsieur de Sauvignargues made up the deficit; as the bishop was in his house, he

kept him as security. The bishop did not remonstrate against this step, however impertinent it might have appeared to him at another time; he believed himself to be safer in M. de Sauvignargues' cellar than in his own palace.

But the secret of the worthy prelate's hiding-place was probably not very scrupulously kept by those who had negotiated with him; for, almost immediately, a second party made its appearance in the hope of obtaining a second ransom. Unfortunately M. de Sauvignargues, the bishop and his servants were stripped of all their ready money by the earlier payment; so that the master of the house, fearing for his own safety, ordered his doors to be barricaded, and escaped by a lane in the rear of his house, abandoning the bishop to his fate. The Huguenots climbed in at the windows, crying: "Kill! kill! death to the papists!" The bishop's servants were massacred, the bishop dragged from the cellar and tossed into the street. There his rings and pastoral cross were snatched from him, he was stripped of his clothes, and dressed in a fantastic garment improvised with rags; a peasant's hat was clapped on his head in place of his mitre, and in this plight he was dragged to the palace and to the brink of the well preparatory to being thrown in. One of the murderers called attention to the fact that it was already full of corpses.—"Bah!" rejoined another, "they'll crowd together a bit to make room for a bishop."

Meanwhile the prelate, who saw that he could expect no mercy from man, threw himself on his knees and was commending his soul to God, when suddenly one of the assassins, Jean Coussinal by name, who up to that time had distinguished himself among the most blood-thirsty, moved as if by a miracle, by the bishop's resignation,

darted to his side, took him under his protection, and declared that whosoever chose to lay a finger upon the bishop would have to reckon with him. His comrades fell back in amazement. Jean Coussinal lifted the bishop in his arms, bore him to a house nearby, and took his stand upon the threshold with drawn sword.

The assassins, however, as soon as they recovered from the first shock of surprise, began vociferously to demand the bishop, and upon reflecting that they were fifty to one, and that it was disgraceful for them to allow themselves to be intimidated by a single man, made a rush against Coussinal, who struck off the head of the foremost with a back stroke of his sword. Thereupon the outcries redoubled, and two or three pistols and arquebuses were discharged at the obstinate champion of the poor bishop; but no bullet touched him. At that moment Captain Bouillargues came up, and seeing one man attacked by fifty demanded an explanation. They told him of Coussinal's strange whim of wishing to save the bishop.

"He is right," said the captain: "the bishop has paid a ransom, and no one has any further claim upon him."

With that he walked up to Coussinal and took his hand, and they both entered the house, whence they soon issued, each holding an arm of the bishop. They traversed the whole city in this fashion, followed by the shouts and mutterings of the assassins, who, however, dared do nothing more than shout and mutter. At the city gate they turned the bishop over to an escort, and stood there until he was lost to sight.

Once more the massacres lasted all day, but with diminishing frequency towards evening. During the night there were a few stray murders, but the next day, being sated with killing they began to demolish. This

lasted longer; one wearies less easily of moving stones than corpses. All the convents, all the churches, all the monasteries, all the houses of priests and canons were leveled with the ground. They spared only the cathedral, which took the edge off axes and crowbars, and the church of Saint-Eugénie, which they turned into a powder magazine.

The day of slaughter was called the *Michelade*, because it took place on the morrow of Saint-Michel's and as it took place in 1567, the Saint-Bartholomew was simply an imitation.

However, with the assistance of M. Damville, the Catholics soon regained the upper hand, and it was the turn of the Protestants to fly. They withdrew to the Cevennes. From the beginning of the troubles the Cevennes were the refuge of the reformers, and to this day the level country is Catholic, the mountain region Huguenot. Let the Catholic faction triumph at Nîmes and the plain would ascend; let the Protestants be victorious and the mountain would descend.

The Calvinists, though conquered and put to flight, did not lose courage. Exiled one day, they counted upon taking their revenge the next day, and while they were being sentenced to death by default or burned in effigy, they were dividing up the property of their executioners before a notary.

But it was not enough to buy and sell the property of the Catholics, they must enter into possession of it; and that was what the Protestants sought means to accomplish. They succeeded in November, 1569, that is to say, after eighteen months of exile. The method adopted was as follows:

One day the fugitive reformers were visited by a carpenter from a small village called Cauvisson, who

desired to speak with M. Nicolas de Calvière, Seigneur de Saint-Cosme, and brother of the president, who was known throughout the sect as a man of action. The carpenter made this proposition:

There was in the city moat, near the Carmelite gate, an iron grating, through which the water from the fountain was discharged. Maduron,—that was the carpenter's name,—offered to file through the bars of this grating so that it might be removed some fine night and admit a party of armed Huguenots. Nicolas de Calvière accepted the proposition, demanding that the scheme should be put in execution at the earliest possible moment; but the carpenter observed that it was necessary to wait for a storm, so that the water, increased in volume by the rain, would make noise enough to drown the rasping of the file. This was the more essential, as the sentry-box was almost directly above the grating, M. de Calvière insisted, but Maduron, who had more at stake than anyone, was equally determined, and they had no choice but to await his pleasure.

Shortly after, the rainy season arrived, and the fountain was swollen as usual. Maduron, deeming the time propitious, glided into the moat, and set about filing his grating, while a friend, in hiding on the rampart, pulled a cord attached to his arm whenever the sentinel in his regular circuit approached the spot. When morning came good progress had been made. Maduron filled the cuts with wax and covered them with mud that they might not be discovered, and retired. During the three following nights he returned to the task with the same precaution, and toward the end of the fourth night found that the grating was in condition to yield to a slight pressure. That was all that was necessary; he returned

and notified M. Nicolas de Calvière that the moment had arrived.

It happened luckily enough that there was no moon. The following night was fixed for the enterprise, and as soon as it was dark M. Nicolas de Calvière, followed by three hundred picked men, concealed himself in an olive plantation an eighth of a league from the walls.

Everything was quiet, and the night was very dark. Eleven o'clock struck. Calvière set forward with his men, who went down noiselessly into the moat, waded across with the water waist-deep, climbed up on the other side, and glided along the foot of the wall, unseen, as far as the grating. There Maduron was waiting for them; when he saw them coming he shook the grating gently, it fell, and the whole party, passing through the conduit with Nicolas de Calvière at their head, soon found themselves at the other end, on Place de la Fontaine.

Parties of twenty at once hastened to the four principal gates, and all the rest of the troop ran through the streets, shouting: "The city is taken! death to the papists! a new world!"

By these shouts the Protestants within the city recognized brethren, and the Catholics enemies. But the former were warned, and the latter taken by surprise; there was therefore no defence attempted, but that fact did not prevent carnage. M. de Saint-André, the governor of the city, during his short administration had incurred the bitter hatred of the Huguenots; he was killed by a pistol-shot in his bed, and his body, being thrown into the street, was torn in pieces by the populace. The slaughter lasted through the night; in the morning the victors entered upon a system of persecution, which was much more easily carried out as against the Catholics, who had no place of refuge except the flat country, than

as against the Protestants, who, as we have said, had the Cevennes for a stronghold.

About this time was negotiated the peace of 1570, which was called, as we have said, the "unstable peace" —a name which was justified two years later by the Saint-Bartholomew.

Thereupon, strange to say, the South watched the capital. The Protestants and Catholics of Nîmes, still red with one another's blood, stood face to face, with hand on hilt of dagger or sword, but without drawing either dagger or sword. They were curious to see what course the Parisians would adopt.

The Saint-Bartholomew had one notable result—the federation of the principal cities of the South and West. Montpellier, Uzès, Montauban and La Rochelle formed a military and civil league, presided over by Nîmes,— "awaiting the time," said the Act of Federation, "when a prince, raised up by God, as a partisan and champion of the Protestant cause, should ascend the throne."—After 1575 the Protestants of the South divined the coming of Henri IV.

Thereupon Nîmes, setting an example to the other cities of the federation, deepened her moats, pulled down her faubourgs, increased the height of her walls; night and day she labored to improve her means of defence, stationed a double guard at each gate, and, knowing by experience how cities may be surprised, did not leave in the whole extent of her walls, a single hole of sufficient size for a papist to pass through. At this period, in her fear for the future she became sacrilegious toward the past; she half demolished her temple of Diana and mutilated its amphitheatre, every gigantic stone of which made a section of wall. During one truce she sowed, during another she reaped; and this state of things

lasted as long as the reign of the *mignons.** At last, the prince raised up by God, whom the reformers had so long awaited, made his appearance; Henri IV. ascended the throne.

But, upon ascending the throne, Henri IV. found himself in the position in which Octavius found himself fifteen hundred years before, and in which Louis-Philippe was destined to find himself three hundred years later. Having been raised to the sovereigu power by a party which was not in the majority, he was obliged to cut loose from that party, and to abjure his religious faith, as others have abjured and will abjure their political faiths. So that he had his Biron, as Octavius had his Antony and Louis-Philippe his Lafayette. When they have reached that point, kings no longer have wills of their own or personal sympathies; they submit to the logic of events, and being compelled constantly to rely for support upon the masses, they no sooner cease to be proscribed, than they become proscribers, in spite of themselves.

However, before taking this decisive step Henri IV., with the frankness of an old soldier, assembled his old companions in war and religion; he unrolled before their eyes a map of France, and pointed out to them that hardly the tenth part of its vast population was Protestant, and that the Protestants were confined to the mountains of Dauphiné, which had given them their three principal leaders, Baron des Adrets, Captain Montbrun and Lesdiguières; the mountains of the Cevennes, which had given them their principal preachers, Maurice Sécenat and Guillaume Moget; and the mountains of Navarre, whence he had himself come. He

*Henri III. was largely under the influence of a number of male favorites, who were known as his "*mignons*."

reminded them that whenever they had ventured out of their mountains they had been beaten, as had happened at Jarnac, Moncontour and Dreux. He concluded by convincing them of his utter inability to restore them to power; but he gave them in exchange three things; his purse to satisfy their present needs, the Edict of Nantes to assure their future tranquillity, and strongholds for their defence in case the edict should some day be revoked; for with marvelous foresight the grandfather divined the coming of the grandson; Henri IV. feared Louis XIV.

The Protestants took what was offered them, and, as is generally the case with those who receive, they withdrew discontented because they had not obtained more.

The reign of Henri IV. nevertheless was the golden age of the Huguenots, although they looked upon the king as a renegade; and as long as his reign lasted, Nîmes was at peace; for the victors, strangely enough, forgetting the Parisian Saint-Bartholomew for which they had not as yet taken their revenge, contented themselves with forbidding the Catholics to practice their religion in public, and left them free to practice it in secret, and even to carry the viaticum to those who were moribund, provided that they were content to wait until after dark. When death was so imminent that it was necessary to carry the sacrament through the streets by day, the priest was in some danger, but was seldom deterred thereby, so characteristic is it of religious devotion to be immutable; and few soldiers, however brave they may be, meet death so courageously as martyrs.

During all this period, taking advantage of the truce and of the impartial protection accorded to both factions by Constable Damville, Carmelites, Capuchins, Jesuits,

in fact, monks of every order and color, returned to Nîmes, one after another; quietly, to be sure, and even furtively and surreptitiously, but after three or four years they were reinstalled there none the less. But they found themselves in the situation in which the Protestants were at first; they were the ones who had no churches, while their enemies were fully supplied with places of worship. At last there came a time when a superior of the Jesuits, one Père Costin, preached with such success, that the Protestants, anxious to contend on equal terms, and to meet words with words, summoned from Alais—that is to say, from the mountains, the never-failing source of Huguenot eloquence—the Reverend Jérémie Ferrier, who was at that precise moment considered the eagle of the sect. Thereupon the controversial discussions between the two religions sprang up anew; war was not yet declared, but peace no longer existed; they did no murder, but they anathematized; they did not slay the body, but they condemned the soul to perdition; it was one way of losing no time, even while taking a rest, and of keeping their hands in for the time when the massacres should begin again.

The death of Henri IV. gave the signal for renewed clashing, in which the advantage lay at first with the Protestants, but gradually turned in favor of the Catholics. The fact is that with Louis XIII. Richelieu mounted the throne; beside the king was the cardinal; behind the purple cloak, the scarlet robe. It was at this juncture that Henri de Rohan appeared in the South, one of the most illustrious chiefs of that great family, which was allied to the royal houses of Scotland, France, Savoy and Lorraine, and had taken for its device: *Roi ne puis, prince ne daigne, Rohan je suis!*

Henri de Rohan was at this time a man of forty to

forty-five years, in the flower of his strength and intellect. In his youth he had traveled extensively in England, Scotland and Italy to complete his education. In England, Elizabeth had called him her knight; in Scotland James VI. had requested him to act as godfather for his son, afterwards Charles I.; and in Italy he had so ingratiated himself in the favor of the principal nobles, and had become so familiar with the politics of the principal cities, that it was commonly said that he knew more of their concerns than anybody except Machiavelli. After his return to France he married Sully's daughter, during the lifetime of Henri IV. and after that monarch's death he commanded the Swiss and Grisons at the siege of Juliers. Such was the man whom the king was imprudent enough to provoke by refusing him the reversion of the government of Poitou with which his father-in-law was invested; and, as he himself says in his memoirs with the ingenuousness of a soldier, being desirous to take his revenge for the contempt with which he was treated at court he joined the party of Condé, on account of his good-will for his brother, and his desire to serve those of his religion.

From that period the street revolts and the brief outbursts of passion became more extensive and lasted longer; it was no longer a matter of an isolated émeute which stirred a city to excitement now and then, but a general conflagration extending throughout the South, and the insurrection attained the dignity of civil war.

This state of things lasted seven or eight years; for seven or eight years Rohan, abandoned by Châtillon and La Force, who paid for their marshal's batons by their treachery, hard pressed by Condé, his former friend, and by Montmorency, his everlasting rival, performed prodigies of valor and miracles of strategy. At the last,

without soldiers, supplies or money, he was still so much an object of dread to Richelieu, that that minister granted the conditions he demanded, namely, a guaranty that the Edict of Nantes should be observed, the restitution of their temples to the Huguenots, and a general amnesty for himself and his partisans. Furthermore, and this was a thing unheard of up to that time, he obtained three hundred thousand livres to indemnify him for the money he had spent during his rebellion. Two hundred and forty thousand he turned over to his co-religionists, retaining only the sum of sixty thousand livres, less than a fourth of what he received, to rebuild his châteaux, and place his ruined family upon its feet once more. This treaty was signed July 27, 1629.

Cardinal Richelieu, to whom no price was too high to pay in order to attain his end, at last succeeded in attaining it. He purchased peace at a price of about forty millions, but Saintonge, Poitou and Languedoc had submitted; the La Trimouilles, the Condés, the Bouillons, the Rohans, and the Soubises joined in the treaty; in short the armed opposition of the grandees disappeared, and the cardinal-duke could afford to overlook private opposition. He therefore allowed Nîmes to manage her internal affairs as she pleased, and matters soon returned to their accustomed state of order, or rather of disorder. At last Richelieu died; Louis XIII. followed him after a few months, and the embarrassment arising from the minority of his successor afforded the Protestants and Catholics of the South more complete liberty than ever to continue the bloody duel, which is still unfinished in our day. But each recurrent ebb and flow of the tide partook more and more closely of the character of the triumphant party. If the Huguenots were victorious their vengeance was swift and brutal; if the Catholics

had the upper hand their reprisals were hypocritical and surreptitious.

The Protestants tore down churches and convents, drove away the monks, burned the crucifixes, took down some malefactor from the gallows, nailed him to a cross, pierced his side, put a wreath upon his head, and set him up in the market-place by way of burlesquing the Crucifixion.

The Catholics compelled contributions, took back what had been taken from them, demanded indemnities, and, although utterly ruined by every defeat, found themselves more wealthy than ever after each victory.

The Protestants did everything in broad daylight and by beat of drum publicly melted the bells to make guns, violated their agreements, warmed themselves in the streets at fires built with wood from the convents, posted their manifestoes on the doors of the cathedral, maltreated Catholic curés who were carrying the sacrament to the moribund, and, as a crowning insult, transformed the churches into slaughter-houses.

The Catholics, on the other hand, crept around at night, entered the city through the half-opened gates in greater numbers than when they were driven out, made the bishop president of the council, put the Jesuits in possession of the college, purchased converts with money from the treasury, and as they were always sure of support at court, began by excluding the Calvinists from all favors, pending the time when they could exclude them from the benefit of the laws.

At last, on December 31, 1657, came a final *émeute*, in which the Protestants were worsted, and were saved only because Cromwell was stirring in their behalf across the Channel, and because he wrote with his own hand at the foot of a dispatch relative to Austrian affairs:

"I learn that there are popular disturbances in a city of Languedoc called Nîmes; see to it, I pray you, that whatever is done there is done without bloodshed, and as gently as possible."

Happily for the Protestants Mazarin needed Cromwell at that moment; consequently the punishments were countermanded, and he swallowed his vexation.

But from that day on, not only did the disturbances not come to an end; they were not even interrupted by a truce. Always faithful to its system of invasion, the Catholic party kept up a constant persecution, which was soon reinforced by the successive edicts of Louis XIV. The grandson of Henri IV. could not with decency destroy the Edict of Nantes at a single blow, but he tore it apart bit by bit.

In 1630, a year after the treaty with Rohan under the preceding reign, Chalons-sur-Marne decided that no Protestant should be allowed to take part in manufacturing the commercial products of that city.

In 1643, six months after the accession of Louis XIV., the needlewomen of Paris drew up a minute which declared that the wives and daughters of Protestants were unworthy to obtain the freedom of their respectable guild.

In 1654, a year after his majority, Louis XIV. permitted Nîmes to be assessed the sum of four thousand francs for the maintenance of the Catholic hospital and the Protestant hospital; and instead of assessing an equal sum upon those of each sect to maintain the hospital of its religion, he ordered that an equal sum should be paid by all indiscriminately; so that the Protestants, who were twice as numerous as the Catholics, paid a third of the tax levied upon them for the benefit of their enemies. On August 9 of the same year a decree of

the council ordered that the consuls of the artisans should all be Catholics. On December 16 a decree forbade Protestants to send deputations to the king; and on December 20 another decree ordered that the Catholic consuls should be the sole managers of the hospitals.

In 1662, Protestants were commanded not to bury their dead except at daybreak, or dusk; and one clause of the decree fixed the number of persons who might take part in the funeral procession at ten only.

In 1663 the council of State promulgated decrees prohibiting the practice of the reformed religion in a hundred and forty-two communes of the dioceses of Nîmes, Uzès and Mende; the same decrees ordered the demolition of their temples.

In 1664 this order was made to apply to the temples in the cities of Alençon and Montauban, and to the small temple at Nîmes. On July 17 of the same year the parliament of Rouen forbade the master mercers to receive any Protestant journeyman or apprentice, until the number of Protestants should be less than one-fifth that of Catholics; on the twenty-fourth of the same month the council of State nullified every certificate of mastership obtained upon any pretext by a Protestant; and in October the council provided that no more than two employes of the mint should be of the reformed religion.

In 1665 the provision relating to mercers was extended so as to apply to silversmiths.

In 1666 a royal declaration revised and arranged the decrees of the parliament, and provided in Article 31, that the offices of clerk in the consular establishments, secretary to the guilds of clockmakers, porters, or other municipal offices could be held only by Catholics; in Article 33 that, when processions in which the Holy

Sacrament was carried, passed before the temples of those who affected the so-called reformed religion, they should cease their psalm-singing until such processions had passed, and in Article 34, that the said adherents of the reformed religion should be required to allow the fronts of their houses and other buildings belonging to them to be decorated by direction of the city authorities.

In 1669 the *chambres de l'edit** in the parliaments of Rouen and Paris were suppressed, as well as the offices of the clerks connected therewith; and in August of the same year, as the emigration of Protestants was beginning to attract attention, an edict was put forth, one of the articles of which was as follows:

"Whereas several of our subjects have gone to foreign countries, where they have engaged in such work as they are capable of doing, even in shipbuilding, or have taken service as seamen, and are taking up their homes in such foreign countries, with no purpose to return, having transported thither their households and all their property of every description—

"We hereby forbid any person of the pretended reformed religion to go out of the kingdom without our permission, on pain of confiscation of their bodies and goods, and we order those who have heretofore left France to return within her boundaries."

In 1670 the king excluded reformed physicians from the office of dean of the college of Rouen, and would allow only two such within the precincts of the college.

In 1671 was published a decree ordering the arms of France to be removed from the temples of the pretended reformed religion.

*Chambers established in the ancient parliaments by the Edict of Nantes, to take cognizance of the affairs of the Protestants.

In 1680 the king excluded women of that religion from practicing midwifery.

In 1681 those who abandoned the religion were declared exempt for two years from military contributions and from having troops quartered upon them, and in July of that year was closed the college at Sedan, the only institution remaining in the whole kingdom at which the children of Calvinists could be educated.

In 1682 the king ordered all Calvinist notaries, attorneys, ushers and sergeants to resign their positions, declaring them ineligible thereto; and a decree of the month of September of the same year limited to three months the time allowed them in which to sell their offices.

In 1684 the council of State extended the foregoing provisions to incumbents of the office of king's secretary, and in August the king declared Protestants ineligible to appointment as public accountants.

In 1685 the provost of merchants at Paris ordered all privileged Calvinistic merchants to dispose of their privileges within a month.

In the month of October of this year 1685, the long succession of persecutions, which we have not set forth in its entirety even yet, was fittingly crowned by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Henri IV., while foreseeing this eventual result, had hoped that they would proceed differently, and that the strong places would remain in the hands of his co-religionists after the revocation of the edict; but on the contrary, the authorities began by taking the strong places and then revoked the edict; so that the Calvinists were entirely at the mercy of their mortal enemies.

In 1669 when Louis XIV. was threatening a particularly disastrous blow at the guaranty of the civil rights

of the reformers, by abolishing the bi-partisan chambers, divers deputations were sent to him to induce him to put a stop to his persecution; and in order to give him no new weapon against the party these deputations addressed him with a degree of humble submission of which the following fragment will afford an example:

"In the name of God, sire," said the Protestants, "listen to the last sighs of our dying liberty; have pity upon our woes, have pity upon your poor subjects who have only their tears to live upon. They are subjects whose zeal in your service is most enthusiastic, and whose fidelity inviolable; they are subjects who have as much love as respect for your august person; they are subjects whom history will bear out in saying that they contributed materially to place your great and highminded grandfather upon the throne which was legitimately his; they are subjects who, since your miraculous birth, have never done aught to incur blame; we might speak of our conduct in other terms, but your Majesty has been careful to spare our modesty, and to laud our fidelity on important occasions in words we should not have dared to utter;* they are subjects, who, having no support but

*This passage of the address refers to an edict issued soon after Louis XIV. attained his majority, in which he confirmed all the privileges which his predecessors had accorded to the Protestants, and declared, in addition, that his subjects of the reformed religion had given him indubitable proofs of their affection and fidelity.

Three years later he expressed himself in their regard in greater detail.

"I have reason," he said, "to praise their fidelity in my service; they omit nothing to demonstrate it, even going beyond what anyone would imagine, contributing in every way to the successful conduct of the affairs of my realm."

Finally, in a letter to the Elector of Brandenbourg, at a time when the persecutions had already begun, he said, speaking of the reformers:

"I am bound to them by my royal word, and I have promised myself to abide by it, as well for the purpose of doing justice, as to witness my satisfaction with their obedience and their zeal since the pacification of 1629, and my gratitude for their fidelity during the last moments when they

your sceptre, no other refuge or protection upon earth, are compelled by their interest as well as by their duty and their conscience, to maintain an invariable attachment to your Majesty's service."

But, as we have seen, nothing availed to stay the hand of the royal trinity which was reigning at that time, and, thanks to the suggestions of Père La Chaise and Madame de Maintenon, Louis XIV. was to find his way to heaven amid men and women broken on the wheel and burning at the stake.

By virtue of these successive ordinances it will be seen that persecution, social and religious, attacked the Protestant in his cradle, and did not leave him until after death.

As a youth there were no colleges in which he could be educated.

As a young man, there was no career open to him, as he was forbidden to be a concierge or mercer or apothecary or physician, or lawyer or consul.

As a man, he no longer had a temple in which to pray, nor was there any register whereon his marriage or the birth of his children could be inscribed; his freedom of conscience was held in check at every turn. He was singing his songs of praise, perhaps—a procession passed by, and he must be silent; some Catholic ceremony was solemnized—he must swallow his wrath, and allow his house to be decorated in token of rejoicing; he had received some property from his fathers—having no social standing and no civil rights he could not enjoy it, and it gradually escaped from his hands, and went to support the colleges and hospitals of his enemies.

took up arms in my service, and vigorously and strenuously opposed the evil designs which a rebellious faction had formed in my realm against my authority."

As an old man, his last hours were rendered wretched; for if he died in the faith of his fathers, he could not rest beside them, and only ten of his friends were allowed to take part in the funeral exercises, which must be held at night, surrounded by as much secrecy as the obsequies of a pariah.

Finally, at any time of life whatsoever, if he chose to leave the cruel step-mother of a country where he was not at liberty to be born, or to live or die, he would be declared a rebel, his goods would be confiscated, and the least disastrous lot he could expect, if he ever fell into the hands of his persecutors, would be to pass the rest of his life in the king's galleys, pulling an oar between a murderer and a forger.

Such a state of things was intolerable; the cries of a single man are lost in the air, but the groans of a whole people form a tempest; on this occasion as usual the tempest gathered in the mountains, and the rumbling of the thunder began to be heard in the distance.

The first warnings came in the guise of precepts written by invisible hands upon the city walls, at the cross-roads, and about the cemeteries; these precepts, like the *Mene Tekel Upharsin* of Balthazar, beset the persecutor at his banquets and his carousals.

Sometimes it was this threat: "Jesus came not with peace but with a sword."

Sometimes these words of consolation: "Wherever two or three are gathered together in My name there will I be in the midst of them."

Sometimes it was this summons to united action, which was soon to become a summons to revolt: "We announce to you what we have seen and heard that you may communicate with us."

And the persecuted sectaries would halt in front of these promises borrowed from the apostles, and return to their homes, filled with hope in the word of the prophets, which as St. Paul says in his epistle to the Thessalonians: "is not the word of man, but the word of God."

Soon these precepts became living truth, and the promise of the prophet Joel was fulfilled:

"Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions:

* * * * * *

"And I will show wonders in the heavens . . .

"And it shall come to pass that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered" . . .

About 1696 it began to be whispered about that certain men had appeared, who had visions, during which, whether they looked at the sky or at the ground, they saw the heavens open and could distinguish what was taking place in the most distant corners thereof. While the trance lasted they could be pricked with pins or with sword-points without feeling anything; and after the trance was over they remembered nothing of what had taken place.

The first prophetess to appear was a woman of the Vivarais, whose origin was a mystery to everybody; she went from village to village, and from mountain to mountain, weeping blood instead of tears; but M. de Baville, intendant of Languedoc, caused her to be seized and taken to Montpellier, where she was condemned to death at the stake, and her tears of blood dried in the fire.

In her wake came another fanatic—such was the term applied to these popular prophets. He was born at

Mazillon, his name was Laquoite, and he was twenty years old. The gift of prophecy had been acquired by him in a most extraordinary way. This is the story that was told concerning him. One day, as he was returning from Languedoc where he had been employed in the cultivation of silk-worms, he found a stranger at the foot of the hill of Saint-Jean, lying on the ground and trembling in every limb. Being moved to pity, he stopped beside him and asked him what the matter was; whereupon the stranger replied:

"Kneel down, my son, and listen to me if you please; the question is not whether I am ill, but it is my duty to instruct you in the means of securing your own salvation, and saving your brethren; that means is nothing more nor less than communion with the Holy Ghost; I have him within me, and by God's grace I propose to turn him over to you; draw nigh and receive him from me in a kiss from my mouth." With that the stranger kissed the young man on the lips, pressed his right hand, and disappeared, leaving him trembling in his turn; for the spirit of God was in him, and from that day forth he was inspired and spread the word abroad.

A third fanatic was at work in the parishes of Saint-Andéol, Clerguemont and Saint-Frazal de Vantalon; but she confined her labors mainly to recent converts. She said,—speaking of the Eucharist—that they had swallowed, in the consecrated wafer, a substance as poisonous as the head of the basilisk, that they had bent the knee to Baal, and that they could never do penance enough to be saved. Her preaching inspired such terror that, in the words of the Reverend Père Louvrelœil, this effort of Satan emptied the churches at the Easter festival, and the curés administered the sacraments to only half as many persons as in the preceding year.

Such a falling-off, which threatened to increase, aroused the pious solicitude of Messire François de Langlade de Duchayla, Prior of Laval, inspector of missions of Gevaudan, and archpriest of the Cevennes. He determined to leave Mende, his place of residence, to visit the most corrupt parishes, and to combat the heresy by all the means which God and the king had placed at his disposal.

The Abbé Duchayla was a younger son of the noble family of Langlade, and on account of this accident of birth, notwithstanding his noteworthy gallantry, had been constrained to leave the epaulet and the sword to his older brother, and to don the neck-band and the soutane. On leaving the seminary he had thrown himself with all the ardor of his temperament into the church militant; for so fiery a character felt the need of danger to be incurred, enemies to be fought, and a religion to be forced upon unwilling converts; and as everything was quiet in France at that time he turned his eyes toward the East, and embarked for the Indies with the zeal and resolution of a martyr.

The youthful missionary reached the East Indies at a time when affairs in that region were marvelously in harmony with the celestial hopes he had conceived. Some of his predecessors having allowed their zeal to carry them a little too far, the king of Siam, after putting several of them to death with great barbarity, had forbidden all missionaries to enter his dominions. This prohibition, as may be imagined, served only to fan the abbé's desire to make converts. He eluded the watchfulness of the troops, and despite the terrible warning of the king began to preach the Catholic religion to the idolaters, of whom he converted a great number.

One day he was surprised by the soldiers in a little

village where he had been living three months, and where almost all the inhabitants had abjured their false faith. Being taken before the governor of Bangkok, the noble defender of Christ, instead of denying his faith, glorified the blessed name of God, and was given over to the executioner to be tortured. The abbé suffered resignedly everything that the human body can endure, and live, until his patience wore out their anger, and with lacerated hands, his breast a mass of wounds, and his legs almost crushed by the wedges, he fainted. He was believed to be dead, and was suspended by his wrists to a tree; he was cut down and resuscitated by a pariah, but the report of his martyrdom had already gone abroad, and the ambassador of Louis XIV. loudly demanded satisfaction; so that the king of Siam, only too happy that the executioners had grown weary so soon, sent back a mutilated, but living, man, to M. de Chaumont, who expected nothing more than a corpse.

At the time when Louis XIV. was contemplating the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Abbé Duchayla was a very valuable man for him; so he was recalled from the Indies in 1682, and a year later was sent to Mende, with the titles of archpriest and inspector of missions in the Cevennes.

There the abbé became persecutor, instead of persecuted, as he had recently been; insensible to the suffering of others, as he had been inflexible in his own suffering, his apprenticeship in barbarous punishments was not thrown away upon him, and being endowed with a pretty inventive genius as a torturer, he had enlarged the science of torturing by bringing from India strange machines, or inventing new ones. People spoke with bated breath of sharpened reeds which the pitiless missionary forced under the nails; of iron pincers with

which he tore out the hair of the beard, eyebrows and eyelids; of tinder saturated with oil wrapped around the fingers of the victim, making of each hand, when the match was put to it, a candelabrum with five branches; of a box turning upon a pivot, wherein the unfortunate wretch who refused to be converted was placed, and made to revolve so rapidly that he eventually lost consciousness; and of fetters so ingeniously constructed that the prisoners on their way from place to place could neither sit nor stand.

For these reasons the most fervent panegyrists of Abbé Duchayla spoke of him only with a sort of terror, and, it should be said, that when he looked into his own heart, and reflected how many times he had applied to the body that power to bind and unbind which God had given him over the soul only, he was himself taken with fits of shuddering, and, falling on his knees, he would remain sometimes with hands clasped and bowed head for hours at a time, entirely absorbed in the abyss of his thoughts; at such times, one might have taken him, save for the sweat of agony which stood upon his brow, for a marble statue praying at a tomb.

This same priest, by virtue of the power with which he was clothed, and feeling that he was supported by M. de Baville, Intendant of Languedoc, and M. de Broglio, who was in command of the troops, had done some terrible things.

He had taken children away from their fathers and mothers, and placed them in convents, where, in order to make them repent of a heresy they inherited from their parents, they were subjected to punishments of such severity that some of them had died.

He had entered the chamber of men in the death agony, bringing threats, not comfort, and, leaning over

the bed, as if to fight off the angel of death for a moment, had made them listen to the terrible decree which provided, in the case of death without conversion, that their memory should be prosecuted, and their bodies deprived of Christian burial, should be drawn upon hurdles and cast into the sewer.

Lastly, when the loving hands of their children, seeking to remove the dying man beyond hearing of his threats or the corpse beyond the reach of his justice, carried their dead or dying parents away in their arms, that they might die in peace, or lie in a Christian's grave, he had declared those persons guilty of lèse-religion who opened their doors hospitably to their pious disobedience, which even among the heathen would have caused altars to be erected to them.

Such was the man who had arisen to inflict punishment, and who made his way, preceded by terror, accompanied by torture, and followed by death, through a country already exhausted by long and bloody oppression, where he trod at every step upon the smouldering volcano of religious hatred. Four years earlier, being always ready for martyrdom, he had caused his grave to be dug in the church of Saint-Germain, which he had selected for his everlasting sleep because it was built by Pope Urban IV., when he was bishop of Mende.

Abbé Duchayla occupied six months in his tour. During those six months each day was signalized by some torture or some execution; several prophets were burned; Françoise de Brez, who compared the sacred wafer to something more venomous than the head of the basilisk, was hanged, and Laquoite was taken to the citadel of Montpellier, and was on the point of being broken on the wheel alive, when, on the day before that appointed for his punishment, he was missed from his cell, and they

were never able to discover how he escaped. This mysterious escape added greatly to his renown; for the report was circulated in all directions that, having been taken by the Holy Ghost under his protection, as St. Peter was by the angel, he had, also like the apostle, left his irons in the dungeon, and passed out unseen through the midst of the soldiers who were guarding him.

This incomprehensible escape redoubled the severity of the archpriest, so that the prophets, seeing that it was all over with them if they did not get rid of him, began to represent him as the Antichrist, and to preach his death. Abbé Duchayla was warned of the impending storm, but nothing could put a damper on his zeal; in France as in India, martyrdom was his aim, and he continued to journey onward toward it with long strides and head erect.

At last, in the evening of July 24, the conspirators, to the number of two hundred, met in a wood situated at the summit of a mountain overlooking the bridge of Montvert, the archpriest's usual residence. They were led by one Laporte, a native of Alais, and at this time a master smith at Dèze. He had with him an inspired individual, a former wool-carder, born at Magistavols, and named Esprit-Séguier, who, after Laquoite, was the most revered of the twenty or thirty prophets who were at this time scouring the Cevennes in every direction. The whole party was armed with scythes, halberds and swords; some even had pistols and guns.

When ten o'clock struck, that being the hour fixed for their departure, they all kneeled with uncovered head, and began to pray as devoutly as if they were about to perform an act which would give the Lord the greatest satisfaction. Having finished their invocation they marched down the hill toward the village, singing

psalms, and in the intervals between the verses shouting to the inhabitants to remain indoors, and threatening to kill anyone who appeared at door or window.

The abbé was in his oratory when he heard the singing in the distance, mingled with threatening cries. At the same time one of his servants entered in a fright, disregarding the archpriest's strict orders never to disturb him when he was at prayer. He informed him that the fanatics were coming down the mountain. The abbé supposed that it was some disorderly mob coming to rescue six prisoners whom he had in fetters, three youths and three girls in male attire, who had been arrested as they were on the point of flying from France. The abbé was provided with a bodyguard of soldiers, so he summoned their commanding officer and bade him march out to meet the fanatics and disperse them.

But the officer was not compelled to take that trouble, for the fanatics were already upon him. As he arrived at the gate of the abbaye he heard them outside making preparations to batter it down. The officer thereupon, estimating the number of the assailants by the multitude of voices, deemed it best to look to his means of defence, instead of making an attack; he therefore barricaded the gate on the inside, and placed his men behind a hastily constructed breastwork in an arched passage leading to the archpriest's apartments. Just as dispositions were completed Esprit-Séguier espied a heavy piece of timber lying in a ditch. With the assistance of a dozen men he raised it and using it as a battering-ram, began to hammer away at the gate, which gave way at last, strongly barricaded as it was. This success encouraged the workers, who were spurred on also by the singing of their comrades, and they soon had the gate off its hinges. They at once invaded the outer

courtyard, loudly demanding the prisoners and uttering direful threats.

The officer thereupon sent to Duchayla to ask what was to be done; the abbé replied that they must fire.

The ill-judged order was executed; one of the fanatics fell dead, and two wounded men mingled their shrieks with the psalms and threats of their comrades. In an instant they rushed upon the barricade, some attacking it with axes, while others ran their swords and halberds through the crevices and speared those who were behind it; they who had pistols and guns climbed upon their companions' shoulders, and fired down upon the defenders. At the head of the assailants were Laporte and Esprit-Séguier, one of whom had a father to avenge, and the other a brother, both put to death by the abbé's orders. Nor were they the only ones of the party who were animated by the thirst for vengeance; twelve or fifteen others were in the same situation.

The abbé heard from his oratory the noise of the struggle, and concluded that it must be a serious affair; so he collected his retainers, and bade them kneel and confess, so that he might give them absolution and thereby put them in condition to appear before God. He had just uttered the sacred words, when the uproar approached; the barricade had been forced, and the soldiers, still pursued by the fanatics, were retreating to an apartment on the lower floor directly below the room where the archpriest was.

But the assailants abandoned the pursuit, and while some of them surrounded the house the others instituted a search for the prisoners. They were not long in finding them, for they supposed that the uproar was caused by their brethren coming to their rescue, and began to cry out at the top of their voices. The poor wretches,

who had had their legs confined for a week in the cleft timbers, which went by the name of *ceps*, were released, with their bodies horribly swollen, bones half broken, and unable to stand upon their feet. At sight of these martyrs to their cause the fanatics redoubled their out-cries, and renewed their attack upon the soldiers, who were driven from the lower room, and made a stand upon the staircase leading to the abbé's apartments, where they offered such determined resistance that the assailants were twice forced to fall back. Thereupon Laporte, seeing three of his men lying dead, and five or six wounded, shouted in a stentorian voice:

"Children of God, put down your weapons; this will take too long; we must burn the abbaye and all within it. To work! to work!"

It was good advice, and they all made haste to follow it; benches, chairs, furniture of all sorts, were heaped up in the lower room, a mattress was thrown upon the pile and set on fire, and in a moment the whole establishment was in flames. The archpriest yielded to the entreaties of his servants, fastened the sheets from his bed to the window sill, and let himself down into the garden; he fell, broke his thigh, and crawled on his hands and knees to a corner of the wall, where he crouched in the shadow with one of his servants while the other tried to escape through the flames and fell into the hands of the Huguenots, who hauled him before their leader. Shouts of "The prophet! the prophet!" at once arose. Esprit-Séguier knew from their calling him that something new had taken place, and he came forward, still holding the lighted torch with which he had set the fire.

"Brother," said Laporte, pointing to the prisoner, "shall this man die?"

Esprit Séguier fell upon his knees, wrapped himself in his cloak like Samuel, and began to pray, seeking light from the Lord.

In a moment he rose. "No," he said, "this man must not die; for, as he has been merciful to our brethren, we will be merciful to him."

In very truth, whether Esprit-Séguier really had a revelation, or the fact had previously come to his knowledge, the prisoners bore witness to the humane treatment they had received from the man.

At that moment a roar of exultation was heard; one of the fanatics, whose brother the archpriest had put to death, had just discovered him, by the bright light of the conflagration, crouching in the corner of the wall.

"Death to the son of Belial!" cried all the fanatics with one voice, darting toward the abbé, who knelt without moving a muscle, like a marble statue praying upon a tomb. The servant took advantage of this diversion, to fly, which he did without difficulty, for the sight of the abbé, who was the sole object of general detestation, turned their attention away from him.

Esprit-Séguier preceded all his comrades, and being the first to reach the archpriest, put out his hands over him.

"Stay, brethren!" he cried, "stay! 'God desireth not the death of the sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live.'"

"No, no!" cried a score of voices, resisting, for the first time perhaps, a command of the prophet; "no, let him die without pity, as he has smitten without pity! Death to the son of Belial! death!"

"Silence!" cried the prophet in a terrible voice, "and listen to what God says to you by my voice: 'If this man chooses to go with us, and perform the duties of

shepherd among us, let his life be spared, to be devoted to the propagation of the true faith.'"

"Rather death a thousand times," cried the archpriest, "than lift up my voice in aid of heresy!"

"Die then!" cried Laporte, striking him with a dagger. "Take that for my brother, whom you burned at Nîmes!"

He passed the dagger to Esprit-Séguier.

The archpriest uttered no cry, made no movement; one would have said that the dagger had been turned aside by his frock as by a coat of mail, except for the stream of blood which followed it. He simply raised his eyes to heaven, and pronounced the words of the penitential psalm:

"Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord! Lord, hear my voice."

Thereupon Esprit-Séguier raised the dagger and struck.

"This for my son, who was broken alive on the wheel by your orders at Montpellier."

He passed the dagger to another fanatic.

Not yet was the abbé wounded unto death; a fresh stream of blood gushed forth, and he said in a feebler voice:

"Deliver me, O Lord, from the punishment which my bloody deeds deserve, and I will joyfully tell of Thy justice."

He who held the dagger drew nigh and struck in his turn:

"This for my brother, who died in the *ceps* by your command."

This last blow pierced the heart; the archpriest had barely time to pronounce the words:

"Have pity on me, O God, according to Thy loving kindness," and fell back, dead.

But his death was not enough to satisfy those who were unable to deal him a blow in life. Each man walked up to the corpse and struck, as his predecessors had done, in the name of some shade that was dear to him, accompanying the blow with a malediction.

The abbé received in all fifty-two dagger-cuts; five on the head, eleven on the face, nineteen in the breast, seven in the stomach, seven in the side and three in the back. Of the fifty-two, twenty-eight would have been mortal.

Thus died, at the age of fifty-five, Messire François de Langlade de Duchayla, Prior of Laval, inspector of missions of Gevaudan, and archpriest of the Cevennes and Mende.

After the assassination of the archpriest, they who had committed it realized that there was no safety for them in the towns or in the open country, so they withdrew to the mountains. But on their way thither, as they were passing the château of M. de Laveze, a Catholic gentleman of the parish of Molezon, one of the fanatics bethought himself that he had heard that he had a quantity of firearms under his roof. If true, it was a most happy circumstance, for the Huguenots were woefully ill-supplied with firearms. They therefore sent two envoys to M. de Laveze to ask him at least to share with them. But M. de Laveze replied, like a good Catholic, that he had a supply of weapons, as a matter of fact, but that they were intended to promote the triumph, not the destruction of the true faith; consequently he refused to give them up except with his life. With that reply he dismissed the envoys, and locked his doors behind them.

But, during the parley, the reformers had drawn near the château; and as they thus received the reply sooner

than the gallant gentleman expected, they determined to give him no time to prepare for defence; they at once rushed to the walls and scaled them by dint of climbing upon one another's shoulders, so that they were soon at the door of the room in which M. de Laveze and his whole family had taken refuge. In an instant the door was burst in, and the fanatics, still reeking with the blood of Abbé Duchayla, began a new massacre. No one was spared, neither M. de Laveze, nor his brother, nor his uncle, nor his sister, who begged for her life on her knees without avail, nor his aged mother of eighty, who looked on from her bed at the murder of all her family before her own turn came, and who was finally stabbed, although it was hardly worth while to hasten a death which, in the natural course of events, must have been nigh at hand.

The butchery completed, the assassins scattered about over the château, dividing up the linen, of which many of them were in need, having left their homes expecting soon to return, and the pewter dishes, which were destined to be turned into bullets. They also took possession of five thousand francs in money, the marriage portion of M. de Laveze's sister, who was soon to be married; with this sum they laid the foundation of their military treasure-chest.

The news of these two assassinations spread rapidly, not only at Nîmes, but throughout the province; so that the authorities took cognizance of them. M. le Comte de Broglio marched through the Upper Cevennes and so down to the bridge of Montvert, followed by several companies of fusileers. In another direction M. le Comte de Peyre, Lieutenant-General of Languedoc, commanded a hundred and thirty-two horsemen and three hundred foot-soldiers, recruited at Marjevols, Canourgue, Chirac

and Serverette. M. de Saint-Paul, brother of Abbé Duchayla, hastened to the rendezvous, accompanied by Marquis Duchayla, and eighty horsemen from Saugiez and their other estates. The Comte de Morangiez arrived from Saint-Auban and Malzien with two companies of cavalry; and the city of Mende, by order of its bishop, sent its nobility at the head of three companies of fifty men each.

But the fanatics had already disappeared among the mountains, and nothing more was heard of them, except that occasionally a peasant, who had passed through the Cevennes would report that at dawn or dusk he had heard, on a mountain-top, or it might be in the depths of a valley, voices singing psalms and hymns. They were the fanatics at their devotions after a massacre.

Sometimes also at night fires were lighted on the tops of the highest mountains, apparently as signals. The next night, as soon as it was dark, they would turn their eyes in the same direction, but would see nothing.

M. de Broglio concluded that there was nothing to be done against these invisible enemies, so he dismissed the auxiliary troops, and contented himself with leaving a company of fusileers at Collet, another at Ayres, another at the bridge of Montvert, another at Barre, and another at Pompidon; then, having put the whole under the command of Captain Poul, he returned to Montpellier.

M. de Broglio's selection of Captain Poul indicated a most discriminating judgment of the men with whom he had to do, and an exact appreciation of the situation. Indeed, Captain Poul seemed to be the natural leader in the war which was impending. "He was," says Père Louvrelôeil, curé of Saint-Germain de Calberte, "an officer of merit and reputation, a native of Ville-Dubert

near Carcassonne, who had served in Germany and Hungary in his youth, and had distinguished himself in Piedmont, in various expeditions against the Barbets, especially by cutting off the head of Barbanaga, their chief, in his tent during the last war. His tall, graceful figure, his warlike bearing, his hoarse voice, his ardent, austere character, his carelessness about dress, his great capacity for work, his mature age, his tried valor, his useful experience, his ordinary taciturnity, and the length and weight of his Armenian sabre made him a formidable leader. Wherefore they could not have selected a man better fitted to subdue these rebels, carry their entrenchments, and disperse them."

He had no sooner established his headquarters at the village of Labarre, than he learned that an assemblage of fanatics had been seen on the little plateau of Fondmorte, situated between two valleys. He at once mounted his Spanish horse, which he was accustomed to ride in the Turkish fashion, with short stirrups and his legs doubled up, so that he could throw himself forward to the beast's ears or drop back to his tail according as it was necessary to deliver or avoid a mortal blow, and set out for the spot with eighteen soldiers of his own company, and twenty-five of the village company, thinking that he needed no more than forty or forty-five men to scatter a body of peasants, however numerous it might be.

Captain Poul's information was exact. A hundred or more Huguenots under the lead of Esprit-Séguier, were encamped on a plateau of Fondmorte; and about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the sentinel stationed in the defile, cried, "To arms!" discharged his musket, and fell back upon his brethren. But Captain Poul, with characteristic impetuosity, gave them no time to

prepare; he rushed upon them to beat of drum and without faltering an instant at their first volley. As he expected, he had to do with a mob of undisciplined peasants, who could not rally when they were once dispersed. The rout was therefore complete. Poul killed several with his own hand, and among others two whose heads he sliced off as cleanly as the most experienced headsman could have done it, thanks to the marvelous keenness of his Damascus blade. At that sight everyone who was still holding his ground took flight. Poul pursued them sabring and slashing tirelessly; and when the whole troop had disappeared among the mountains, he returned to the battlefield, picked up the two heads and made them fast to his saddle-bow, and with those bleeding trophies joined the more numerous body of his soldiers; for everyone had fought on his own account as if it had been a sort of many-headed duel. He found that they had three prisoners whom they were just about to shoot, but Poul bade them do them no harm; not that he had any purpose of sparing their lives, but he desired to keep them for public execution. These three men were one Nouvel of the parish of Vialon, Moïse Bonnet of Pierre-Male, and Esprit-Séguier, the prophet.

Captain Poul returned to the village of Barre with his two heads and his three prisoners, and at once advised M. Just de Baville, Intendant of Languedoc, of the important capture he had made. The sentence was not long delayed. Pierre Nouvel was condemned to be burned alive at the bridge of Montvert, Moïse Bonnet to be broken on the wheel at Devèze, and Esprit-Séguier to be hanged at André-de-Lancise. Lovers of such spectacles could take their choice.

Moïse Bonnet was converted; but Pierre Nouvel and

Esprit-Séguier died like martyrs, proclaiming the new religion and singing the praise of God.

On the day following the execution of Séguier his body was found to have disappeared from the gallows. A young man named Roland, Laporte's nephew, had undertaken the audacious exploit, and had left a written paper nailed to the gibbet. It was a challenge from Laporte to Captain Poul, dated at the "Camp of the Eternal" in the desert of Cevennes, and Laporte assumed the title of colonel of the children of God, who were in arms for liberty of conscience.

Poul was on the point of accepting the challenge when he learned that the insurrection was spreading in all directions. A young man from Vieiljeu, named Salomon Conderc, about twenty-six years old, had succeeded Esprit-Séguier in the office of prophet, and Laporte was supported by two lieutenants, one of whom was his nephew Roland, a man of some thirty years, slight, fair-haired, cold and reserved, but of great strength, although he was below middle height, and of tried courage. The other was a keeper from Laygoal mountain, a famous marksman, who was supposed never to miss a shot. His name was Henri Castanet of Massevaques. Each of these lieutenants commanded a hundred and fifty men.

The prophets and prophetesses too increased with astounding rapidity, and not a day passed that one did not hear of some new inspired mortal recruiting fanatics in some new village.

At this juncture it was learned that the Protestants of Languedoc had held a great meeting in the meadows of Vauvert, and had decided to join forces with the insurgents in the Cevennes, and to send them a messenger to make known their purpose.

Laporte had just returned from La Vaunage, where he had been on a recruiting expedition, when he received the messenger of good tidings; he at once dispatched his nephew Roland to his new allies to exchange obligations, and to describe to them, as an additional incentive, the country he had selected as the theatre of the war—a country which offered such a diversity of hamlets, forests, gorges, valleys, precipices and caverns, as would enable them to divide their forces into several small parties, and would facilitate their rallying after a defeat, and preparing ambuscades. Roland was so successful in his mission that the new "soldiers of the Lord," as they styled themselves, having learned that he had been a dragoon, offered to make him their leader. Roland accepted, and the ambassador returned with an army.

Strengthened by these reinforcements, the reformers divided themselves into three bands, to spread the faith throughout the district. One party went down to Sousteˋle and the other towns near Alais; another to Saint-Privat and the bridge of Montvert; the third followed the slope of the mountain toward Saint-Roman-le-Pompidon and Barre. The first was commanded by Castanet, the second by Roland, and the third by Laporte.

Each of the bands did great execution at every place that it passed, repaying the Catholics death for death, conflagration for conflagration. Intelligence of the ravages they were making suddenly reached Captain Poul's ears, and he demanded fresh troops from M. de Broglio and M. de Baville, who lost no time in sending them to him.

As soon as Captain Poul found himself at the head of a force of sufficient strength, he determined to attack the rebels. From information that had reached him, he learned that Laporte's command was about to march through the valley of La Croix below Barre and near

Témelague. Acting upon his information he lay in ambush in a favorable position, and when the reformers unsuspectingly entered the narrow pass where he was awaiting them, he rushed out from his hiding-place, and placing himself, as always, at the head of his men, charged them with such impetuous gallantry, that, being taken entirely by surprise, they did not even try to defend themselves; on the contrary they broke ranks and scrambled up the mountain side as best they could, despite Laporte's heroic efforts to hold them. At last, seeing that he was abandoned by everybody, he began to think about his own safety; but it was already too late; he was almost entirely surrounded by dragoons and had no chance of escape save by leaping from the top of a cliff. He rushed to the edge, and stopped a moment before making the leap, raising his hands to heaven imploringly. At that moment the dragoons fired; he was struck by two bullets and fell headforemost over the precipice.

The dragoons hurried to the foot of the cliff and found him there dead. As they recognized him as the leader, they searched him forthwith, and found in his pockets sixty louis in gold, the cup of a chalice which he was accustomed to use as a drinking cup, and a profane goblet. Poul caused his head to be cut off, as well as those of a dozen other corpses which lay upon the field of battle, put the thirteen heads in a basket, and sent the basket to M. Just de Baville.

The reformers, far from being cast down by this reverse and by their leader's death, effected a junction of their three bands, and chose Roland their leader in place of Laporte. Roland at once selected as his lieutenant one Conderc of Mazel Rozade, who took the name of Lafleur; and the rebel army was not only reorganized,

but more numerous than ever by the addition of a new band of one hundred men raised by the new lieutenant. The first sign of life they gave was the burning of the churches of Bousquet de Cassagnas, and Prunet.

The consuls of Mende realized at last that they were involved not in a simple insurrection, but in a war; and as that city was the capital of Gevaudan, and they were in momentary expectation of an attack, they repaired the counterscarps, ravelins, curtains, gates, portcullises, moats, walls, towers, ramparts and sentry-boxes; and having laid in a stock of firearms, powder and ball, they organized eight companies of fifty men each, all citizens, and another of a hundred and fifty men recruited in the neighboring country and composed of peasants. Lastly, the States of the province sent a deputation to the king to beg him to take measures to put an end to the evil of heresy, which was becoming more and more widespread. The king at once sent M. de Julien. Thus it was no longer simple governors of cities nor provincial officials who were engaged in the conflict, but the royal power itself was forced to deal with the rebels.

M. de Julien, born of a heretic family, belonged to the nobility of Orange, and had begun his career by bearing arms against France, having served in England and Ireland. The Prince of Orange, whose page he was when that prince succeeded James II., gave him, as a reward of his fidelity in the famous campaign of 1688, a regiment, which he led to the assistance of the Duke of Savoy, who had applied to England and Holland for troops; and he bore himself so gallantly that he was one of those whose services were most valuable in forcing the French army to raise the siege of Cony.

Whether because the colonel's pretensions after this campaign were somewhat exaggerated, or because the

Duke of Savoy did not appreciate his real worth, he retired to Geneva, where Louis XIV., turning his discontent to good account, caused him to be approached with an offer of employment. He was to have the same rank in the French army with a pension of three thousand livres.

M. de Julien accepted, and, realizing that his religious belief would probably be an obstacle to his advancement, he changed his faith with his master. The king sent him to command in the valley of Barcelonnette, where he made several expeditions against the Barbets. From that post he was transferred to the command of the Avenues of the Principality of Orange where his duty was to guard the passes so that the French Protestants should not go to the heretic temple; and after a year of this service he happened to be at Versailles to make his report to the king when the envoy from Gevaudan arrived. Louis XIV., being well content with the manner in which he had borne himself in his two commands, made him a major-general, chevalier of the military order of Saint-Louis, and commander-in-chief in the Vivarais and the Cevennes.

M. de Julien was very far from manifesting the profound contempt for the heretics displayed by his predecessors; fully realizing the gravity of the situation, he had no sooner arrived upon the scene than he inspected in person the different positions in which M. de Broglio had stationed the regiments of Tournon and Marsily. It is true that he arrived by the light of the flames of the churches in more than thirty villages.

M. de Broglio, M. de Baville, M. de Julien and Captain Poul put their heads together to devise some means of putting an end to all this disorder. It was agreed that the royal troops should be divided into two bodies;

that one, under M. de Julien should march toward Alais, where it was said that the rebels were gathering in great numbers, and that the other under M. de Broglio, should beat up the country about Nîmes.

These plans were carried out. M. le Comte de Broglio, at the head of sixty-two dragoons and several companies of foot, with Captain Poul and M. de Dourville as his lieutenants, set out from Cavayrac on January 12, two hours after midnight, marched through the vineyards of Nîmes and the Garrigue de Milhan, without falling in with anybody, and took the road leading to the bridge of Lunel. There he learned that they whom he sought had halted twenty-four hours at the château of Candiac. Upon this, he marched to the wood which surrounded the château, having no doubt that the fanatics were intrenched there. But, contrary to his expectation, finding it deserted, he pushed on to Vauvert, from Vauvert to Beauvoisin, from Beauvoisin to Génerac, where he learned that a party of rebels had passed the night there, and toward morning had taken the Aubore road. Determined to give them no respite M. de Broglio at once started for that village.

When he had covered about half the distance one of his men thought that he spied a crowd of men near a house about half a league distant. M. de Broglio at once ordered Monsieur de Gibertin, Captain Poul's lieutenant, who was following him at the head of his company, to go forward with eight dragoons and find out who the men where, while he halted where he was with his main body.

The little detachment set out, with the officer at its head, rode through a coppice, and on toward the farm of Gafarel, which seemed deserted. But when M. de Gibertin was within half a gunshot of his walls, a troop

of soldiers came out and marched toward him beating the charge; as he looked to the right he saw a second troop issue from a neighboring house; at the same time he discovered a third lying on their faces along the edge of a little wood, and these latter suddenly arose and came toward him singing psalms. It was impossible for M. de Gibertin to stand his ground against so superior a force, so he ordered two shots fired to warn M. de Broglio, and fell back until he was overtaken by the main body of the Catholics. The rebels, meanwhile, pursued him only so far as to reach a favorable position, where they took their stand.

M. de Broglio, having surveyed the scene through his field glass, held a council with his lieutenants, the result of which was that they must attack the enemy. Having reached this decision they marched toward the rebel position, Captain Poul on the right, M. de Dourville on the left, and M. de Broglio in the centre.

As they drew near they could see that the enemy had chosen their ground with a strategical sagacity which they had not before exhibited. This unwonted skill in making their dispositions was evidently due to the presence of a new leader whom no one knew, not even Captain Poul, although he could be distinctly seen, carbine in hand, at the head of his men.

These scientific preparations did not, however, check M. de Broglio's advance; he gave the order to charge, and adding example to precept, urged his own horse to a gallop. The rebels in the first rank knelt on one knee so that those who were behind might fire over them. So impetuous was the charge of the dragoons that the distance between the two troops swiftly disappeared; but when they arrived within thirty paces of the rebels the royal troops suddenly found themselves on the edge of

a deep ravine which formed a sort of moat in front of their enemies. Some reined in their horses in time; but others, notwithstanding their frantic efforts to stop themselves, were so pressed from behind by those who followed them, that they were pushed into the ravine and fell to the bottom. At the same moment a sonorous voice uttered the word, "fire!" the muskets echoed the command, and several of the dragoons fell.

"Forward!" cried Captain Poul; "forward!" and he rode his horse at a spot where the side of the ravine was less steep, and began to scramble up, followed by several dragoons.

"Death to the son of Belial!" cried the same voice. At the same time a single shot rang out, and Captain Poul threw up his arms, dropped his sword, and fell from his horse, which, instead of flying, smelt of his master with his smoking nostrils, then raised his head with a long neigh. The dragoons fell back.

"So perish the persecutors of Israel!" cried the leader brandishing his carbine. He followed up his words by darting down into the ravine, where he seized Captain Poul's sabre and leaped upon his horse. The beast, faithful to his former master, showed signs of resisting for an instant; but he soon realized by the pressure of his rider's knees that he had to do with one who would not readily be dismounted. Nevertheless he reared and leaped, but his rider kept his seat, and, as if he acknowledged his inferiority, the noble Spanish charger shook his head, neighed once more and obeyed.

Meanwhile the dragoons on the one hand and the rebels on the other had gone down into the ravine which was become the battlefield, while those who remained above continued to fire down upon them from their commanding position. In a very short time M. Dourville's

dragoons gave way, and at the same moment their leader, who was fighting hand to hand like a common soldier, received a severe wound in the head. Vainly did M. de Broglio try to rally them; as he threw himself into the midst of his lieutenant's company to encourage his men, his own force abandoned him; so that, having no farther hope of winning the battle, he rushed forward with a few gallant fellows to rescue M. Dourville, who retreated, bleeding profusely, through the lane his commander made for him. As the rebels spied in the distance infantry coming up to reinforce the royal troops, they contented themselves by pursuing their foes with a well-sustained fire, without leaving the position to which they owed their swift and easy victory.

As soon as the dragoons were out of range, the leader of the rebels fell on his knees, and lifted up his voice in the psalm which the Israelites sang, when, from the other side of the Red Sea, they saw Pharaoh's army swallowed up by the waves. Thus the royal troops were still pursued by the psalms of victory when the hissing of bullets had ceased. Having duly rendered thanks to the Lord, the rebels returned to the woods, in the wake of their new leader, who at the first trial had given such conclusive evidence of his skill, his coolness and his courage.

This new leader who was soon to make his superiors his lieutenants, was the famous Jean Cavalier.

Jean Cavalier was at this time a young man of twenty-three, short of stature but sturdily built, with an oval, well-shaped head, bright, speaking eyes, long chestnut hair falling over his shoulders, and an expression of remarkable sweetness. He was born in 1680, at Ribaute, a village in the diocese of Allais, where his father owned a small farm, which he left, when his son was some

twelve or fifteen years old, for the farm of Saint-Andéol near Mende.

The young Cavalier, who was nothing more than a peasant, and the son of a peasant, in the first place entered the employ of Monsieur Lacombe, a citizen of Vezenobre, as a shepherd; but the solitary life was uncongenial to a youth of so ardent a disposition as his, he soon severed his connection with his first employer, and was apprenticed to a baker at Anduze.

There his taste for a military life developed; every hour of leisure that he had he passed in watching soldiers drilling; he soon found a way to form an intimacy with several soldiers, and a provost gave him lessons in the manual, while a dragoon taught him to ride.

One Sunday as he was walking with his fiancée, the girl was insulted by a dragoon of the Florac regiment. Jean Cavalier struck the offender, who drew his sword; Cavalier seized a sword from a bystander, but others intervened before they came to blows. The noise of the quarrel attracted the attention of an officer, who came running to the spot; it was the Marquis de Florac, colonel of the regiment which bore his name; but the bourgeois of Anduze had already hustled the young man out of the way, so that the marquis, when he arrived, found instead of the insolent peasant who had dared to raise his hand against a soldier of the king, only his fainting fiancée. The maiden was so lovely that she was known by the name of "La belle Isabeau;" and the Marquis de Florac, instead of pursuing Jean Cavalier, devoted himself to reviving his promised wife.

However, as it was a serious matter, and the whole regiment had sworn that he should die, Jean Cavalier's friends advised him to expatriate himself for a short time. La belle Isabeau, who trembled for her lover's

safety, added her prayers to those of his friends, and Cavalier finally consented to go away. The girl promised undying fidelity, and Jean, relying upon her promise, set out for Geneva.

He became acquainted there with a Protestant gentleman named Du Serre, who had a glass-factory at Arribas, very near the farm of Saint-Andéol. Jerome Cavalier requested him several times to hand some money to his son on the occasion of the frequent trips which he, Du Serre, made to Geneva, ostensibly for the extension of his business, but in reality for the propagation of the faith. An alliance between the exile and the apostle was soon formed. Du Serre found in the young Cavalier a sturdy temperament, a glowing imagination and undaunted courage. He confided to him his hopes of re-establishing the reformed religion in Languedoc and Vivarais. Everything combined to call Cavalier back to France, his country's need and his heart's love. He passed the frontier disguised as a servant in the suite of Du Serre; he reached the village of Anduze at night and went straight to his fiancée's house. He was about to knock, although it was one o'clock in the morning, when the door opened, and a handsome young man came out, escorted to the door by a woman. The young man was the Marquis de Florac; the woman was Isabeau. The peasant's betrothed had become the nobleman's mistress.

Our hero was not the man to suffer such an outrage to pass unpunished. He walked up to the marquis and blocked his passage. He tried to elbow him out of the way, but Cavalier threw aside the cloak in which he was wrapped, and drew his sword. The marquis was a brave man; he did not stop to ascertain whether his assailant was his equal; sword called upon sword; their blades

met and in an instant the marquis fell with a sword thrust through his breast.

Cavalier thought he had killed him, for he lay perfectly motionless upon the ground. There was no time to lose, therefore, for he could not hope for mercy. He sheathed his bloody sword, fled into the open country, and so to the mountains, and at daybreak he was out of danger.

The fugitive passed the day at a lonely farmhouse where he was taken in and entertained. As it was easy to identify his host as a follower of the reformed religion, he made no mystery of his own situation, and inquired where he could find some organized troop in which he might enlist, as it was his purpose to fight for the propagation of the faith. The farmer mentioned Génerac as the rendezvous for some hundred or more of his brethren. Cavalier set out for that village the same evening, and joined the rebels just as they discovered M. de Broglio and his little force in the distance. As they had no real leader, he, with the faculty of domination with which some men are endowed by nature, instantly took command of them, and made the preparations we have described to receive the royal troops. After the victory to which he so materially contributed with his head and his arm, he was by acclamation confirmed in the title he had assumed of his own motion.

Such was the famous Jean Cavalier, when the royal troops first learned of his existence by the defeat of their most gallant companies and the death of their bravest captain.

The victory was soon known throughout the Cevennes, and fresh conflagrations lighted up the mountain region in token of rejoicing. These beacon lights were the château of La Bastide, belonging to the Marquis de

Chambonnas, the church of Samson, and the village of Grouppières, where only seven houses out of eighty were left standing.

Thereupon M. de Julien wrote to the king to impress upon him the serious nature of the affair, and to tell him that they were no longer called upon to fight a few fanatics wandering about among the mountains, who fled whenever they saw a dragoon, but many organized companies, well supplied with officers, and which, if they should join forces, would form an army of twelve to fifteen hundred men. The king replied to this letter by sending to Nîmes M. le Comte de Montrevel, son of the Maréchal de Montrevel, chevalier of the order of Saint-Esprit, major general, the king's lieutenant in Bresse and Charolais, and captain of a hundred men-at-arms. Thus MM. de Broglio, de Julien and de Baville, were reinforced, in their struggle against peasants, keepers and shepherds, by the head of the family of Beaune, which had already furnished two cardinals, three archbishops, two bishops, a viceroy of Naples, divers marshals of France, and several governors of Savoy, Dauphiné and Bresse.

In his train, following the Rhone, came twenty pieces of heavy artillery, five thousand cannon balls, four thousand muskets, and fifty thousand pounds of powder; while from Roussillon six hundred of those fusileers from the mountains who were called *miquelets*, marched down into Languedoc.

M. de Montrevel was the bearer of direful orders! Louis XIV. was determined to root out the heresy at any price, and set about the task like a man who believed that his own safety was involved. As soon as M. de Baville had made himself acquainted with the orders in question he issued the following proclamation:

"The king being informed that certain persons of no religion are bearing arms, perpetrating deeds of violence, burning churches and murdering priests, his Majesty doth command all his subjects to fall upon them, and that those who may be taken with arms in their hands, or unlawfully assembled, shall be punished with death without formal trial; that their houses shall be razed to the ground and, their property confiscated; and that all the houses as well in which their meetings have been held shall be demolished. The king doth forbid the fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters or other relatives of the fanatics to afford them shelter, or supply them with provisions, ammunition, or other assistance, of any nature upon any pretext whatsoever, either directly or indirectly, on penalty of being deemed to be their accomplices, and as such it is his Majesty's will that they be summarily tried by Monsieur de Baville and such officers as he may select. His Majesty doth further command such inhabitants as shall be away from their homes at the time of this proclamation, to return thither within the week, except for some sufficient reason to the contrary, which reason they shall make known to Monsieur de Montrevel, or to Monsieur de Baville, intendant, as well as to the mayors or consuls of the places where they reside or now are; from whom they shall obtain certificates to be forwarded to the said commandant or intendant, whom his Majesty doth enjoin to allow no foreigner or subject to come in from other provinces on the pretext of business, without a certificate from the commandant or intendant of the province from which he comes, or from the royal judges in that or some neighboring province. With regard to foreigners, they will obtain passports from the ambassadors or envoys of the king of the country whence

they come, or from the royal judges in the place where they are. Furthermore his Majesty doth ordain that they who may be apprehended in the said province of Languedoc without such certificates shall be deemed to be fanatics and rebels; and as such shall be summarily tried, and punished with death, and to that end shall be taken at once before said Monsieur de Baville, or such officers as he shall designate.

"*Signed:* LOUIS.

"*Countersigned:* PHILIPPEAUX."

Done at Versailles, the 25th of February, 1703.

M. de Montrevel followed this ordinance to the letter. One day—it was the first of April, 1703—he was at dinner, when he was informed that about a hundred and fifty reformers were assembled in a mill in the Faubourg des Carmes, singing psalms. Although he was informed at the same time that they were all old men and children, the marshal left the table in a rage none the less, ordered the bugles to sound the "boots and saddles," and marched with his dragoons to the mill which was completely surrounded before those within had an idea that they were to be attacked. There was no battle, for resistance was out of the question; it was a massacre pure and simple. A portion of the dragoons entered the mill with drawn swords, striking down everyone within reach, while the rest of the troop, standing outside the windows, received those who leaped out on the points of their swords. But this style of butchery did not seem expeditious enough to the butchers; to have it done with more quickly, the marshal, who preferred not to return to his dinner till the whole party was exterminated, ordered the mill to be set on fire; that being done, the dragoons, with their leader at their head, simply drove

back into the flames the poor half-burned wretches who begged no greater favor than some less agonizing death.

But a single victim was spared. This was a lovely young girl of sixteen, and her liberator was the marshal's own valet. Rescuer and rescued were condemned to death. The girl was hanged first, and they were about to proceed to hang the valet, when certain nuns threw themselves at the marshal's feet, and begged for his life. The marshal, after a long resistance, at last granted their request, but he not only dismissed the valet from his service, but drove him out of Nîmes.

That same evening, as he was at supper, he was informed that there was another assemblage in a garden hard by the still smoking mill. The indefatigable marshal at once rose, took with him his faithful dragoons, surrounded the garden, and ordered all those inside to be taken and shot on the instant. The next morning he found that he had been misinformed; the victims were Catholics who had assembled to celebrate the execution of the heretics. They attempted to convince the marshal that he was making a mistake, but he refused to listen to them. This error, however, let us hasten to say, had no other disagreeable consequences for the marshal than a paternal remonstrance from the Bishop of Nîmes, who requested him not to mistake the lambs for the wolves another time.

Cavalier replied to these executions by taking the Château de Serras, occupying the town of Sauve, forming a company of cavalry, and coming to the very gates of Nîmes for a supply of powder, of which he was sadly in need. And, what was in the eyes of the courtiers more incredible than all the rest, he wrote Louis XIV. a long letter, dated from the "Desert" in the Cevennes, and signed Cavalier, "leader of the troops sent by God."

This letter, thickly interspersed with passages of Scripture, aimed to convince the king that he and his companions were in duty bound to rebel in behalf of liberty of conscience; and, dilating upon the persecution to which the Protestants had been subjected, he said that infamous traitors had forced them to take up arms, which they offered to lay down, if his Majesty would allow them to practice their religion undisturbed, and would set free their brethren who were prisoners. In that case, he assured the king that he would have no more faithful subjects than themselves, and that they were ready to shed their blood to the last drop in his service. He concluded by saying that if their just request were denied, they would stand in defence of their religion to the last extremity since they must obey God before obeying the king.

Roland, meanwhile, who, in derision perhaps, or perhaps from pride, called himself "Comte Roland," did not lay behind his younger comrade either in military successes, or in his correspondence. He entered the town of Ganges, where he was marvelously well received by the inhabitants; and as he expected a less cordial welcome from the people of Saint-Germain and Saint-André, he wrote them the following letters:

"Messieurs officers of the king's troops, and you, people of Saint-Germain, prepare to receive seven hundred men who are on their way to put the torch to Babylon, to the seminary, and to several other houses: those of M. de Fabrègue, M. de Sarrasin, M. de Moles, M. de la Rouviere, M. de Masse and M. Solier will be burned. God, with His sanctified breath, has inspired my brother Cavalier and myself to pay you a visit a few days hence; fortify yourselves therefore, as you will, behind your

barricades, you will not be victorious over God's children. If you believe that you can overcome them, you have but to come to the field of Domergue, you and your soldiers, with those of Saint-Étienne, Barre and Florac as well; I summon you thither; we shall be there without fail. Come, then, hypocrites, if you dare.

"COMTE ROLAND."

The second was no less violent than the first. Here it is:

"We, Comte Roland, general of the Protestant troops of France assembled in the Cevennes in Languedoc, do command the inhabitants of the village of Saint-André, to warn the priests and missionaries that we forbid them to say mass or to preach in said village, and they are to retire immediately to some other place, on pain of being burned alive with their church and their houses as well as their followers; we give them three days in which to obey this present order.

"COMTE ROLAND."

Unfortunately for the king's cause, even if the rebels did meet with some resistance in villages, which like Saint-Germain and Saint-André were in the open country, it was not so with those which lay among the mountains, where they were sure to find shelter if beaten, reinforcements if victorious; and so M. de Montrevel, considering that it was impossible to put down the heresy so long as these villages existed, issued the following ordinance:

"We, his Most Christian Majesty's governor in the provinces of Languedoc and Vivarais, do hereby declare that, inasmuch as the king has been pleased to command that the towns and parishes hereafter named be rendered incapable of furnishing supplies or countenance to the

assembled rebels, and that no house be left standing therein, his Majesty desiring nevertheless to provide for the subsistence of the inhabitants of said parishes by giving order as to what they are to do, we do enjoin the said inhabitants to betake themselves forthwith, with their movables, beasts, and generally speaking all of their property that they can take with them, to the places hereinafter designated,—declaring that if they fail so to do their effects will be confiscated and seized by the troops employed to demolish their houses, and forbidding all other communes to receive them on pain of having their houses razed, and their property confiscated, and furthermore of being treated as rebels against his Majesty's commands."

To this ordinance the following instructions were appended:

"1st. The officers employed in the destruction of the villages will ascertain in the first place the situation of the parishes which are to be destroyed and depopulated, in order to so dispose their troops that they can protect the militia engaged in the work of destruction.

"2d. Note, that if two or more hamlets or villages are sufficiently near together to be protected by the same troops, they must all be attended to at once, in order to hasten the work.

"3d. If any people are found in these places, they must be collected together that a list may be made of them; also of the beasts and crops.

"4th. The person of most consequence among them will then be instructed to lead the others, by designated roads, to the places assigned for their abode.

"5th. With regard to beasts, the persons in whose care they may be will be directed to take them to the

place designated, with the exception of mules and asses which will be collected for use in transporting the crops to such place as may be ordered; asses, if there be any, may be provided, however, for the old men, and pregnant women unable to walk.

"6th. The militia will be distributed among the houses to destroy them; they will try to pull them down by undermining them, or in such other way as may seem more convenient; and if they can succeed in no other way, they will set them on fire.

"7th. For the present no injury must be inflicted upon the houses of former Catholics, nor until the king shall otherwise order; and guards will be stationed to give effect to this order after a list of such houses has been made and forwarded to Maréchal de Montrevel.

"8th. The ordinance forbidding them to return to their dwellings will be read to the inhabitants of the places to be destroyed; but no harm must be inflicted upon them, the king having strictly forbidden bloodshed; they will be sent away after being duly threatened, and the said ordinance will be affixed to a wall or a tree in each village.

"9th. If no inhabitant be found in any village, the ordinance will simply be posted in said village.

"*Signed:* MARÉCHAL DE MONTREVEL."

Beneath these instructions was the list of the villages to be destroyed. It was as follows:

18 in the parish of Frugères,
5 in the parish of Fressinet-de-Lozère,
4 in the parish of Grizac,
15 in that of Castagnols,
11 in that of Vialas,
6 in that of Saint-Julien,

8 in that of Saint-Maurice de Vautalon,
14 in that of Frezal-de Vautalon,
7 in that of Saint-Hilaire de Laret,
6 in that of Saint-Andéol de Clergues,
28 in that of Saint-Privat de Vallongues,
10 in that of Saint-André de Lancise,
19 in that of Saint-Germain de Calberte,
26 in that of Saint-Étienne de Valfrancesque,
9 in those of Prunet and Montvaillant,
16 in that of Florac.

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A second list followed the first: it included the parishes of Pompidon, Saint-Martin, Lansusele, Saint-Laurent, Trèves, Velron, Rounes, Barre, Montluzon, Bousquet, La Barthe, Balme, Saint-Julien-d'Aspaon, Cassagnas, Sainte-Croix de Valfrancesque, Cabriac, Moissac, Saint-Roman, Saint-Martin de Robaux, Melouse, Collet-de-Dèze, Saint-Michel de Dèze; and the villages of Salièges, Rampon, Ruas, Chavrieres, Tourgueulle, Ginestous, Fressinet, Fourques, Malbos, Jousanel, Campis, Campredon, Lons-Aubrez, Croix-de-Fer, Cap-de-Coste, Marquayrès, Cazairal and Poujal.

In all four hundred and sixty-six villages and hamlets were included, inhabited by nineteen thousand five hundred persons.

All his preparations being completed, the Maréchal de Montrevel set out from Aix on September 26, 1703, to preside in person at the execution of his orders. He had with him MM. de Vergetot and de Marsilly, colonels of infantry, two battalions of the Royal Comtois, two of the Soissonais infantry, the dragoon regiment of Languedoc, and two hundred dragoons from the Fimarçon regiment. At the same time M. de Julien started for

the bridge of Montvert with his two battalions from Hainault, the Marquis de Canillac, colonel of infantry, with two battalions of his regiment which was at Ronergue, and the Comte de Payre, who led forty-five companies of the Gevaudan militia, followed by a large number of mules laden with crow-bars, axes and other iron implements, suitable for demolishing houses.

But the approach of all these troops, heralded by the terrible proclamations we have cited, produced an effect totally different from what was anticipated. The people of the doomed villages believed that they had been told to repair to certain designated places only that they might more conveniently be massacred all at once; so that those among them who were capable of bearing arms threw themselves into the mountains and swelled the forces of Cavalier and Roland by more than fifteen hundred men. M. de Julien had no sooner set to work than he was advised by M. de Montrevel, whose information came from Fléchier, that while the royal troops were making their expedition into the mountains, the rebels were invading the open country, overflowing the district of Camargue, and pushing their incursions as far as the neighborhood of Saint-Gilles. At the same time he was informed that two vessels had been seen off the port of Cette, and that in all probability they contained English and Dutch troops coming to the assistance of the rebels.

M. de Montrevel left it to MM. de Julien and de Canillac to go on with the expedition, and hastened to Cette with more than eight hundred men and ten pieces of artillery. The ships were still in sight; they were in fact, as the marshal had been told, two ships detached from the combined fleets of England and Holland by Admiral Schowel, to carry money, weapons and

ammunition to the Protestants. They stood off and on and made various signals, but as the rebels, being kept away from the coast by the presence of M. de Montrevel, made no answering signals, the two vessels stood out to sea once more and joined the fleet. But M. de Montrevel feared that their departure might be only a feint, so he ordered that all the fishermen's huts which might furnish shelter to the rebels should be destroyed from Aigues-Mortes to Saint-Gilles. At the same time he caused all the inhabitants of the diocese of Guillan to be taken to the château of Sommerez and there confined, their villages having first been razed to the ground. Lastly, he ordered all those who dwelt in the small hamlets or upon isolated farms to betake themselves, with such provisions as they had on hand, to the towns and large villages, and the workmen going out to work in the fields were not permitted to carry with them any more food than was absolutely necessary for their own subsistence during the day.

These measures were effectual, but their results were terrible; they deprived the rebels of all hope of shelter, but they involved the ruin of the province. M. de Baville, notwithstanding his well-known severity, ventured to make some remonstrance, but the Maréchal de Montrevel received it very ill, and bade the intendant attend to the civil administration, and leave the conduct of the war to him, whose business it was; and acting upon that claim he joined M. de Julien who was pursuing the work of demolition with untiring zeal.

However, notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the latter officer for the cause which he had embraced with all the ardor of a new convert, material difficulties interfered with the accomplishment of the task assigned him. The majority of the houses he was expected to

demolish were built with stone arches, and for that reason were very difficult to tear down. Their distance from one another, their situation in almost inaccessible spots, at the summit of the highest mountains, or at the bottom of the deepest valleys, their isolation in the midst of dense forests which hid them like an impenetrable veil, all helped to increase the difficulty, and it sometimes happened that the militia and the workmen wasted whole days simply in seeking what they were to destroy.

The vast extent of the parishes was a further cause of delay; that of Saint-Germain-de-Calberte was nine leagues around, and it comprised one hundred and eleven hamlets containing two hundred and seventy-five families, only nine of which were Catholic; that of Saint-Étienne-de-Valfrancesque was of even greater extent, and contained a third more people. The result was that the difficulties increased with remarkable rapidity. At first the soldiers generally found more or less provisions in the village or the neighborhood; but they were soon exhausted, and as the peasants could not be depended upon to furnish more, it was not long before they were reduced to water and biscuit, and could not even make soup for lack of utensils. And after working hard all day they were lucky to find a handful of straw to lie upon. These privations, accompanying so hard and wearying a life, brought on a sort of contagious fever, which incapacitated a large number of soldiers and workmen. They began by dismissing a few of them to return to their homes; but before long the poor fellows, who were almost as much to be pitied as those they were persecuting, did not wait until permission was given them to withdraw, but deserted by scores.

M. de Julien saw that he would be compelled to renounce his task, unless the king could be induced to make a slight change in his original plan; he therefore wrote to Versailles, to represent to his Majesty how interminable the task would be, unless, in the place of iron tools and human hands, they invoked the agency of fire, the only true minister of divine vengeance. He cited in support of his request the example of Sodom and Gomorrah, the cities accursed of the Lord. Louis XIV., struck with the close resemblance, sent him by return courier, the authorization he requested.

"In a twinkling," says Pere Louvrelœil, "the expedition became as a tempest which leaves nothing unharmed in a fertile field; houses in clusters and isolated barns, farm-houses, cabins, cottages, hovels, buildings of all sorts, in short, crumbled beneath the raging flames, just as the flowers, the noisome weeds and the wild shrubs fall beneath the plowshare."

The work of destruction was accompanied by horrible barbarities. Twenty-five inhabitants of a village took refuge in a château; they were all that remained of the whole population, and there were none but women, children and old men among them. Palmerolle, commander of the *miquelets*, was told that they were there; he hurried to the spot, took eight of them at random and had them shot; "to teach them," he said in his report, "to select for themselves a place of refuge not included in the list of those allotted them."

The Catholics of Saint-Florent, Sénechas, Rousson, and some other parishes joined forces, meanwhile, excited by the sight of the flames which devoured the dwellings of their old enemies,—and arming themselves with anything that might be an instrument of death, they set out to hunt the proscribed Protestants, carried

off the flocks from Pérotat, Fontarèche and Pajolas; burned ten or twelve houses at Collet-de-Dèze; and from there, drunk with the mania of destruction, went to the village of Brenoux, where they massacred fifty-two persons. When they discovered that there were some pregnant women among their victims, they tore the children from them, and placing them on the points of pikes and halberds, marched away toward the villages of Saint-Denis and Castagnols, with these bleeding trophies at the head of the line.

These improvised troops soon organized into companies, and took the name of "Cadets of the Cross" from a little white cross which they wore on their coats. They were a new breed of foes for the poor proscribed wretches, much more pitiless than the dragoons and *miquelets*; for they paid no heed to orders issued from Versailles, Nîmes or Montpellier, but were gratifying a personal grudge of long standing, which they had received from their fathers, and were likely to transmit to their children.

For his part the young leader of the rebels, who acquired day by day greater authority over his followers, tried to repay the dragoons and the cadets of the cross the evil they inflicted upon the Protestants, less the assassinations. About ten o'clock in the evening of October 2, he marched down into the plain and attacked Sommières by the fanbourgs of Pont and Bourget at the same time, setting fire to both of them. The people ran to arms and made a sortie; but Cavalier charged them at the head of his cavalry and forced them to return to the town. Thereupon the governor, whose garrison was too weak to allow him to leave the walls, discharged his one gun at the assailants, less in the hope of inflicting any serious injury upon them, than in that of being

heard by the neighboring garrisons. The rebels realized the risk they were running, and retired, but not until they had burned the Cheval-Blanc, the Croix d'Or, the Grand-Louis and the Luxembourg hotels, as well as a large number of private houses and the church and presbytery of Saint-Amand.

From Sommières the rebels went to Cayla and Vauvert, where they razed the fortifications, and procured an abundant supply of provisions for the soldiers, and hay and grain for the horses. In the last named town, which was inhabited almost entirely by his co-religionists, Cavalier assembled the people upon the public square, and publicly offered up a prayer with them, imploring God to prevent the king from following the evil counsel which was given him, and exhorting his brethren to sacrifice their property and their lives for the re-establishment of their temples, declaring that the Holy Spirit had revealed to him that the arm of the Lord, which had always given them aid, would still be stretched out over them.

These movements on Cavalier's part were intended to interrupt the work of destruction in the Upper Cevennes, and they had in part the effect which the young leader hoped for. M. de Julien was ordered by the marshal to come down into the plain and give chase to the rebels. The troops set out in pursuit of them, but found it impossible to overtake them on account of their familiarity with the locality. Fléchier, who found time to compose Latin poems, and write entertaining letters amid the executions and conflagrations and massacres, said, speaking of the rebels:

"They never have found, and do not find now, any obstacle to the evil they choose to do. We lay waste their mountains, and they lay waste our plains. There

are no churches left in our dioceses and our fields can not be sown or cultivated, and produce no revenue. We fear the results of the present confusion, and we do not wish to begin a civil war on religious grounds; everyone is losing spirit, arms are falling to the side, no one knows why, and we are told: 'We must have patience; we cannot fight against phantoms.'"

From time to time, however, these phantoms assumed visible shapes. During the night of the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh of October, Cavalier descended upon Uzès, carried off two sentinels who were on duty at the gates, and shouted to the others that he would await M. de Vergetot, governor of the city, at Lussan.

He did in fact march with his two lieutenants, Ravanel and Catinat, toward that little village, which lay between Uzès and Bargeac upon an eminence surrounded on all sides by cliffs which served the purpose of ramparts, and made it very difficult of access. When he was within three gun-shots of Lussan, Cavalier sent Ravanel to make a demand upon the inhabitants for supplies; but they, proudly trusting in the natural ramparts nature had given them, and which they thought impregnable, not only refused to comply with the demand of the young Cevenol, but fired several shots at his ambassador, one of which wounded in the arm one La Grandeur, who accompanied Ravanel. Ravanel slowly retired, supporting his wounded comrade, amid the shouts and shots of the villagers, and returned to Cavalier. He at once gave orders to his soldiers to prepare to carry the place by assault the next morning, for night was coming on, and he dared not attempt it in the darkness.

The besieged meanwhile dispatched a messenger to M. de Vergetot to inform him of their situation; and having determined to make a stubborn resistance, pending

a reply from him, they barricaded their gates, bound the blades of scythes to the handles, fastened hooks to long poles, and armed themselves with all such weapons, offensive and defensive, as they could lay their hands upon. The rebels passed the night in camp near an ancient castle called Fau, within a gun-shot of Lussan.

At daybreak the shouts which arose in the town informed the besiegers that the hoped for succor had arrived; and they could see in the distance a squad of soldiers marching toward them; it was M. de Vergetot at the head of his regiment and of forty Irish officers.

The Protestants began as usual by saying their prayers and singing their psalms, undisturbed by the threatening shouts of the villagers. Having invoked the blessing of the Lord they marched out to meet the approaching force, the cavalry under Catinat making a detour with the purpose of crossing a little stream by an unguarded bridge, and falling upon the royal troops when Cavalier and Ravanel had engaged them in front.

M. de Vergetot continued to advance, so that the opposing forces soon came face to face. The battle began by a volley of musketry from each side; thereupon Cavalier, having espied his cavalry emerging from a small wood, indicating that Catinat was ready to support him, ordered a charge. At the same moment Catinat, judging from the firing that his presence was necessary, put his troop to the gallop, and fell upon the flank of the Catholics.

At the first onset one of M. de Vergetot's captains was killed by a bullet and the other by a sabre-cut; this twofold disaster threw the grenadiers into disorder, and they gave ground and scattered, pursued by Catinat and his horsemen, who seized them by the hair and dispatched

them with their sabres. Having tried to no purpose to rally his troops, M. de Vergetot, being left with a few Irishmen, was forced to fly. He was closely pursued and was almost taken, when, by good luck, he came to a hill called Gamène, which offered him its rock-bound shelter. He leaped from his horse, plunged into a narrow path, and intrenched himself in this natural fortress with about a hundred men. It would have been dangerous to follow him, and so Cavalier, content with his victory, and realizing from his own sensations that neither his men nor their horses had eaten a morsel for eighteen hours, gave the signal to retire, and rode to the hill of Seyne, where he hoped to find supplies.

This defeat stung the royal troops to the quick, and they vowed vengeance. Having learned from spies that Cavalier and his band were to pass the night of the twelfth and thirteenth of November at a place in the mountains called Nages, they surrounded him during the night, and at daybreak he found his position invested on all sides. Desiring to see for himself whether the blockade was complete, he drew his men up in battle order on the mountain-top, turned over the command to Ravanel and Catinat, thrust a pair of pistols in his belt, threw his carbine over his shoulder, and glided into the thickets, confident that he could succeed in discovering a weak spot, if there were one. He found, however, that he had been accurately informed, and that all the issues were guarded.

Cavalier having satisfied himself upon that point, determined to rejoin his men, but he had not taken thirty steps when he found himself confronted by a cornet and two dragoons, who were lying in ambush. He had no time to fly, nor had he any such impulse; he therefore marched straight up to them. The dragoons at the same

time came forward to meet him and the cornet took aim at him.

"Halt!" said he; "you are Cavalier; I recognize you. You can't escape, so surrender at discretion."

Cavalier replied by breaking his head with a blow of his carbine, which he then threw away as useless, drew his pistols, killed both dragoons, and returned to his companions unharmed. They had thought him lost, and welcomed him with joyful acclamations.

But Cavalier had something else to do than enjoy his triumph. He mounted his horse, put himself at the head of his men, and fell upon the royal troops with such vigor and impetuosity that they gave way at the first onset. A score or more of women, who had come to the rebel camp with provisions, were so transported at the sight of their enemies' discomfiture, that they fell upon them and fought like men. A girl of seventeen, Lucrèce Guigon by name, made herself particularly conspicuous by her extraordinary daring. Not content with encouraging her brethren by shouts of: "Up with the sword of the Almighty! up with the sword of Gideon!" she snatched a sword from the hands of a dead dragoon to finish those who were dying.

Catinat, at the head of ten men, pursued the fugitives as far as Calvisson in the open country, where they were reinforced by the garrison, and rallied for the first time.

The dragoons left eighty dead upon the battlefield, while Cavalier lost only five men.

Cavalier was not only, as will be seen, a dauntless soldier, and a skillful tactician, but he could be on occasion a stern dispenser of justice. Some days after the engagement we have described, he learned that a horrible murder had been committed, and that the four murderers, all of his own faith, had gone into hiding in the forest

of Bouquet. He at once sent a detachment of twenty men with orders to seize the culprits and bring them before him.

The following are the details of this occurrence:

The daughter of Baron de Meyrargues, who had been recently married to a gentleman named M. de Miraman, being encouraged by her coachman, who had often met parties of Huguenots on the road without suffering any injury at their hands, although he was a Catholic, set out to meet her husband at Amboise on November 29th. She traveled in a chaise and had no escort save her maid, a nurse, a footman, and the coachman who had induced her to make the journey. They passed over two-thirds of the road without any sort of unpleasantness, but when they were between Lussan and Vaudras the carriage was stopped by four men, who ordered her to alight and took her to a wood near by. The subsequent proceedings are set forth at length in the deposition of the maid, which we copy word for word.

"The villains having forced us," she says, "to go into the woods away from the high-road, my poor mistress became so weary that she begged the assassin who was leading her to allow her to lean upon his shoulder; but he looked around, and seeing that the spot where we then were was deserted, said: 'We wont go any farther.' They made us sit down where there was some turf, and where we were to be made to suffer martyrdom. My dear mistress made the most touching appeals to the savages, in a sweet voice and manner that would have moved a demon. She gave them her purse, her golden belt, and a beautiful diamond ring which she took from her finger; but nothing softened the tigers, and one of them said; 'I propose to kill all the Catholics, and you first of all.'

"'What will my death benefit you?' my mistress asked: 'spare my life.'

"'No, it's all up with you,' he replied, 'and you shall die by my hand: say your prayers.'

"My poor mistress knelt down at once, and prayed aloud to God to have mercy on herself and her murderers. While she was praying, she was struck on the left breast by a pistol ball, and fell over; at that moment another assassin cut her across the face with his sword, and a third dropped a heavy stone upon her head. Then another villain killed the nurse with a pistol-shot, but they contented themselves with running me through with a bayonet several times, either because they had no other weapons loaded, or because they wanted to save their ammunition. I pretended to be dead; they thought I really was, and took their leave. After a little, when everything was quiet, I dragged myself along, half dead, to my dear mistress, and called her. She was not dead either, and she answered me in a whisper:

"'Don't leave me, Suzon, until I am dead.' After a pause, for it was very hard for her to speak, she added: 'I die for my religion, and I hope that the merciful God will take pity on me. Tell my husband that I commend our little one to him.'

"After that she devoted herself to short and earnest prayers until her last breath, which she drew at my side just as night was coming on."

The four culprits were seized and taken before Cavalier as he ordered. He was at Saint-Maurice de Casevieille at this time with his troop. He at once convoked a council of war, and, summing up the circumstances of the atrocious crime as a judge-advocate might have done, he bade the judges pronounce their sentence. All voted for death, but as they were pronouncing

judgment, one of the assassins threw aside the two men who had him in charge, leaped down from the top of a cliff, and darted into the woods, where he disappeared before they had even thought of pursuing him.

The other three were shot.

The Catholics also put people to death, but their executions were far from being as just and honorable as the one we have just described. One case was that of a poor child of fourteen, the son of the miller at Saint-Christol, who was broken on the wheel the preceding month. The judges hesitated an instant before condemning him, on account of his age; but a witness came forward, who said that the fanatics used the poor wretch to murder children. Although no one believed the statement, still they only wanted an excuse, and the child was condemned, and hanged without pity an hour after the judgment.

A great number of the people from the parishes burned by M. de Julien, had taken refuge at Aussilargues in the parish of Saint-André. Under the spur of hunger and destitution they ventured outside the limits assigned them, in quest of assistance. Colonel Planque heard of it; he was a fervid Catholic, and resolved that such a crime must not go unpunished. He at once dispatched a squad of soldiers to arrest them—a very simple matter, as they had already returned inside the limits, and they were all found in their beds. They were taken forthwith to the church of Saint-André, and there confined; and shortly after, without trial, they were led out by fives, and massacred, some being shot, others cut down with swords or axes; men, women, old men and children, all shared the same fate. A poor child, who had received three bullets in his body, raised his head after the third,

and cried: "Oh! why doesn't my father take me away from here?"

Four men and a young woman, who had taken refuge at the village of Lasalle, under the protection of the law which designated that as one of the places to which they might go, asked and obtained leave from a captain in the Soissonais regiment, named Laplace, to go to their homes on important business, on condition that they should return the same day. They agreed to do so, and had met at a farm-house on their way back, when they were overtaken unluckily by a terrible storm. The men were about to go on, notwithstanding, when the girl implored them to wait until morning, as she dared not go with them in such weather, and on the other hand should die of fright if she were left alone at the farm-house. The four men were ashamed to abandon their companion, who was, besides, a relative of one of them; so they yielded to her entreaties, and remained, hoping that the storm would be a sufficient excuse. At the first glimmer of dawn they started, but their crime was already known to Laplace. Orders were given accordingly, and as they entered the village they were arrested. In vain did they seek to justify their delay. Laplace ordered the four men to be bound, taken outside the town and shot. The girl was reserved for hanging, and the execution was appointed to take place the same day, upon the very spot where the bodies of her four ill-fated companions lay in their blood. The nuns, in whose hands she was placed to be prepared for death, after vainly trying every possible means to obtain her pardon from Laplace, begged her to declare herself enceinte. The girl refused to save her life by a dishonoring falsehood, whereupon the kind-hearted nuns took it upon themselves to make that statement to the captain, and begged him, even if he had no

pity for the mother, to have pity upon the child, and to postpone the execution until after the confinement. The captain, in view of this unexpected obstacle, in which he did not believe, however, ordered a midwife to be summoned to examine the girl. After half an hour's examination, the midwife reported that the accused was enceinte.

"Very good," said the captain, "let them both be put in prison, and if no sign of pregnancy appears in three months let them both be hanged."

Fear took possession of the midwife at this decision, and she asked to be taken before the captain, to whom she confessed that she had been induced by the urgent entreaties of the nuns to make a false report, and that, instead of the young girl being enceinte, she had every reason to believe her to be chaste.

Upon that confession the midwife was sentenced to be publicly whipped, and the girl was taken to the gallows and hanged among the bodies of the men whose death she had caused.

As may well be imagined, the "cadets of the cross," occupying a middle position between Camisards* and Catholics, did not lag behind either of them. "One of their bands," says Labaume, "began to destroy everything belonging to the converts to the new doctrines from Beaucaire to Nîmes; they killed a woman and two children at the farmhouse of Campuget; a man eighty years old at M. Detilles; which is above Bouillargues; several persons at Cicure; a girl at Caissargues; a gardener at Nîmes, and divers others. They carried off flocks, furniture, and all the property of every description, belonging to the newly converted, that they could

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The author of the *Troubles des Cevennes*, has something even worse than this to relate; it is an event which took place at Montelus, February 22, 1704. In that place, he says, there were some Protestants, but a much greater number of Catholics. The latter, inflamed by a Capuchin from Bergerac, organized as cadets of the cross, and determined to try their 'prentice hands as assassins upon their fellow-townsmen. They went to the house of Jean Barnoin, and having first cut off his ears, they cut his throat, and let him bleed to death as if they

were sticking a pig. On leaving this poor devil's house they met Jacques Clas in the street, and fired a shot point-blank into his belly, so that the entrails protruded and dragged on the ground; he picked them up and returned to his house; his wife, who was near her confinement, and their two young children, horrified at the sight, were doing their best to help him, when the murderers appeared in the doorway. Instead of allowing their hearts to be softened by the shrieks and tears of the wretched woman and her poor little children, they finished the wounded man; and as the wife attempted to defend him they blew her brains out with a pistol. They then discovered her condition, and that her pregnancy was so far advanced that the child was moving in her womb; thereupon they opened the womb, took out the child, and having put a truss of hay in its place they fed a horse, which was tied at the door, at this bleeding manger. A neighbor named Marie Silliot, who offered to take the children and care for them, was murdered, but the assassins carried their vengeance no farther at that moment. Having left the town and gone out into the fields, they met Pierre and Jean Barnard, uncle and nephew, one forty-five and the other ten years old. They seized them both and put a pistol in the child's hands, forcing him to discharge it at his uncle. At this juncture the father came up, and they tried to compel him to shoot his son; but as no threats had any effect upon him, and the performance was getting tedious they put an end to it by simply killing them both, one with a sword, the other with a bayonet.

One motive for hastening this last execution was furnished by their discovering three young girls from Bagnols going toward a forest of mulberry-trees, where they were raising silk-worms. They followed them into

the wood, and easily overtook them, as they had no thought of danger, it being broad daylight. They violated them, then tied their hands and fastened them to two trees with their heads hanging and their legs apart; while they were in that position they opened their bodies, placed their powder-horns inside, and, touching a match to the powder, blew them limb from limb.

This took place in the reign of Louis the Great, for the glory of the Catholic religion!

History has preserved the names of the five monsters; they were Pierre Vigneau, Antoine Rey, Jean d'Hugon, Guillaume and Gontanille.

These horrible murders, of which we cite but a few, inspired such horror among all men whom fanaticism or the thirst for revenge had not deprived of their senses that a Protestant nobleman, Baron d'Aygaliers, devoted his life to the pacification of the Cevennes, although he had no means of performing that task, and no idea how he should go to work. The first thing which impressed itself upon his mind was this: that if the Camisards were annihilated by the exertions of the Catholic soldiery, and the advice and co-operation of De Baville, De Julien and De Montrevel, people would inevitably look upon those Protestants who had not taken up arms, particularly the nobles, as cowards, who had been prevented from openly bearing aid to the Camisards solely by the fear of persecution or death. His conclusion was, therefore, that it was for the Protestants themselves to put an end to the existing state of things, for he was convinced that no other method was open to them of making their peace with the king, and persuading his Majesty of the injustice of the suspicions set on foot concerning them by the Catholic clergy.

This project presented almost insurmountable difficul-

ties in two directions, especially for Baron d'Aygaliers, who could not hope to succeed except by inducing the king to relax his harsh measures, and the Camisards to submit. Now Baron d'Aygaliers had no influence whatever at court, and was not personally acquainted with a single one of the insurgent leaders.

The first obstacle which barred the way to the baron's praiseworthy intentions, was the necessity that he should have a passport to go to Paris, and the certainty that he could not obtain one from M. de Baville or M. de Montrevel, simply because he was a Protestant. A lucky accident relieved him from this embarrassment, and confirmed him in his determination, for he saw in this accident an indication that heaven was on his side.

He met one day at the house of a mutual friend M. de Paratte, a colonel in the royal army, subsequently major-general, who was commandant at Uzès at this time. The officer was naturally very impulsive, and his zeal for the Catholic religion and the service of King Louis XIV. was so unmeasured, that he never could meet a Protestant without flying into a rage against those who had taken up arms against their prince, and those others whose wishes were with the rebels, although they were not themselves in arms. M. d'Aygaliers understood that the allusion was aimed at him, and determined to turn it to account. The next day he called upon M. de Paratte, and instead of demanding satisfaction, as that gentleman anticipated, for his offensive remarks on the preceding day, he told him that he was greatly obliged to him for what he had said, and that it had made such an impression upon him that he was resolved to prove his zeal and fidelity to his sovereign, by going to solicit a place at court for himself. M. de Paratte was enchanted to have made such a convert; he threw his arms

about D'Aygaliers' neck, gave him, says the chronicle, his blessing, with all the good wishes a father might express for his son, and with his blessing a passport. This last was what D'Aygaliers particularly coveted; armed therewith, he set out for Paris, without mentioning his plan to a single person, not even to Baronne d'Aygaliers, his mother.

When he reached Paris, D'Aygaliers alighted at the house of a friend, and reduced his plan to writing; it was very brief and very clear, and was in these words:

"The undersigned has the honor most humbly to represent to his Majesty:

"That the rigorous measures and the persecution set in motion by some few priests in their villages led certain inhabitants of the country districts to take up arms, and that the suspicion with which those who embraced the new religion were regarded compelled a great number of others to join the insurgents; an extreme measure, to which they were driven in order to avoid imprisonment and confiscation, which were the means employed to retain them in the faith;—that for this reason, and in order to combat the evil now existing by the opposite of what produced it, and is now keeping it alive, he believes that the best course that can be adopted will be to stay the persecution, and restore to the people the confidence which has been taken from them, by permitting such number of Protestants as may seem best, to arm themselves in order to convince the rebels that the Protestants as a whole, far from looking with favor upon their acts, desired either to lead them back to their duty by their example, or to fight against them, and thus prove to the king and to France, at the risk of their lives, that they disapprove the conduct of their co-religionists, and that the priests stated what was not true when they wrote

to the court that those of the reformed religion favored the revolt."

D'Aygaliers hoped that the court would adopt his plan, for one of two things would result therefrom: either the Camisards would refuse to accept the propositions made to them, and thereby make themselves odious to their brethren; for D'Aygaliers' purpose was to associate with himself, in the attempt to convince them, none but men of their faith of high consideration among them, who would naturally turn against them frankly, if they refused to submit;—or they would lay down their arms, and by so doing restore peace through the South of France, obtain freedom of worship, release their brethren from prisons and galleys, and come to the king's assistance in his war against the allied powers, furnishing him with a considerable body of troops to employ, day in and day out, against his enemies; in the first place the troops who were serving against the Camisards, and in the second place the Camisards themselves, who might be used to advantage by supplying them with superior officers.

This scheme was so clear, and promised such advantageous results, that notwithstanding the violent prejudice against those of his religion, Baron d'Aygaliers found most interested and intelligent supporters in the Duc de Chevreuse and his son the Duc de Montfort. These two gentlemen put him in communication with Chamillard, who presented him to the Duc de Villars, to whom he handed the draft of his plan, begging him to present it to the king. But M. de Villars, who was well acquainted with the obstinacy of Louis XIV. (who, as Baron de Peken says, looked upon everything connected with the Protestants through Madame de Maintenon's spectacles), told D'Aygaliers to be very careful not to

divulge his plans of pacification, unless he wished to see them fail utterly; but bade him go and await him at Lyons, where he should very soon be, on his way to Languedoc to supersede M. de Montrevel, whom the king was dissatisfied with, and would recall in a few days. In his three interviews with the Maréchal de Villars, D'Aygaliers saw that he was a man capable of understanding him; he therefore trusted entirely to that nobleman's knowledge of the working of the king's mind, left Paris at once, and went to Lyons to await his coming.

M. de Montrevel's recall was brought about by a new exploit of Cavalier's. The governor had just arrived at Uzès when he learned that the young Cevenol was near Sainte-Chatte with his troop. He at once dispatched M. de la Jonquière in pursuit with six hundred picked sailors and several companies of dragoons of the Saint-Sernin regiment; but half an hour later, concluding upon reflection that this force was not sufficient, he ordered M. de Foix, lieutenant-colonel of the dragoons of Fimarçon, to join M. de la Jonquière with a hundred men from his regiment, and remain with him if necessary; otherwise to return to Uzès before nightfall.

M. de Foix ordered the bugles to sound the "boots and saddles," selected one hundred of his best men, placed himself at their head, overtook M. de la Jonquière at Sainte-Chatte, and communicated his orders. But the latter, relying upon the valor of his troops, and unwilling to share with anyone the glory of the victory of which he was certain, thanked M. de Foix, and begged him to return to Uzès, assuring him that he had enough troops to fight and whip the Camisards wherever he might meet them, and that the hundred dragoons under his command would be useless to him, while they might be greatly needed elsewhere. M. de Foix did not deem it to be his

duty to insist further, and returned to Uzès, while M. de la Jonquière pushed on to Moussac where he proposed to pass the night. Cavalier went out of the town by one gate with his force, as M. de la Jonquière entered with his at the other. The wishes of the young Catholic leader were fulfilled; for in all probability he could easily come up with his enemy on the following day.

As the village was inhabited principally by Protestants, the night, instead of being employed in taking rest, was devoted to pillage.

The next morning the Catholics resumed their march, and went from Moussac to Lascours-de-Cravier, a small village appertaining to the barony of Boucairan, which M. de la Jonquière abandoned to his soldiers for pillage, and where he put to death four persons, a man, a woman and two girls. Once more he took up his line of march, and as it had recently rained he soon discovered the tracks of the Camisards, so that he was able thereafter to follow unerringly the redoubtable game he was pursuing. Nearly three hours had passed in this pursuit, the young officer riding always at the head of his men lest any other, less ardent than he upon the trail, might go astray, when he spied the Camisards upon a slight elevation called the Devois-de-Martignargues. They were awaiting him there, resolved to accept the battle he offered them.

Cavalier, as soon as he saw that the royal troops were near at hand, ordered all his men to unite in prayer as usual, after which he made his dispositions for battle upon the ground he had selected, with his ordinary skill. They consisted in taking up his own position with the bulk of his force on the other side of a ravine, which lay like a moat between him and the king's troops; then he ordered a detachment of thirty horsemen to take a

long detour, and conceal themselves two hundred yards in advance of his position in a little wood which lay at his left; lastly he sent away to a point on his right on the same level with himself sixty of his best marksmen on foot, and bade them retain their fire until they should see the royal troops hotly engaged with him.

M. de la Jonquière halted at a respectful distance, and sent forward one of his lieutenants, named Saint-Chatte, to reconnoitre; he took twelve dragoons with him, and carried his reconnoissance beyond the parties in ambush, who gave no sign of life, allowing the officer to make his observations undisturbed. But Saint-Chatte was an old soldier of fortune, who did not allow himself to be deceived by appearances; and so when he returned to M. de la Jonquière and described the position Cavalier had selected, he added that he should be greatly surprised if the young Camisard had not utilized for ambuscades the little wood at his left and the elevation at his right. M. de la Jonquière replied that the essential thing was to know where the main body was, so that he might march directly upon it; Saint-Chatte rejoined that the main body was the one before his eyes, and that there was the less doubt in his mind upon that point, because he had approached sufficiently near to recognize Cavalier himself in the front rank.

This was all that M. de la Jonquière cared to know; putting himself at the head of his men he rode straight to the ravine behind which Cavalier's forces were drawn up in battle order. When they were within pistol-shot M. de la Jonquière gave the order to fire; but he was so near that Cavalier heard the order and made a sign, at which he and his men dropped to the ground as if they were shot, just as the royal troops leveled their muskets. The result was that the bullets whistled over their heads

pity for the mother, to have pity upon the child, and to postpone the execution until after the confinement. The captain, in view of this unexpected obstacle, in which he did not believe, however, ordered a midwife to be summoned to examine the girl. After half an hour's examination, the midwife reported that the accused was enceinte.

"Very good," said the captain, "let them both be put in prison, and if no sign of pregnancy appears in three months let them both be hanged."

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The author of the *Troubles des Cevennes*, has something even worse than this to relate; it is an event which took place at Montelus, February 22, 1704. In that place, he says, there were some Protestants, but a much greater number of Catholics. The latter, inflamed by a Capuchin from Bergerac, organized as cadets of the cross, and determined to try their 'prentice hands as assassins upon their fellow-townsmen. They went to the house of Jean Barnoin, and having first cut off his ears, they cut his throat, and let him bleed to death as if they

were sticking a pig. On leaving this poor devil's house they met Jacques Clas in the street, and fired a shot point-blank into his belly, so that the entrails protruded and dragged on the ground; he picked them up and returned to his house; his wife, who was near her confinement, and their two young children, horrified at the sight, were doing their best to help him, when the murderers appeared in the doorway. Instead of allowing their hearts to be softened by the shrieks and tears of the wretched woman and her poor little children, they finished the wounded man; and as the wife attempted to defend him they blew her brains out with a pistol. They then discovered her condition, and that her pregnancy was so far advanced that the child was moving in her womb; thereupon they opened the womb, took out the child, and having put a truss of hay in its place they fed a horse, which was tied at the door, at this bleeding manger. A neighbor named Marie Silliot, who offered to take the children and care for them, was murdered, but the assassins carried their vengeance no farther at that moment. Having left the town and gone out into the fields, they met Pierre and Jean Barnard, uncle and nephew, one forty-five and the other ten years old. They seized them both and put a pistol in the child's hands, forcing him to discharge it at his uncle. At this juncture the father came up, and they tried to compel him to shoot his son; but as no threats had any effect upon him, and the performance was getting tedious they put an end to it by simply killing them both, one with a sword, the other with a bayonet.

One motive for hastening this last execution was furnished by their discovering three young girls from Bagnols going toward a forest of mulberry-trees, where they were raising silk-worms. They followed them into

the wood, and easily overtook them, as they had no thought of danger, it being broad daylight. They violated them, then tied their hands and fastened them to two trees with their heads hanging and their legs apart; while they were in that position they opened their bodies, placed their powder-horns inside, and, touching a match to the powder, blew them limb from limb.

This took place in the reign of Louis the Great, for the glory of the Catholic religion!

History has preserved the names of the five monsters; they were Pierre Vigneau, Antoine Rey, Jean d'Hugon, Guillaume and Gontanille.

These horrible murders, of which we cite but a few, inspired such horror among all men whom fanaticism or the thirst for revenge had not deprived of their senses that a Protestant nobleman, Baron d'Aygaliers, devoted his life to the pacification of the Cevennes, although he had no means of performing that task, and no idea how he should go to work. The first thing which impressed itself upon his mind was this: that if the Camisards were annihilated by the exertions of the Catholic soldiery, and the advice and co-operation of De Baville, De Julien and De Montrevel, people would inevitably look upon those Protestants who had not taken up arms, particularly the nobles, as cowards, who had been prevented from openly bearing aid to the Camisards solely by the fear of persecution or death. His conclusion was, therefore, that it was for the Protestants themselves to put an end to the existing state of things, for he was convinced that no other method was open to them of making their peace with the king, and persuading his Majesty of the injustice of the suspicions set on foot concerning them by the Catholic clergy.

This project presented almost insurmountable difficul-

ties in two directions, especially for Baron d'Aygaliers, who could not hope to succeed except by inducing the king to relax his harsh measures, and the Camisards to submit. Now Baron d'Aygaliers had no influence whatever at court, and was not personally acquainted with a single one of the insurgent leaders.

The first obstacle which barred the way to the baron's praiseworthy intentions, was the necessity that he should have a passport to go to Paris, and the certainty that he could not obtain one from M. de Baville or M. de Montrevel, simply because he was a Protestant. A lucky accident relieved him from this embarrassment, and confirmed him in his determination, for he saw in this accident an indication that heaven was on his side.

He met one day at the house of a mutual friend M. de Paratte, a colonel in the royal army, subsequently major-general, who was commandant at Uzès at this time. The officer was naturally very impulsive, and his zeal for the Catholic religion and the service of King Louis XIV. was so unmeasured, that he never could meet a Protestant without flying into a rage against those who had taken up arms against their prince, and those others whose wishes were with the rebels, although they were not themselves in arms. M. d'Aygaliers understood that the allusion was aimed at him, and determined to turn it to account. The next day he called upon M. de Paratte, and instead of demanding satisfaction, as that gentleman anticipated, for his offensive remarks on the preceding day, he told him that he was greatly obliged to him for what he had said, and that it had made such an impression upon him that he was resolved to prove his zeal and fidelity to his sovereign, by going to solicit a place at court for himself. M. de Paratte was enchanted to have made such a convert; he threw his arms

about D'Aygaliers' neck, gave him, says the chronicle, his blessing, with all the good wishes a father might express for his son, and with his blessing a passport. This last was what D'Aygaliers particularly coveted; armed therewith, he set out for Paris, without mentioning his plan to a single person, not even to Baronne d'Aygaliers, his mother.

When he reached Paris, D'Aygaliers alighted at the house of a friend, and reduced his plan to writing; it was very brief and very clear, and was in these words:

"The undersigned has the honor most humbly to represent to his Majesty:

"That the rigorous measures and the persecution set in motion by some few priests in their villages led certain inhabitants of the country districts to take up arms, and that the suspicion with which those who embraced the new religion were regarded compelled a great number of others to join the insurgents; an extreme measure, to which they were driven in order to avoid imprisonment and confiscation, which were the means employed to retain them in the faith;—that for this reason, and in order to combat the evil now existing by the opposite of what produced it, and is now keeping it alive, he believes that the best course that can be adopted will be to stay the persecution, and restore to the people the confidence which has been taken from them, by permitting such number of Protestants as may seem best, to arm themselves in order to convince the rebels that the Protestants as a whole, far from looking with favor upon their acts, desired either to lead them back to their duty by their example, or to fight against them, and thus prove to the king and to France, at the risk of their lives, that they disapprove the conduct of their co-religionists, and that the priests stated what was not true when they wrote

to the court that those of the reformed religion favored the revolt."

D'Aygaliers hoped that the court would adopt his plan, for one of two things would result therefrom: either the Camisards would refuse to accept the propositions made to them, and thereby make themselves odious to their brethren; for D'Aygaliers' purpose was to associate with himself, in the attempt to convince them, none but men of their faith of high consideration among them, who would naturally turn against them frankly, if they refused to submit;—or they would lay down their arms, and by so doing restore peace through the South of France, obtain freedom of worship, release their brethren from prisons and galleys, and come to the king's assistance in his war against the allied powers, furnishing him with a considerable body of troops to employ, day in and day out, against his enemies; in the first place the troops who were serving against the Camisards, and in the second place the Camisards themselves, who might be used to advantage by supplying them with superior officers.

This scheme was so clear, and promised such advantageous results, that notwithstanding the violent prejudice against those of his religion, Baron d'Aygaliers found most interested and intelligent supporters in the Duc de Chevreuse and his son the Duc de Montfort. These two gentlemen put him in communication with Chamillard, who presented him to the Duc de Villars, to whom he handed the draft of his plan, begging him to present it to the king. But M. de Villars, who was well acquainted with the obstinacy of Louis XIV. (who, as Baron de Peken says, looked upon everything connected with the Protestants through Madame de Maintenon's spectacles), told D'Aygaliers to be very careful not to

divulge his plans of pacification, unless he wished to see them fail utterly; but bade him go and await him at Lyons, where he should very soon be, on his way to Languedoc to supersede M. de Montrevel, whom the king was dissatisfied with, and would recall in a few days. In his three interviews with the Maréchal de Villars, D'Aygaliers saw that he was a man capable of understanding him; he therefore trusted entirely to that nobleman's knowledge of the working of the king's mind, left Paris at once, and went to Lyons to await his coming.

M. de Montrevel's recall was brought about by a new exploit of Cavalier's. The governor had just arrived at Uzès when he learned that the young Cevenol was near Sainte-Chatte with his troop. He at once dispatched M. de la Jonquière in pursuit with six hundred picked sailors and several companies of dragoons of the Saint-Sernin regiment; but half an hour later, concluding upon reflection that this force was not sufficient, he ordered M. de Foix, lieutenant-colonel of the dragoons of Fimarçon, to join M. de la Jonquière with a hundred men from his regiment, and remain with him if necessary; otherwise to return to Uzès before nightfall.

M. de Foix ordered the bugles to sound the "boots and saddles," selected one hundred of his best men, placed himself at their head, overtook M. de la Jonquière at Sainte-Chatte, and communicated his orders. But the latter, relying upon the valor of his troops, and unwilling to share with anyone the glory of the victory of which he was certain, thanked M. de Foix, and begged him to return to Uzès, assuring him that he had enough troops to fight and whip the Camisards wherever he might meet them, and that the hundred dragoons under his command would be useless to him, while they might be greatly needed elsewhere. M. de Foix did not deem it to be his

duty to insist further, and returned to Uzès, while M. de la Jonquière pushed on to Moussac where he proposed to pass the night. Cavalier went out of the town by one gate with his force, as M. de la Jonquière entered with his at the other. The wishes of the young Catholic leader were fulfilled; for in all probability he could easily come up with his enemy on the following day.

As the village was inhabited principally by Protestants, the night, instead of being employed in taking rest, was devoted to pillage.

The next morning the Catholics resumed their march, and went from Moussac to Lascours-de-Cravier, a small village appertaining to the barony of Boucairan, which M. de la Jonquière abandoned to his soldiers for pillage, and where he put to death four persons, a man, a woman and two girls. Once more he took up his line of march, and as it had recently rained he soon discovered the tracks of the Camisards, so that he was able thereafter to follow unerringly the redoubtable game he was pursuing. Nearly three hours had passed in this pursuit, the young officer riding always at the head of his men lest any other, less ardent than he upon the trail, might go astray, when he spied the Camisards upon a slight elevation called the Devois-de-Martignargues. They were awaiting him there, resolved to accept the battle he offered them.

Cavalier, as soon as he saw that the royal troops were near at hand, ordered all his men to unite in prayer as usual, after which he made his dispositions for battle upon the ground he had selected, with his ordinary skill. They consisted in taking up his own position with the bulk of his force on the other side of a ravine, which lay like a moat between him and the king's troops; then he ordered a detachment of thirty horsemen to take a

long detour, and conceal themselves two hundred yards in advance of his position in a little wood which lay at his left; lastly he sent away to a point on his right on the same level with himself sixty of his best marksmen on foot, and bade them retain their fire until they should see the royal troops hotly engaged with him.

M. de la Jonquière halted at a respectful distance, and sent forward one of his lieutenants, named Saint-Chatte, to reconnoitre; he took twelve dragoons with him, and carried his reconnoissance beyond the parties in ambush, who gave no sign of life, allowing the officer to make his observations undisturbed. But Saint-Chatte was an old soldier of fortune, who did not allow himself to be deceived by appearances; and so when he returned to M. de la Jonquière and described the position Cavalier had selected, he added that he should be greatly surprised if the young Camisard had not utilized for ambuscades the little wood at his left and the elevation at his right. M. de la Jonquière replied that the essential thing was to know where the main body was, so that he might march directly upon it; Saint-Chatte rejoined that the main body was the one before his eyes, and that there was the less doubt in his mind upon that point, because he had approached sufficiently near to recognize Cavalier himself in the front rank.

This was all that M. de la Jonquière cared to know; putting himself at the head of his men he rode straight to the ravine behind which Cavalier's forces were drawn up in battle order. When they were within pistol-shot M. de la Jonquière gave the order to fire; but he was so near that Cavalier heard the order and made a sign, at which he and his men dropped to the ground as if they were shot, just as the royal troops leveled their muskets. The result was that the bullets whistled over their heads

without wounding a single man, while M. de la Jonquière thought, on the contrary, that they were all killed, until they rose to their feet singing a psalm, and rushed upon the king's troops, shooting them down at ten paces, and charging them with the bayonet. At the same moment the sixty men in ambush delivered a volley, and the thirty horsemen charged with fierce yells. The king's troops, believing from the noise and the cross-firing, that they were being surrounded, did not even attempt to hold their ground, but threw away their weapons and fled; the officers alone made a desperate resistance, with a few dragoons whom they succeeded in rallying.

Cavalier was riding over the battlefield, sabring some of the fugitives, when he noticed a group of ten naval officers, standing back to back, spontoon in hand, and showing a bold front on all sides to the Camisards who surrounded them. He spurred up to the group, ordered his soldiers to open their ranks, and rode to within fifteen feet of the officers, although they aimed their guns at him. Raising his hand as an indication that he wished to speak, he said:

"Messieurs, surrender; we will give quarter; my father is a prisoner at Nîmes; do you demand his freedom in exchange for your ten lives."

For all reply one of the officers fired at him and wounded his horse in the head. Cavalier drew a pistol, took aim at the officer and killed him. Then he addressed the others once more.

"Messieurs," he said, "are you as uncompromising as your comrade, or will you accept the life I offer you?"

Another report, and a bullet grazed his shoulder. Cavalier saw that he could hope for no different reply, so he turned to his soldiers, and said: "It's all right,

do your work,"—and rode away in order not to witness the massacre. The nine officers were shot.

M. de la Jonquière, slightly wounded in the cheek, abandoned his horse in order to scale a wall; then leaped upon one belonging to a dragoon whom he ordered to dismount, and swam across the Gardon, leaving twenty-five officers and six hundred soldiers dead upon the battlefield. This defeat was doubly disastrous to the king's party; in the first place because it robbed it of the élite of its officers, most of those killed being young noblemen; and secondly because it supplied the Camisards, not only with a great number of muskets, swords and bayonets, of which they were in need, but with more than eighty horses as well, which enabled Cavalier to put in the field a magnificent troop of cavalry.

The recall of M. de Montrevel followed close upon the heels of this defeat, and M. de Villars was, as he had hoped, appointed to replace him; but M. de Montrevel determined, before laying down his commission, to perform in person some brilliant exploit which should atone for the reverse experienced by his lieutenant, of which he must bear the blame according to the ordinary rules of war. He resolved, therefore, to lure the Camisards into some trap or other, by means of false reports and deceptive manœuvres. His undertaking was made somewhat less difficult by the fact that Cavalier's latest victory had given him an overweening confidence in himself and his troops.

Indeed, since that affair, the force under Cavalier had perceptibly increased in numbers, for everyone desired to serve under so gallant a leader; and it eventually amounted to more than a thousand foot-soldiers and two hundred horsemen; it also boasted, like any regular

army, a bugler for the cavalry, and eight drums and a fife for the infantry.

The marshal believed that his departure would be the signal for Cavalier to undertake some expedition in the low country; and with the object of inspiring confidence in his mind he caused the report to be spread for three days that he was to go to Montpellier, and actually sent forward a part of his paraphernalia to that city. In the morning of April 15, he learned that Cavalier, deluded by the report that he was to set out on the sixteenth, was to pass the night at Caveyrac, a small town about a league from Nîmes, in order to make a descent from there upon La Vaunage. This information was given M. de Montrevel by a curé named Verrien, who had faithful and vigilant spies in his employ, and in whom therefore he had implicit confidence. He thereupon ordered M. de Grandval, commanding at Lunel, to set out the next morning at daybreak with the Charolais regiment and five companies of dragoons from Fimarçon and Saint-Sernin, and march to the hills about Boissières, where he would receive his instructions; and Sandricourt, governor of Nîmes, to take all the troops that could be spared from the garrison, Swiss and dragoons, and send them during the night toward Saint-Côme and Clarensac; lastly, he himself set out, as he had said he should do, but instead of going on to Montpellier he stopped at Sommières, where he was at hand to watch all Cavalier's movements.

The latter, as M. de Montrevel had been advised, went to Caveyrac on the fifteenth to pass the night. On that day Cavalier was superb; he was then at the zenith of his power. He entered the town with drums beating, banners waving, mounted upon M. de la Jonquière's horse, a very valuable beast, with his young brother, ten years

old, riding by his side in the capacity of page, preceded by twelve guards dressed in red, and followed by four servants; for, not to be outdone by his colleague, *Comte* Roland, he had assumed the title of Duc des Cevennes.

At his approach part of the garrison, which was commanded by M. de Maillan, threw itself into the château, and part into the church. But Cavalier thought much less about interfering with it, than about providing his soldiers with rest and refreshments; so he quartered them upon the inhabitants and stationed a few sentinels in front of the church and the fortress, who exchanged shots with the king's troops all through the night. The next morning, after demolishing the walls of the town which served as fortifications, he marched out with drums beating and colors flying, and about forty yards from the wall, almost in sight of Nîmes, he put his little army, which had never been so brilliant or so numerous, through a series of military evolutions. He then set out toward Nages.

M. de Montrevel, having received notice about nine o'clock in the morning of the direction he had taken, immediately started from Sommières with six companies of dragoons of the Fimarçon regiment, a free company of one hundred Irish, three hundred men from the Hainault regiment, and three companies from the regiments of Soissonais, Charolais and Menon; making a force of more than nine hundred men in all. He marched toward the hills of La Vaunage above Clarensac; but upon hearing a sharp musketry fire behind him, he fell back upon Langlade.

It turned out that Grandval was already engaged with the Camisards. The latter, after leaving Caveyrac, had halted in a hollow between Boissière and the windmill of Langlade, to rest. The infantry were lying on the

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ground beside their weapons, and the cavalry at the feet of the horses, with their arms passed through the bridles, Cavalier himself, the indefatigable Cavalier, exhausted by the fatigue of the preceding days, was asleep, his young brother lying beside him awake, when suddenly he felt himself roughly shaken by the arm, and, as he awoke, heard on all sides shouts of: "Kill! kill!" and "To arms! to arms!"—

Grandval and his troop, who were out in search of the Camisards, had fallen upon them.

The foot soldiers sprang to their feet, the horsemen vaulted to their saddles, Cavalier leaped upon his horse, and led his soldiers, as his custom was, in a fierce charge upon the dragoons. They, as their custom was, fled, leaving a dozen dead upon the field. The Camisard cavalry darted in pursuit of the fugitives, leaving far behind the infantry, and their leader, who was unable to join them as his horse had received a bullet through his neck.

After an hour's hard riding, during which a few more dragoons were put to the sword by the victors, they reached a spot between Boissière and Vergèse, where they suddenly found themselves confronted by the Charolais regiment drawn up in order of battle; the dragoons were forming again behind it. The furious pace at which they were riding carried them within a hundred yards before they could check themselves; then they emptied their carbines, turned about and retreated. About a third of the way back they were joined by their leader, mounted upon a dragoon's horse he had found upon the road near its dead master. He came up at a gallop, to effect a junction between his cavalry and infantry, for he had discovered the advance-guard of the marshal's forces, who, as we have said, turned back at

the sound of the firing. No sooner was the junction effected than Cavalier realized that his retreat was cut off; the king's troops were behind him and in front of him.

The young general saw that he must make a flank movement to right or left, and as the country was less familiar to him than the Upper Cevennes, he questioned a peasant, who pointed out the road from Soudorgues to Nages as offering his only chance of escape. Cavalier had no time to ascertain whether the peasant was true or false to him; he determined to trust something to luck, and took the road that was pointed out to him. But shortly before he reached the spot where the road from Soudorgues to Nages joins that from Nîmes he found his passage blocked by a detachment of troops commanded by Menon; it was little, if any, superior to his own force in point of numbers, however, so he did not stop to look for another road but charged headlong upon Menon's force, and through it, and kept on toward Nages, striving to reach the plain of Calvisson. But the village and all its entrances were occupied by more royal troops; at the same time Grandval and the marshal joined forces, and Menon rallied his troop and came on in pursuit. Cavalier found himself hemmed in on all sides; he cast his eyes around and saw that his enemies were five against one.

Thereupon he raised himself in his stirrups so that his head towered above all the others, and in a voice loud enough to be heard by all of his own men, and even by the enemy:

"My children," he said, "if our hearts fail we shall be taken and broken alive upon the wheel. We have but one hope of saving ourselves; we must cut out a

path for ourselves over those fellows' bodies. Form in close order, and follow me!"

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than he led the onset upon the group nearest him, followed by his whole troop in one compact mass, hard-pressed by the three parts of the royal army. A fierce hand-to-hand struggle at once began; there was no room to load and fire; they slashed with their swords and stabbed with their bayonets, and king's troops and Camisards alike seized one another by the throat and the hair. The conflict of demons lasted an hour, during which Cavalier lost five hundred men, and slew double that number of the enemy. At last he cut his way through with two hundred men, paused a moment to take breath, and, seeing that he was in the centre of a vast circle of soldiers, made for a bridge which seemed to him to be the weakest point, being guarded by only about a hundred dragoons.

He divided his troop into two parts, one of which under Ravanel and Catinat was to carry the bridge, while he, with the other, protected their rear. He turned about therefore, and faced the enemy, like a wild boar at bay.

Suddenly he heard loud shouts behind him; the bridge was forced, but instead of holding it to enable their leader to cross, the Camisards were scattering in flight over the fields. Thereupon a child threw himself in front of them, pistol in hand, and stopped them. It was Cavalier's young brother, mounted upon one of the little wild horses of Camargue, the remnant of the Arabian breed brought by the Moors from Spain into Languedoc, and armed with a sabre and carbine of a size proportionate to his stature.

"Where are you going?" he cried; "instead of run-

ning away like cowards, stay by the river, hold back the enemy, and help my brother to retreat."

Ashamed to have deserved such a rebuke, the Camisards stopped, drew up along the bank, and protected Cavalier's retreat with a brisk fire, so that he reached the bridge, and crossed it, without having received a single wound, although his horse was riddled with bullets, and he had been compelled to change his sword three times.

The battle continued; but Cavalier slowly effected his retreat. A field intersected with ditches, a wood near by which afforded shelter, and the approach of night, all combined to favor him; nevertheless his rear-guard, exposed to an incessant, galling fire, left the ground covered with corpses as it fell back. At last the darkness enveloped victors and vanquished. They had fought ten hours; Cavalier lost more than five hundred men, and the royalists nearly a thousand.

"Cavalier," says M. de Villars in his memoirs, "bore himself throughout the day in a way that amazed everybody. Indeed, who would not have marveled to see a man sprung from nothing, without experience in the art of war, comport himself under the most difficult and most delicate circumstances as any great general might have done? A dragoon persistently followed him, Cavalier fired at him and killed his horse; the dragoon fired at him and missed him, Cavalier had two horses killed under him, one at the beginning of the action and the other at the end; he took the first time the horse of a dragoon, and the second time that of one of his men whom he made dismount."

M. de Montrevel, too, bore himself like a gallant officer; wherever there was danger, there he was to be found, encouraging officers and soldiers by his example.

One Irish captain was killed at his side, another fatally wounded, and a third slightly injured. Grandval also performed marvels, and a horse that was killed under him he replaced by another of great value, which M. de Montrevel gave him to pursue the Camisards.

After this exploit M. de Montrevel turned over his government to M. de Villars, sending word to Cavalier that that was his way of taking leave of his friends.

This battle, honorable as it was to Cavalier, in that it compelled his enemies themselves to look upon him as a worthy opponent, nevertheless crushed the greater part of his hopes. He halted near Pierredon to collect the shattered remnant of his forces, and in very truth it was but a shattered remnant that joined him there. Most of his men were without weapons, having thrown them away in order not to impede their flight. A great number were unfit for service on account of wounds received. Lastly the cavalry was almost entirely exterminated, and those who survived had abandoned their horses in order to cross the wide ditches which were their best shelter from the pursuit of the dragoons.

Meanwhile all the royal troops were in movement, and it was dangerous for Cavalier to remain longer at Pierredon; so he left there during the night, and, having crossed the Gardon, hid himself in the forest of Hieuzet, where he hoped that his foes would not dare pursue him. For two days he was left in peace there, and those two days afforded his troop a much-needed rest. In the forest there was an immense cavern, which had long served the Camisards as magazine and arsenal at once, and in which they concealed their grain and hay, their weapons and their powder. Cavalier also used it as a hospital, and transported his wounded thither to be cared for.

But he was soon compelled to leave the forest of

Hieuzet, much as he hoped to be safe from pursuit there. One day, as he was returning from a visit to the wounded in the cavern, he fell in with a party of a hundred *miquelets*, who had penetrated into the wood, and would have made him prisoner, had he not, with his habitual address and courage, leaped from the top of a rock more than twenty feet high. The *miquelets* fired at him, but no bullet touched him. Cavalier joined his troop, and fearing to attract the rest of the royalists to the spot, he abandoned it, in order to draw them away from the cavern, the very existence of which it was so important for him to conceal, as it contained all his resources.

But Cavalier had fallen upon one of those periods, when fortune is weary and everything turns out ill. A woman from the village of Hieuzet, who had been seen now and again going toward the forest, sometimes with a basket in her hand, sometimes with a hamper on her head, was suspected of going thither to carry provisions to the Camisards in hiding. She was arrested and taken before a royalist officer named Lalande, who began by telling her that he would have her hanged if she did not tell him without evasion the purpose of her frequent visits to the forest. She resorted to pretexts, which made her more and more an object of suspicion, and at last Lalande ceased to ask her why she went to the wood, but sent her to the gallows. She walked thither, however, with a firm step, and the general was beginning to think that he should learn nothing from her, when, as she reached the foot of the ladder and was told to ascend, her courage gave way; she asked to be taken back to the general, and on a promise that her life should be spared told him everything.

M. de Lalande thereupon set out at the head of a strong detachment of *miquelets*, and compelled her to

march in front of him to the mouth of the cavern, which the royalists would never have discovered unaided, so thoroughly was the entrance hidden among the rocks and undergrowth. The first thing which met their view was some thirty or more wounded men. The *miquelets* rushed upon them and murdered them; and when that task was completed, pushed their investigations farther into the cavern, and discovered, with increasing wonder, a thousand things which they had no expectation of finding there: great quantities of wheat, bags of meal, casks of wine, kegs of eau-de-vie, chestnuts and potatoes; then there were chests filled with ointments, drugs and lint, and lastly, a complete arsenal of guns, swords, bayonets, powder all made, and sulphur, saltpeter and charcoal, everything in short, even to hand-mills, necessary for its manufacture.

Lalande kept his word; such a treasure was well worth an old woman's life.

Meanwhile M. de Villars had, as he agreed, taken up Baron d'Aygaliers as he passed through Lyons, and the pacificator had ample time during their journey together to set forth his plan. As M. de Villars was a man of just and conciliatory mind, and very desirous to bring the affair he had undertaken, and in which his two predecessors had failed, to a happy termination, he promised him, to use his own expression, always to have two ears ready to listen to the two sides,—and to demonstrate his impartiality he declined to come to any decision until he had heard M. de Julien who was to come as far as Tournon to meet him.

M. de Julien was waiting in that city, and talked to M. de Villars in a strain very different from that adopted by D'Aygaliers; in his view the only possible pacification lay in the utter extermination of the Camisards; he

therefore regretted that he had confined himself to the four hundred villages and hamlets he had demolished or burned in the Upper Cevennes, saying with the conviction of a man who has pondered deeply upon the subject that they ought to have destroyed all the others, and killed all the peasants they met in the fields, to the last man.

M. de Villars arrived at Beaucaire without having made up his mind to anything, placed as he was, like Don Juan between the good and the evil spirit, one urging clemency, the other murder. But immediately upon his arrival at Nîmes, D'Aygaliers called together the leading Protestants of the city, communicated his plan to them, and convinced them so thoroughly of its meritoriousness, that they at once put their hands to the work, and prepared a petition, wherein they asked the marshal's permission to arm themselves and march against the rebels, hoping to bring them back to their duty by their example, but determined, otherwise, to prove their own fidelity by fighting them.

This petition, signed by several noblemen, and by almost all the lawyers and merchants of Nîmes, was handed to M. de Villars on Tuesday, April 22, 1704, by M. d'Albenas, at the head of seven or eight hundred Protestants. M. de Villars received it graciously, and thanked those who presented it; he added that he had no doubt of the sincerity of their protestations, and that, if their assistance became necessary to him, he would call upon them with as much confidence as if they were old Catholics; that he hoped to lead the rebels back to reason by mild measures, and that, to second him in carrying out his purpose he begged them to go among their insurgent brethren; that amnesty was offered all

those who should withdraw to their homes with their arms within a week.

In order to obtain an accurate idea of the people, the locality, and the condition of affairs, M. de Villars left Nîmes two days after that on which the petition of the Protestants was presented to him, to visit the principal towns.

Although his reply to this petition was a sort of plea in bar, D'Aygaliers did not allow himself to be discouraged, and followed M. de Villars everywhere. At Alais the new governor had a conference with Lalande and M. de Baville, to determine what should be done to induce the Camisards to lay down their arms. Baron d'Aygaliers was admitted to this conference, and in the presence of Lalande and M. de Baville set forth his project; both were opposed to it, but as D'Aygaliers anticipated their opposition he met it with the strongest arguments he could find, and they were made the stronger and more conclusive by his intense conviction. But Lalande and Baville were unmoved by his eloquence, and rejected the pacificatory scheme so vehemently, that the marshal, strongly inclined as he perhaps was to adopt it, dared take nothing upon himself, and said that he would decide upon his course when he reached Uzès.

D'Aygaliers saw clearly that he should obtain nothing from the marshal so long as he failed to win over either the general or the intendant. He pondered long as to which of the two he should select to make an attack upon; and although Baville was his personal enemy, and had given himself and his family proofs of his hatred upon several occasions, he finally decided upon him.

Consequently, on the following day, to M. de Baville's amazement, D'Aygaliers called upon him. The intendant

received him coldly, albeit with courtesy, invited him to be seated, and begged him to divulge the object of his visit.

"Monsieur," replied Baron d'Aygaliers, "the reasons which my family and myself have to complain of you have led me to form so firm a determination never to ask a favor at your hands, that you must have seen, during the journey we have taken with M. le Maréchal, that I would rather have died of thirst than take a glass of water from you. But as this proposition of mine has no relation to any private affair in which I am concerned, I beg you to consider rather the good of the State than your dislike for my family, especially as it can have no other basis than the fact that our religious beliefs differ from yours, which is something that we could neither foresee nor prevent. Therefore, Monsieur, do not, I entreat you, induce M. le Maréchal to reject the plan I have proposed, which may put an end to the disturbances in our province, stay the flood of misery, which I believe you regret to see, and spare you much trouble and embarrassment."

This calm harangue, and above all this proof of M. d'Aygaliers' confidence in him touched the intendant, who replied that he had opposed the peacemaker's scheme only because he believed it to be impracticable. But M. d'Aygaliers pressed him so earnestly to give it a trial at least before condemning it forever, that M. de Baville finally gave him his hand upon it.

D'Aygaliers at once hastened to the marshal's quarters, and found, as he hoped, that he offered no objection when he found himself supported, but on the contrary ordered him to convoke the people whom he expected to use, and to present them to him on the following morning, before he started for Nîmes.

The next morning instead of the fifty men the marshal had requested, and D'Aygaliers had agreed to bring, he brought eighty, almost all of good family, and some noblemen.

Baron d'Aygaliers appointed the courtyard of the bishop's palace for the rendezvous of his recruits.

"This palace," says the baron in his memoirs, "which was a magnificent building with terraced gardens, and superbly furnished, was occupied by Monseigneur Michel Poncet de la Rivière. He was," he adds, "a man who was passionately fond of pleasure of all sorts, music, women and good cheer. He always had a number of fine musicians under his roof, pretty girls who were in his charge, and excellent wines, which perceptibly increased his vivacity, so that he was always excessively lively when he left the table, and if at such times he fancied that anyone in his diocese was not so good a Christian as he ought to be, he at once wrote to M. de Baville to have him exiled. He often did that honor to my late father. And so," D'Aygaliers continues, "when he saw this large number of Huguenots on his premises, who did not hesitate to say that they would serve the king better than the Catholics, he nearly fell off his balcony in surprise and disgust. His disgust was measurably increased when he saw M. de Villars and M. de Baville, who lived in the episcopal palace, go down into the courtyard and question all these people. A single hope remained, and that was that the marshal and the intendant would eventually dismiss them, but this last hope was cruelly shattered when he heard M. de Villars tell them that he accepted their services, and bade them obey D'Aygaliers in whatever concerned the king's service."

But this was not all; it was necessary to provide the

Protestants with arms, and small as their number was, it was a difficult matter. The unfortunate sectaries had been disarmed so often that everything had been taken from them, even to their table knives; it was useless therefore to search for guns or swords in their houses. D'Aygaliers suggested to M. de Villars to use weapons belonging to the bourgeoisie; but he replied that it would seem insulting to the Catholics to disarm them in order to arm the Protestants. However as there was no other way, M. de Villars finally decided to do it, and ordered M. de Paratte to cause D'Aygaliers to be supplied with fifty muskets and as many bayonets; after which he set out for Nîmes, leaving the following commission as the baron's reward for his long-continued exertions:

"We, Maréchal de Villars, general in the king's armies, etc., have given leave to M. d'Aygaliers, a Protestant of the city of Uzès, to make war upon the Camisards with fifty men to be selected by him.

"Given at Uzès, May 4, 1704.

"*Signed*, VILLARS.

"*Countersigned*, MORETON."

But M. de Villars had no sooner started for Nîmes than D'Aygaliers found his path beset with fresh obstacles. The bishop, who could not forgive him for transforming his episcopal palace into Huguenot barracks, went from house to house, threatening those who had agreed to assist D'Aygaliers' plan, and forbade with dire threats the captains of the bourgeois militia to deliver their arms to the Protestants. Luckily, D'Aygaliers was not the man to give way for a few difficulties after he had gone so far; he went about as well, spurring on the strong, encouraging the weak, and called upon

Paratte, to demand the execution of the order given him by M. de Villars. Paratte fortunately was an old officer who cared for nothing but discipline, so that, instead of putting forward any objection he ordered the fifty muskets and fifty bayonets to be delivered to M. d'Aygaliers on the instant. The next morning at five o'clock he and his little band were all ready to move.

But de Baville and Lalande could not think, without jealousy, of the influence which d'Aygaliers would inevitably acquire in the province in case of success. They therefore trained their own batteries forthwith in such a way as to leave him nothing to do, by inducing Cavalier to abandon the cause he had embraced. To be sure they did not deceive themselves with the idea that it was an easy thing to do; but as they had at their disposal means of corruption which d'Aygaliers had not, they did not despair of success.

They first of all sought out a farmer named Lacombe, in order to secure his co-operation; he was the man with whom Cavalier in his boyhood remained two years as a shepherd. He had preserved friendly relations with the young leader, and willingly undertook to hunt him up in the mountains—a dangerous undertaking for any other than him—and to carry him the proposals of M. de Baville and Lalande.

Lacombe kept his word; he set out the same day, and two days later he was with Cavalier. The young leader's first sensation was wonder, the second joy. Lacombe could not have selected a more auspicious moment in which to speak of peace to his former shepherd.

"The loss I had undergone at Nages," says Cavalier in his memoirs, "was the more grievous to me in that it was irreparable—for I lost at one blow a large supply of weapons, all my ammunition, all my money, and, worse

than all else, a body of soldiers accustomed to fatigue and to being under fire, with whom I was equal to any undertaking; but my last loss, I mean my stores, was more disastrous than all that had gone before taken together, because I had always before had something left to fall back upon, but after that I had nothing. The whole region was laid waste, my friends' purses were exhausted, and their friendship had grown cold, a hundred villages had been pillaged and burned, all the prisons were full of Protestants and the whole country was deserted. Add to this that the long-promised assistance from England did not come, and that Maréchal de Villars had arrived in the province with fresh troops."

However, notwithstanding his almost desperate position, Cavalier received Lacombe's propositions coldly and haughtily, and his reply was: that he would never lay down his arms until the Protestants had obtained a guaranty of the right to worship as they chose for the future.

Positive as this reply was, Lalande did not despair of bringing Cavalier to terms. He wrote with his own hand a letter requesting an interview, promising him that if they should come to no agreement, he would be allowed to go without injury; but he supplemented the promise by adding that if he refused his offer he should regard him as a foe to peace, and should hold him responsible for all the blood that might be shed thereafter.

This overture had the true soldierly ring, and its frankness touched Cavalier so deeply that, in order to deprive his friends as well as his enemies of the least pretext for reproaching him, he determined to prove to everyone that he was ready to seize the first opportunity of concluding a favorable peace.

He consequently replied as follows to Lalande: That he would be at the bridge of Avène on that same day, May 12, at noon, and he handed the letter to Catinat, bidding him deliver it to the Catholic general.

Catinat was worthy of the mission entrusted to him. He was a peasant from Cayla, named Abdias Maurel, who had served under Catinat, and had taken his name —we should say that Catinat's name had been given him—because when he returned home he talked incessantly of his Italian campaigns, where the marshal had contended so valiantly against Prince Eugene. He was, as we have seen, Cavalier's right arm; the Camisard chieftain had placed him in command of his cavalry, and now bestowed a still more dangerous distinction upon him, by sending him on a mission to a man who had said more than once that he would give two thousand livres to him who should bring him Cavalier's head and a thousand for that of either of his lieutenants. Catinat was aware of this offer of Lalande's, and yet he approached the general with perfect tranquillity; either from a feeling that propriety demanded it, or perhaps from pride, he had put on the uniform that he was accustomed to wear in battle.

The proud and assured countenance of the man who presented Cavalier's letter astounded the general, who asked him who he was.

"I am Catinat," was his reply.

"Catinat!" cried Lalande in amazement.

"Yes, Catinat, commander of Cavalier's cavalry."

"What!" exclaimed Lalande, "you are the Catinat who massacred so many people in the territory of Beaucaire?"

"To be sure, I am the man; I did what you say, because I thought it was my duty to do it."

"In that case," said Lalande, "it seems to me that you are decidedly bold to venture to appear before me."

"I have come," rejoined Catinat haughtily, "trusting in your good faith, and in my brother Cavalier's word that no harm should come to me."

"And he was right," said Lalande, taking the letter. "Return to Cavalier," he said, after he had read it, "and assure him that I will be at the bridge of Avène two hours hence, with thirty dragoons only, and a few officers. Let him come with the same number."

"But perhaps brother Cavalier will not choose to come with so small a following," rejoined Catinat.

"Very well! tell him then," Lalande retorted, "to come with his whole army, if he chooses. But for my own part I will not take a single man more than I have said; and since Cavalier has confidence in me, I will have confidence in him."

Catinat carried back Lalande's message to his commander; it was such a message as the young Camisard appreciated and understood. Leaving the bulk of his force at Massanes, he took with him only sixty picked men from his infantry and eight horsemen. When he came within sight of the bridge, he saw Lalande coming from the other direction; he thereupon ordered his sixty men to halt, and rode forward a few yards with the eight horsemen; there he bade them halt, and rode on to the bridge alone. Lalande went through the same manœuvre with his dragoons and officers, dismounted and came forward to meet Cavalier.

They met in the middle of the bridge, and saluted with the courtesy of men who had learned upon the battlefield to appreciate each other's real worth. After a moment's silence which they passed in mutual scrutiny:

"Monsieur," said Lalande, "the king in his clemency

desires to put an end to the war between his subjects, which if continued must inevitably result in the destruction of his kingdom; and as he knows that the war was kindled and is now kept alight by his enemies in other lands, he hopes to meet with no opposition from those who have been led astray for a moment, but to whom he offers forgiveness."

"Monsieur," Cavalier replied, "as the war was not begun by the Protestants, the Protestants are all ready to make peace, but it must be an honest peace, without restriction or mental reservation. They have no right, I know, to impose conditions; but they will be allowed, I trust, the right to discuss those which are proposed. Speak, therefore, Monsieur, that I may know if the proposals you are empowered to make to me are acceptable."

"But suppose you are mistaken," said Lalande; "suppose the king desires first of all to know what your claims are, and in what your demands consist?"

"In that case," replied Cavalier, "I will tell you at once, in order not to protract the negotiations, for every moment, you know, costs someone his life or his fortune."

"Say on," said Lalande.

"Very well," said Cavalier; "our demands cover three points; first, liberty of conscience; second, that the prisons and galleys be cleared of all those who are detained because of their religion; third, that if we cannot have liberty of conscience, we may at least be permitted to leave the kingdom."

"So far as I can judge," rejoined Lalande, "I do not think that the king will accede to your first proposition; but it is possible that he will accede to the third. If he should do so, how many Protestants would you take with you?"

"Ten thousand, of both sexes and all ages."

"The number is over large, Monsieur," said Lalande, "and I think that his Majesty is not disposed to go beyond three thousand."

"Then nothing can be done, for I will not accept a passport for less than ten thousand men, and only on this condition—that the king allow us three months to dispose of our property and then take our leave without molestation. If it is his Majesty's pleasure that we do not leave the kingdom, then let him re-enact our edicts and restore our privileges, and we will become what we formerly were, his faithful and obedient subjects."

"Monsieur," said Lalande, "I will transmit your conditions to Monsieur le Maréchal, and I shall be deeply distressed if we do not succeed in reaching an agreement. And now will you allow me to have a nearer view of the gallant fellows with whom you have done such marvelous things?"

Cavalier smiled; for when the "gallant fellows" were caught, they were broken on the wheel, burned or hanged like brigands. For all reply he bowed and led the way toward his own escort. M. de Lalande followed him with perfect confidence, passed the squad of eight horsemen who were standing in the road, and, as he approached the infantry, pulled a handful of gold pieces from his pocket and scattered them in front of the front rank, saying:

"Here, my boys, take this and drink to the king's health."

Not a man made a motion to pick up the money, but one Camisard retorted, with a shake of his head:

"It isn't money that we want, but liberty of conscience."

"My friends," replied Lalande, "unfortunately it is

not in my power to give you that; you will do well to submit to the king's will, and trust in his clemency."

"Monsieur," Cavalier rejoined, "be sure that we are quite prepared to obey his orders, provided that he grants our just demands; otherwise we prefer to die with our arms in our hands rather than expose ourselves afresh to such outrages as we have been made to undergo."

"Your demands shall be repeated word for word to M. de Villars, who will forward them to the king, and believe me, Monsieur, I will pray most earnestly that his Majesty will not deem them exorbitant."

With that M. de Lalande saluted Cavalier, and started to go back to his escort; but Cavalier was anxious to show no less confidence than was shown him, so he recrossed the bridge with M. de Lalande and accompanied him all the way to where his soldiers had halted. There they exchanged salutations, Lalande remounted and rode back to Uzès, while Cavalier returned to his friends.

Meanwhile D'Aygaliers, who had left Uzès, as we have seen, on May 5 to come to an understanding with Cavalier, did not succeed in finding him until the thirteenth, that is to say, the day following his conference with Lalande. D'Aygaliers himself has described this interview and we can do no better than borrow his description here.

"Although it was the first time that we had ever met, we embraced as if we had known each other for a long while. My little force fraternized with his, and they began to sing psalms together while Cavalier and I were talking. I was very well content with his conversation, and had no difficulty in persuading him that he must submit for the good of his brethren, and that they could do what suited them best, either leave the kingdom, or

enter the king's service; but that I thought the latter course preferable, provided we were allowed to worship God according to our consciences, because I hoped that by serving his Majesty faithfully, he could be made to see that he was imposed upon by those who painted us to him as bad subjects, and we could in that way obtain the like freedom of conscience for the rest of the people; that I could see no other way to change our deplorable condition for the better; that they might perhaps keep themselves alive for some time to come in the woods and mountains, but that they were in no condition to prevent the people of the towns from starving to death.

"To that he replied that although the Catholics were not, as a general rule, accustomed to keep faith with those of our religion, he would cheerfully risk his life for the relief of his brethren and the whole province; but that he hoped that, if they trusted to the clemency of the king, for whom he had never ceased to pray, no harm would come to him."

Thereupon D'Aygaliers, enchanted to find him so well disposed, begged him to give him a letter for M. de Villars. As Cavalier, knowing the intermediary to be a loyal man, and zealous for the faith, had great confidence in him, he made no objection, and gave him the following letter:

"*Monseigneur:* Will you permit me to appeal to your Excellency, and to beg you very humbly to bestow the favor of your protection upon myself and my soldiers, who are consumed with an earnest longing to repair the error we committed in taking up arms, not against the king, as our enemies charge us with doing, but to defend our lives against our persecutors, who have assailed us with such violence and animosity that we have been

unable to believe that they were acting by his Majesty's command. We know that St. Paul has written that subjects should be submissive to their rulers. If, notwithstanding these sincere protestations, the king still requires our blood, we shall be ready in a short time to submit ourselves to his justice or his clemency. We shall esteem ourselves very happy, Monseigneur, if his Majesty, moved by our repentance, will deign to forgive us and receive us into his service, taking pattern from the great and merciful God, whose image he is upon earth. We hope by our fidelity and our zeal to deserve the honor of your protection, and that under an illustrious and noble-minded commander like yourself, Monseigneur, we shall win renown by shedding our blood for the king's service. For these reasons I trust that it may please your Excellency to permit me to subscribe myself with deep respect and profound submission, Monseigneur,

"Your most humble and obedient servant,

"CAVALIER."

D'Aygaliers, once possessed of this letter, set out joyously for Nîmes, for he was certain that he was the bearer of much more than M. de Villars expected. Indeed, when the marshal saw how far things had gone, in spite of all that Lalande could say, who, in his jealousy, insisted that D'Aygaliers would spoil everything, he sent him back to ask Cavalier to come in person to Nîmes. D'Aygaliers started at once, saying that he would undertake to bring him, to the great amusement of Lalande, who laughed at his confidence, and declared that Cavalier would not come.

It is true that certain things had taken place in the mountains which might be expected to change the young leader's disposition. The Comte de Tournan, who com-

manded at Florac, had been cut in pieces in the plain of Fondmorted by Roland's army, and had lost two hundred men, a considerable sum of money, and twenty-four mules laden with ammunition and supplies. But M. de Villars was soon reassured on that point, for six days after the defeat, he received by the hand of Lacombe, the same man by whom the interview at the bridge of Avène was brought about, a letter from Cavalier expressing his deep regret at what had taken place.

D'Aygaliers therefore found Cavalier in a most satisfactory frame of mind when he joined him at Tarnac; and yet the young Cevenol's first sensation was something very like stupefaction. An interview with Maréchal de Villars was so great an honor, and one which he was so far from expecting, that he almost suspected treachery. But the marshal's reputation for loyalty at once came to his mind; and then, too, he knew that D'Aygaliers was incapable of serving as go-between if anything of the sort were contemplated. Cavalier replied therefore that he was all ready to do as the marshal desired, and that he would trust entirely to his honor to arrange the conditions of the interview. M. de Villars thereupon sent word to him that he would expect him on the sixteenth at the garden of the Recollet convent at Nîmes, which was outside the walls, between the Beaucaire and Madeleine gates, and that he, Cavalier, would meet Lalande on the road at Carayrac, to which place that officer would go to receive him and give him hostages.

On May 15 Cavalier left Tarnac at the head of a hundred and fifty foot-soldiers and fifty horse; he was accompanied by his young brother, D'Aygaliers and Lacombe, and they lay that night at Langlade.

The next day he started betimes for Nîmes with the

same following, and, as he was led to expect, met Lalande between Carayrac and Saint-Césaire, and received hostages from him. The hostages were M. de la Duretière, captain in the Fimarçon regiment, an infantry captain, several other officers and ten dragoons. Cavalier turned them over to his lieutenant, Ravanel, who commanded the infantry, and left them in his charge at Saint-Césaire; the cavalry escorted him to within musket-shot of Nîmes, and camped upon the high ground. He also stationed sentinels at every point from which access could be had to his troop, even as far as the fountain of Diana, and the tennis-court. Having made these dispositions he rode on to the city, accompanied by his brother, Lacombe, D'Aygaliers, and a bodyguard of eighteen horsemen under Catinat.

Lalande galloped on ahead and joined the marshal, who was walking in the garden of the Recollets, with M. de Baville and Sandricourt, dreading from moment to moment lest he should be told that Cavalier refused to come, for he was building great hopes upon this meeting. Lalande's arrival removed his doubts; the young Cevenol was reported to be following him closely.

Ten minutes later there was a great outcry and a great tumult; the people were rushing out to meet their hero. Not a Protestant remained indoors, except paralytic old men and children in swaddling clothes; for all who affected the reformed religion, having long looked upon Cavalier as their champion, saw in him now their savior, and men and women threw themselves under his horse's feet, in order to kiss the skirts of his coat. He seemed a victorious general entering a conquered city in triumph rather than a leader of rebels coming to solicit an amnesty for himself and his followers.

Maréchal de Villars heard all the uproar from the

garden of the Recollets, and when he was told the cause of it, he conceived a more favorable opinion than ever of the young Cevenol, whose power had become more and more evident to him every day since his arrival. A few moments passed, and as Cavalier approached the uproar became so great that for an instant it occurred to M. de Villars that he should have received hostages instead of giving them. At that moment Cavalier appeared at the gate, and, seeing that the marshal's body-guard was drawn up in a single line, drew up his own in a parallel line. He was dressed, so say the contemporary memoirs, in a coffee-colored coat; his white muslin cravat was of ample proportions; he wore a cross-belt, to which his sword was attached; on his head was a black felt hat trimmed with gold lace, and he rode a magnificent horse, the same that was ridden by M. de la Jonquière on the bloody day of Vergenne.

The lieutenant of the guard received him at the gate, and Cavalier at once dismounted, threw his rein to one of his men, entered the garden, and walked toward the waiting group, which was composed, as we have said, of M. de Villars, M. de Baville and Sandricourt. M. de Villars gazed at him as he drew near with increasing amazement, for he could not believe that this young man, this child rather, who was walking toward him, was the terrible Cevenol chieftain, whose name alone made his bravest soldiers shudder. Cavalier, at this time, be it remembered, was barely twenty-four years of age, and thanks to his long, fair hair, which fell over his shoulders, and the extreme mildness of his eyes, he seemed no more than eighteen. He knew neither of the three men before him, but his attention was drawn to M. de Villars by his dress, as well as by his air of command. He therefore saluted him first; then turned to the others

and bowed again, but not so low as to M. de Villars. After that he stood motionless and dumb, with eyes cast down, while the marshal gazed at him in silent amazement, looking from time to time at Baville and Sandricourt, as if to ask them if they were not deceiving him, and if this was really the man they were expecting. At last, unconvinced by their affirmative signs, he asked:

"Are you really Jean Cavalier?"

"Yes, Monseigneur," was the reply, in a voice which betrayed deep emotion.

"What! Jean Cavalier, the commander of the Camisards? the man who calls himself Duc de Cevennes?"

"I do not call myself so, Monseigneur; sometimes the title has been given me, in joke no doubt; for the king only has the right to bestow titles, and I congratulate myself very sincerely, Monseigneur, that he has bestowed that of governor of Languedoc upon you."

"When you speak of the king, could you not call him 'His Majesty?'" interposed M. de Baville. "By my soul, it's very good of the king to consent to treat with a rebel."

The blood mounted to Cavalier's forehead, and a burning blush swept like a flame across his face; after a moment's silence he fixed his eyes calmly upon M. de Baville, and said in a voice as firm as it was tremulous a moment earlier:

"If you have sent for me to say such things to me, Monsieur, you would have done better to leave me in my mountains, or to come there yourself and learn a lesson in hospitality. If I am a rebel, I am not answerable for my rebellion; it is the tyranny and cruelty of M. de Baville that have forced us to take up arms; and if history ever reproaches the great king, whose forgiveness I am here to-day to sue for, it will not be, I trust,

for having had enemies like myself, but for having had friends like him."

M. de Baville turned pale with wrath; for, whether Cavalier realized it or not, the retort was a savage one and struck him full in the face. He was about to reply when M. de Villars stopped him.

"You have to deal with me alone, Monsieur," he said to Cavalier, "so pay no heed to anyone but me, I beg. I speak in the king's name, Monsieur, and the king, in his clemency, wishes to spare his subjects, and to follow the path of gentle dealing with them."

Cavalier opened his mouth to reply, but the intendant cut him short.

"I trust that that will content you," he said disdainfully; "and that, as forgiveness is more than you have any right to expect, you will cease to put forward any claims upon other points."

"Those other points," said Cavalier, addressing M. de Villars, as if he were replying to him, "are just what forced us to take up arms. If I were alone, Monseigneur, I would trust myself bound hand and foot to your loyal heart; I would exact no conditions, and would not even ask your word; but I represent my brethren and my friends, who have entrusted their interests to me; furthermore affairs have gone so far now that we have no other alternative than to die with arms in our hands, unless we obtain those things which we with justice demand."

The intendant was about to reply; but the marshal checked him with so imperative a gesture, that he stepped back as if he had abandoned the idea of taking any further part in the interview.

"But what are these demands? are they the same which Lalande transmitted to me verbally?"

"Yes, Monseigneur."

"It would be well that I should have them in writing."

"I handed them to Monsieur d'Aygaliers, Monseigneur."

"I have not seen them, Monsieur; make a fresh copy, I beg you, and send it to me."

"I will do so at once, Monseigneur," replied Cavalier, bowing and stepping back as if to withdraw.

"One moment," said the marshal, detaining him with a smile; "is it true, Monsieur, that you would consent to serve in theking's army?"

"Marry, yes, and with all my heart," cried Cavalier, with the frank enthusiasm of youth; "but it cannot be unless my just demands are granted."

"And if they are?"

"In that case, Monseigneur, the king will never have had more faithful subjects than we will be."

"Very well! go, and everything will be arranged, I trust."

"May the Lord hear you!" said Cavalier; "for He is my witness that we are more desirous of peace than anyone."

He stepped back again as if to withdraw.

"You will not go too far away, will you, Monsieur?" the marshal asked.

"We will remain at such place as your Excellency may fix."

"Very good!" said M. de Villars; "remain at Calvisson, and do your utmost to induce the other leaders to follow your example."

"I will do my best, Monseigneur; but, while we await his Majesty's reply, we shall not be prevented from fulfilling our religious duties?"

"No. I will give orders that you are to have absolute liberty in that regard."

"Thanks, Monseigneur."

Cavalier bowed again and for the last time, and would then have withdrawn. But M. de Villars walked a few steps with him and Lalande who had joined them, and who laid his hand familiarly upon Cavalier's shoulder. Thereupon Catinat, seeing that the conference was at an end, entered the garden with his men, and M. de Villars took leave of Cavalier with the words: *"Adieu, Seigneur Cavalier,"* leaving him surrounded by a dozen or more persons, who stopped him to talk with him, and detained him for half an hour, asking questions which he answered with the greatest good nature. He had on his finger a very beautiful emerald, which had belonged to a naval officer named Deydier, whom he killed with his own hand in the affair of Devois de Martignargues; in order to know the hour he consulted a superb watch, once the property of M. d'Acqueville, another naval officer, and several times offered his interlocutors perfumed snuff from a magnificent snuff-box, which he found in M. de la Jonquière's holsters. He said in the hearing of everyone, that he had never intended to revolt against the king, but that, on the contrary, he was ready to pour out every drop of his blood in his service; that he had several times expressed his willingness to submit to M. de Montrevel, provided that the Protestants were allowed liberty of conscience; but that M. de Montrevel always rejected his offers, thereby compelling him to remain under arms in order to deliver those of his brethren who were imprisoned, and make it possible for those who were free to worship God in their own way.

He said all these things with an air of confidence and with perfect courtesy, hat in hand; then, passing through a great crowd of people who surrounded the garden of the Recollets, he went to the Hotel de la Poste to take

some refreshment, and from there by way of the Esplanade to the house of one Guy Billard, a gardener, father of Daniel Billard, his great prophet. Two Camisards, with drawn swords, walked in front of him, and, says Labeaume, several ladies were presented to him, who esteemed themselves fortunate to be allowed to touch the hem of his doublet. His visit at an end he returned by the Esplanade again, still preceded by his two Camisards, and when they were near the little convent he and his escort began to sing psalms, and kept it up all the way to Saint-Césaire, from which place Cavalier sent back the hostages. There he found more than five hundred people from Nîmes, who offered him refreshments, for which he thanked them gratefully and with much affability. He went to Saint-Déonise to sup and pass the night, and after supper, before retiring, he said aloud a long prayer for the king, M. de Villars, M. de Lalande, and even for Baville.

The next morning he sent his demands in writing to M. de Villars, as he had agreed to do, and M. de Villars at once forwarded them to the king, with a report of what had taken place the day before. Having dispatched his missive the young chieftain joined his little army near Tarnac, and informed Roland of what had taken place, urging him to follow his example. The same day he went to Sauves to pass the night, after marching through Durfort at the head of his people. A captain of dragoons, named Montgros, with twenty-five men, accompanied him, and in M. de Villars' name required whatever they needed to be furnished them in the villages through which they passed. On May 19 they left Sauves early in the morning for Calvisson, the place appointed for Cavalier's residence during the truce. At Quissac, where they halted for refreshments, Castanet

joined them and preached a sermon to which all the Protestants in the neighborhood listened.

In the evening of the seventeenth two battalions of the Charolais regiment, which were in garrison at Calvisson, received orders to march out the next morning to make room for the Camisards.

On the eighteenth the commissary-general, Vincel, wrote to the consuls to see to it that convenient quarters were provided for Cavalier and his followers, according to the list which would be handed them by Baron d'Aygaliers, or by some other in his behalf. At the same time a number of vans arrived at Calvisson, laden with all sorts of provisions, and were followed by large numbers of beeves and sheep. A commissary named Boisson and several clerks followed close upon the supplies, their mission being to look to the distribution thereof.

On the nineteenth at ten o'clock in the morning Catinat entered the town at the head of twelve Camisards.

They found at the gate Berlié, the commandant of the place, awaiting them with twenty-four militiamen; when he saw them coming he repeated the injunction he had already given his men to say nothing that could offend the Camisards, on pain of corporal punishment.

At one o'clock in the afternoon Baron d'Aygaliers arrived, accompanied by the commissary, Vincel, Captain Capon, and two other officers named Viala and Despuech, with six dragoons; they were Cavalier's hostages.

At six in the evening there was a great outcry in the town, and shouts of "Cavalier! Cavalier!" arose on all sides. The young Cevenol was approaching, and the whole population rushed to meet him. He was marching at the head of his cavalry, the infantry following on

behind, and the whole body, some six hundred men in all, singing psalms in chorus.

Cavalier rode into the town and drew up his men in order of battle in front of the church, where they continued their singing for some time. At last they ceased to sing, and began to repeat in unison a very long prayer, which edified their hearers beyond measure. When the prayer came to an end, Cavalier betook himself to the house assigned him, which was the finest in Calvisson. As soon as he was installed he sent for a dozen loaves of bread, in order to ascertain how his soldiers were provided for. As he found them too dark-colored he complained to M. Vincel who promised to supply bread of better quality the next day. With that assurance Cavalier consented to put up with the other for the night; but, fearing poison no doubt, he made M. Vincel and his clerks taste it in his presence.

He next went to take possession in person of all the gates of the town, stationed guards at each, and posted sentinels at all the avenues of approach; the most advanced being at least three-quarters of a league from the town. He stationed other sentinels in all the streets and at each door of his house; and, in addition, thirty guards always slept about the door of his bedroom, and he never went out unless attended by them as an escort. These precautions he took, not so much from fear—for we have seen that he was not suspicious by nature—as from policy, to cause his enemies to form an exalted opinion of his power. His soldiers were billeted upon the inhabitants, and had for their daily rations a pound of meat, a jug of wine, and two pounds and a half of bread each.

On the same day there was a meeting upon the ruins of the temple, which the Catholics had torn down. It

was a large meeting on account of the great concourse of people from all directions; but on the next and following days the concourse was far greater, for everybody was in the greatest haste to receive the manna of the word, of which they had been so long deprived.

"It was impossible," says d'Aygaliers, "to avoid being moved at the sight of a whole population, who had escaped the stake and the murderer, coming together in a mass to mingle their tears and their lamentations. In their hunger for the divine word, they resembled people coming out of a besieged city, where they have passed through a long and cruel famine, to whom peace brings abundance of food, and who, after devouring it with their eyes, pounce upon it and swallow it greedily, making no distinction between meat, bread and fruit. So the unfortunate people of La Vaunage, and of places even farther away, seeing their brethren holding meetings in the fields, and at the gates of Calvisson, crowded around the man or woman who held a psalm-book, and four or five thousand people wept and sang and prayed upon their knees all day long, with heart-rending cries and a devout earnestness which touched the heart. They continued in the same strain all night, and nothing could be heard save preaching, singing, praying, and prophesying."

But if it was an era of joy for the Protestants, it was an era of scandal for the Catholics.

"Certainly," says one historian, "it was a novel and surprising thing, in a province like Languedoc, where there were so many troops, to see so great a number of scoundrels, all murderers, incendiaries and sacrilegists, assembled in one place, allowed to go to any length they chose, supported at public expense, caressed by everybody, and warmly welcomed by those sent to receive

them—and all by command of the constituted authorities."

One of those whose chagrin was greatest at this state of things was M. de Baville. He was so disturbed by it that he sought out M. de Villars, and represented to him that it was altogether too great a scandal to tolerate such things, and to allow these meetings; that his earnest advice was that they should be prevented, and that the troops should be ordered to lay a heavy hand upon all the canaille.

But the marshal was of a contrary opinion, and told Baville that to follow his advice would be to set the whole province on fire again, and hopelessly disperse all those whom they had fortunately succeeded in bringing together; moreover they would have to endure their extravagant behavior only a few days more. It was his opinion therefore that for those few days they must dissemble, in consideration of the great benefit to be reaped.

"And then, too," the marshal added, "the impatience manifested by the priests in this matter is supremely ridiculous to me. In addition to your reprobations, of which I do not care to hear any more, I have received I don't know how many letters filled with complaints, as if the prayers of the Camisards burned the skin of the whole clergy, as well as their ears. I wish with all my heart that I knew the names of those who have written me, and have been careful not to sign their communications, so that I might order the bastinado administered to them; for to my mind it's the height of impudence for those who are the cause of all the trouble to complain of and disapprove the methods I adopt to put an end to it."

After this deliverance, M. de Baville could do nothing but hold his peace and let things take their course.

The result of the existing state of things was that Cavalier lost his head more and more completely. In accordance with M. de Villars' directions, his orders were executed as if they proceeded from the marshal himself; he was surrounded by a court like any prince, had aides-de-camp like a general, and secretaries like a minister of state. One of the latter was employed to issue leaves of absence to those Camisards who had business to attend to, or who desired to visit their relatives. They were in this form:

"We, the undersigned, secretary to Brother Cavalier, generalissimo of the Protestant forces, by his command permit . . . to be absent on business for three days.

"Calvisson, . . .

"*Signed*, DUPONT."

These safe-conducts were recognized as respectfully as those which bore the signature of Maréchal de Villars.

On the twenty-second, M. de Saint-Pierre arrived from the court, bringing the king's reply to the propositions submitted by Cavalier, to Lalande; but the contents of the dispatches were not divulged, doubtless because they did not coincide with the marshal's pacific inclinations.

At last, on the twenty-fifth, came the reply to the demands submitted by Cavalier to M. de Villars himself. The original paper in the Camisard leader's handwriting had been sent to the king, and the same paper came back, annotated by the king's own hand; thus these two hands, one of which had held the shepherd's crook and the other bore the sceptre, were laid upon the same piece of paper. Following is the treaty as set forth by Cavalier in his memoirs:

THE VERY HUMBLE PETITION OF THE PROTESTANTS OF LANGUEDOC TO THE KING.

First, That it may please the king to grant freedom of conscience throughout the province, and to allow the holding of religious meetings in all places deemed suitable, outside of fortified places and walled towns.—*Granted, on condition that no churches be built.*

Second, That all those who are now detained in prison or in the galleys because of their religious belief, having been imprisoned since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, may be set at liberty within six weeks from the date of this petition.—*Granted.*

Third, That all those who have left the kingdom because of their religion, may be permitted to return at will and without molestation, and be reinstated in their property and privileges.—*Granted, on condition that they take the oath of fidelity to the king.*

Fourth, That the parliament of Languedoc be re-established upon its former footing, and with all its privileges.—*The king will consider this.*

Fifth, That the province be exempt from the capitation tax for ten years, Protestants and Catholics alike, both parties having suffered in equal degree.—*Refused.*

Sixth, That the towns of Perpignan, Montpellier, Cette, and Aigues-Mortes be placed in our hands as cautionary towns.—*Refused.*

Seventh, That the people of the Cevennes, whose houses have been burned or torn down, be exempt from taxes for seven years.—*Granted.*

Eighth, That it may please his Majesty to allow Cavalier to select two thousand men from his own troops and from those to be set free from the prisons and galleys, to form a regiment of dragoons in his Majesty's service, to serve in Portugal, and to receive his Majesty's

orders forthwith.—*Granted; and provided that all lay aside their arms at once, the king will permit them to worship in their own way unmolested.*

"I had been at Calvisson a week," says Cavalier in his memoirs, "when I received a letter from M. le Maréchal de Villars bidding me come to him, as he had received a reply from the court to my demands. I obeyed at once; but when I saw that the majority of them were refused, I expressed my dissatisfaction, especially that the cautionary towns were not allowed us. But M. le Maréchal insisted that the king's word was worth more than twenty cautionary towns, and that after all the trouble we had given him, we ought to feel deeply grateful to him for granting the greater part of what we asked. This reasoning was not convincing to me, but as it was too late to hold back, and as I had my reasons, as well as the court, for making peace, I put a good face on the matter."

All that Cavalier could obtain from M. de Villars was that the treaty should bear date of the day when the petition was presented; in that way the prisoners, who were to be set at liberty in six weeks, would gain a week. M. de Villars thereupon wrote the following ratification at the foot of the treaty, and it was signed the same day by the marshal and M. de Baville for the king, and by Cavalier and Daniel Billard for the Protestants:

"By virtue of the full power we have received from the king, we have granted the privileges set forth in the preceding articles to the Protestants of Languedoc.

Maréchal DE VILLARS.
LAMOIGNON DE BAVILLE.
J. CAVALIER.
DANIEL BILLARD.

"Done at Nîmes, May 17, 1704."

These two signatures, unworthy as they were to stand beside their own, so rejoiced the hearts of MM. de Villars and de Baville, that they immediately dispatched fresh orders to Calvisson to the effect that everything that the Camisards needed should be supplied to them in abundance, and that they should not be left in want of anything until the stipulations of the treaty should be executed, that is to say until the prisoners and galley-slaves should be set at liberty six weeks later in accordance with Article 2 of the treaty. As to Cavalier, the marshal handed him on the spot a commission as colonel with leave to name the subordinate officers in his regiment, which was to serve in Spain; also a certificate entitling him to a pension of twelve hundred livres, and a captain's commission for his young brother.

On the same day Cavalier prepared a list of names of the men who were to compose his regiment and handed it to the marshal; there were seven hundred and twelve men, forming fifteen companies, with sixteen captains, sixteen lieutenants, a sergeant-major, and a surgeon.

Meanwhile Roland was taking advantage of the suspension of hostilities to ride about the country, as if he were vice-king of the Cevennes, and wherever he went he was magnificently entertained. Like Cavalier he issued leaves of absence and furnished escorts, and carried his head very high, fully persuaded that his turn would soon come to treat with marshals of France and provincial governors upon an equality. But Roland was sadly mistaken; M. de Villars had made a concession to Cavalier's great popularity, but that was all that he proposed to do. Instead of being summoned to Nîmes or to Uzès by M. de Villars, Roland received notice from Cavalier that he desired to speak with him on business of importance.

They met near Anduze, and Cavalier, true to his promise to M. de Villars, omitted no argument to induce Roland to follow his example. But he obstinately refused, and Cavalier, when he found that entreaties and promises were alike useless, began to adopt a high tone; whereupon Roland, placing his hand upon his shoulder, told him that he was losing his head; that he, Roland, was his senior in command and for that reason, whatever he might have promised or done in his name could in no way bind him; and he swore a mighty oath that there should be no peace until freedom of conscience was granted in its entirety. It was a long while since the young Cevenol had been addressed in this tone, and he put his hand to his sword with an angry gesture. Roland stepped back and drew his, and the conference was about to end in a duel, when the prophets threw themselves between them, and obtained Roland's consent that the most renowned among them, a man whom they called Solomon, should go with Cavalier to Nîmes, to learn from M. de Villars' own mouth the exact terms of the convention signed by Cavalier and now proposed to Roland.

Two hours after this arrangement was made Solomon and Cavalier set out together, and reached Nîmes on the twenty-seventh of May, with an escort of twenty-five men. They halted above the Magne tower, whither all the Protestants of the city hastened to wait upon them with refreshments. Having satisfied their hunger, and offered up the usual prayer, they passed in front of the barracks and crossed the courtyards. The crowd and the enthusiasm were quite as great as on the occasion of Cavalier's first visit, and more than three hundred persons kissed his hands and his knees. He was dressed in a gray

doublet, and wore a felt hat trimmed with gold lace, and adorned with a white feather.

Cavalier and his companion directed their steps toward the garden of the Recollets, and were hardly within the gates when they were joined by MM. de Villars and Baville with Lalande and Sandricourt. The conference lasted three hours, but the only thing that transpired was Solomon's explicit declaration that his brethren would never submit unless absolute liberty of conscience was accorded them. In face of that declaration it was resolved to dispatch Cavalier and his regiment to Spain as soon as possible in order to weaken the unsubmissive reformers to that extent. Solomon was sent back to Roland with the positive promise that if he would submit as Cavalier had done he could obtain the same conditions; that is to say a colonel's commission with the right to name the officers of his regiment, and a pension of twelve hundred livres. On leaving the garden of the Recollets Cavalier found such an enormous throng awaiting him that two of his people were obliged to walk in front of him with drawn swords as far as the Montpellier road, to clear a path for him. He lay that night at Langlade, and joined his soldiers early on the following morning.

But during his absence events which he was very far from anticipating had taken place among the men who were accustomed to obey him blindly. As his custom was, he had turned over the command of his little army to Ravanel; but he was hardly out of sight before Ravanel organized a bodyguard, and ordered the Camisards not to lay aside their weapons at all. The negotiations with Maréchal de Villars caused him the keenest anxiety. He was convinced that the promises of the court were snares, and he looked upon his leader's

adhesion to them as a defection. He therefore assembled the officers and soldiers, told them of his fears, and succeeded in making them share his suspicions. He found his task the easier of accomplishment, because they all knew perfectly well that Cavalier had thrown himself into the revolt in the first place much less from any interest in the cause than to avenge a private wrong; and everyone had had more than one opportunity to judge that their young leader had more genius than religious ardor.

Thus it was that when he reached Calvisson, he found the principal officers of his troop, Ravanel at their head, awaiting him upon the square. They asked him with a determined air what the conditions were of the treaty he had signed with the marshal, saying that they were resolved to know, and that he must reply without reservation or disguise. Such a mode of address was so unusual and unexpected, that the young Cevenol replied with a shrug, that such matters did not concern them, and were beyond their comprehension; that it was for him to decide, and for them to obey when he had decided; that so it had always been, and so it should continue to be, by God's will. With that he bade them disperse; but Ravanel replied, in the name of all, that they would not disperse until they were made acquainted with the orders Cavalier proposed to give them, so that they might consider at once whether they would or would not obey them.

This spirit of insubordination was too much for Cavalier.

"My orders," he said, "are to don the coats that are being made for you, and follow me to Portugal."

The effect of such an announcement upon men who expected nothing less than the re-enactment of the Edict of Nantes, can be imagined. The words coward and

traitor were audible amid the muttering that arose on all sides. Cavalier, whose amazement increased from moment to moment, rose in his stirrups, and looked around with the glance which was accustomed to make them tremble; then asked in a calm voice, as if all the demons of wrath were not roaring together in his heart:

"Who is the man who says that Jean Cavalier is a coward and traitor?"

"I!" said Ravanel, folding his arms.

Cavalier drew a pistol from his holsters, and striking with the butt at those who stood about him, made a path to his lieutenant, who drew his sword. But at that moment Vincel, the commissary, and Captain Cappon, who had come up, attracted by the noise, threw themselves between Cavalier and Ravanel, and asked the latter of what he was complaining.

"Of what am I complaining?" replied Ravanel, turning aside the question; "I am complaining because the Cadets of the Cross, led by L'Ermite, murdered two of our brethren who were on their way to join us, and prevented others from attending our meetings and praying with us, which proves that if you don't abide by the conditions of the truce, you won't abide by those of the treaty; and so we'll have none of it."

"Monsieur," Vincel replied, "if L'Ermite has done this that you complain of, he has acted contrary to the orders of M. le Maréchal, and he shall be punished for it; farther than that, the great number of strangers in Calvisson at this time should be a sufficient proof that no great pains have been taken to prevent Protestants from coming here, and it seems to me that you are altogether too ready to believe what ill-disposed persons try to persuade you."

"I believe what I choose to believe," retorted Ravanel

testily; "but what I know and what I tell you is this—that I will not lay down my arms until the king has granted us entire liberty in matters of conscience, with permission to rebuild our temples, has recalled the exiles from their exile, and released the prisoners from prison."

"Why, by your manner of speaking," exclaimed Cavalier, who had been toying with his pistol, and had not opened his mouth during the interview between his lieutenant and the commissary, "it seems to me, God forgive me, that you should be the commander of this troop; have we changed places by any chance, without my suspecting it?"

"Perhaps," said Ravanel.

Cavalier burst into a laugh.

"That may surprise you," rejoined Ravanel, "but it's true; make peace for yourself, ask such terms as you choose, sell yourself at the price they put on you—we have nothing to say, except that you're a coward and a traitor; but as for the soldiers, they will not put down their arms except on the terms I have suggested."

Cavalier started toward Ravanel again; but his deathly pallor taken in connection with his smile made it clear that a meeting between him and his lieutenant would have terrible results; so Vincel and Cappon and some of the Camisards threw themselves in front of his horse. At the same time the whole troop cried with one voice: "No peace! no peace! until we have our temples!"

Cavalier saw then that the affair was really more serious than he at first supposed, but Vincel, Cappon, Berlié and a score of Camisards surrounded him, and carried him away in spite of himself to Vincel's house.

They had no sooner arrived there than they heard the drums beating the generale. The sound excited Cavalier beyond measure and he darted to the door; but Berlié

stopped him as he was going out, and told him that he would do well to write to M. de Villars and tell him what had taken place, and he would soon take measures to restore order.

"You are right," said Cavalier; "as I have plenty of enemies, they might tell the general, if I was killed, that I had broken my word. Give me pen and ink."

Writing materials were brought to him, and he wrote to M. de Villars.

"Take it," he said, handing the paper unsealed to Vincel; "go to Nîmes, hand this letter to the marshal, and tell him that, if I am killed in my present undertaking, I shall die his very humble servant."

With that he rushed out of the house and mounted his horse; he found at the door twelve or fifteen Camisards who had remained true to him, and asked them what had become of Ravanel and his men, for he could not discover a single Camisard in the street. One of them replied that they were probably still in the town, but that they purposed to withdraw to the Garrigues de Calvisson. Cavalier urged his horse to a gallop to overtake them.

As he crossed the square he fell in with Catinat walking between two prophets, one called Moses, the other Daniel Guy. Catinat was just returning from an excursion to the mountains, so that he took no part in the scene of insubordination that had just taken place, and was not even present.

A ray of hope flashed through Cavalier's mind; he thought that he could rely upon Catinat as surely as upon himself, so he rode up to him and held out his hand; but Catinat put his behind his back.

"What does this mean?" cried Cavalier, feeling the blood rising in his cheeks.

"It means," replied Catinat, "that you are a traitor, and that I don't give my hand to a traitor!"

Cavalier roared with anger, and urged his horse upon Catinat, raising his cane to strike him; but Moses and Daniel Guy rushed between them, so that the blow intended for Catinat fell upon Moses. Catinat, when he saw Cavalier's movement, drew a pistol from his belt, and as he held it all loaded in his hand, it was discharged, and the bullet pierced Daniel Guy's hat without wounding him.

The report of the pistol was followed by a loud outcry a hundred yards away; it came from the Camisards, who had not yet left the town, and who at once retraced their steps under the impression that somebody was assassinating one of their comrades. As they came in sight Cavalier left Catinat, and spurred his horse toward them. They stopped when they spied him, and Ravanel, who had taken his stand in the front rank, as the most dangerous position, exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Brothers! the traitor is coming again to tempt us. Begone, Judas! there is nothing for you to do here."

"Yes, indeed there is!" cried Cavalier; "there is a villain named Ravanel to be punished, if he has courage enough to come with me."

"Come on," said Ravanel, darting into a narrow cross street, "and let us have done with it."

The Camisards made preparations to follow him, but he turned around to them, and said:

"I order you to stay here."

They obeyed unhesitatingly, showing Cavalier that, although they were insubordinate with him they were submissive enough to the commands of another.

As he turned to follow Ravanel into the narrow lane where the quarrel was to be settled, Moses and Daniel

Guy arrived upon the scene, seized his rein, and forced him to stop, while the Camisards of Cavalier's escort surrounded Ravanel, and led him away by force to his soldiers. The troop thereupon resumed its march to the singing of psalms, while Cavalier was held back by force.

At last the young chieftain succeeded in flinging himself clear of those by whom he was surrounded, and as they barred his progress through the street by which the Camisards had withdrawn, he made a detour. But the two prophets, suspecting his purpose, hurried after the party by the shortest road, and overtook them just as Cavalier, having made the circuit of the town, came riding across the plain to cut them off. Thereupon they halted, and Ravanel gave the word to fire; the whole front rank took aim, thereby indicating their readiness to obey.

But something more than a demonstration of that kind was necessary to intimidate Cavalier, and he rode on. Thereupon Moses, realizing the risk he ran, threw himself between him and the Camisards, with arms outstretched, crying:

"Stop! stop! insensate men! you are going to shoot Brother Cavalier like a thief and a brigand! We must forgive him, brethren; we must forgive him! if he hasn't done well in the past, he will do better in the future."

Thereupon they whose muskets were leveled at Cavalier, dropped them on the ground, and Cavalier, passing from threats to entreaties, besought them not to break the faith he had plighted for them. But at that, the prophets lifted up their voices in song, and the soldiers, repeating the psalms in chorus, drowned his voice so effectually that no one could hear a word he said.

Nevertheless Cavalier did not desist; he rode beside them as far as Saint-Estève, nearly a league, unable to make up his mind to leave them. When they reached that place, as the singing ceased for an instant, he made another attempt to persuade them; but he soon saw that he must abandon the idea.

"So be it!" he said, "but at least defend yourselves to the best of your ability, for the dragoons will soon be upon you."

Then he turned to them once more, and for the last time.

"Brothers," he cried, "let those who love me follow me!"

He uttered the words with such a sorrowful and affectionate accent that many felt their resolution waver. But Ravanel and Moses, seeing the effect his words produced, began to shout, "Up with the sword of the Almighty!" and they all turned their backs on Cavalier, with the exception of about forty men, who had clung to him from the first.

Cavalier thereupon entered a house and wrote another letter to M. de Villars, wherein he recounted all that had taken place, the efforts he had expended upon his former army, and the terms they demanded. He closed with the assurance that he would continue to try to persuade the rebels, and that he would keep the marshal informed of everything that might happen. Then he betook himself to Cardet, not daring to return to Calvisson.

Maréchal de Villars received both Cavalier's letters at about the same time; he had so little expectation of such a check, that in the first flush of his anger at the insubordination of the Camisards, he issued the following order:

"Since our arrival in this province to assume the government thereof by the king's command, we have thought only of putting an end to the troubles we found here by gentle measures, whereby peace and tranquillity might be restored, and the property of all those who are opposed to the disorders which have existed so long, might be preserved. To that end we obtained from his Majesty forgiveness for those rebels who submitted by the mouths of their leaders, upon no other condition than that of imploring his clemency, and begging him to consent to their expiating their crime by endangering their lives in his service. But, being informed that instead of fulfilling the agreements they have made in the petitions by them signed, in the letters by them written, and in the promises by them given verbally to us, some of them have sought to delude the minds of the people with false hopes concerning freedom to worship according to the doctrines of the so-called reformed religion, a thing which has never been suggested, and which we should have rejected with becoming sternness as being entirely contrary to the king's will; in view of the necessity of remedying this state of affairs,—to prevent the ills that may ensue and to give those who may be deceived by such false insinuations an opportunity to avoid the punishment they deserve; we do hereby declare that all illegal meetings under the cloak of religion are expressly prohibited under the pains and penalties provided by his Majesty's edicts and ordinances, and that they will be more severely punished in the future than in the past.

"We order all the forces under our command to disperse all meetings as having always been prohibited; we warn all those of the new religion in this province not to depart from the obedience which is due from

them; and we forbid them to give credence to the false reports which are set in motion by rascally foes of their tranquillity, for the sole purpose of annoying them and involving them in the distress which will inevitably come upon them by the loss of their property, the ruin of their families, and the laying waste of their province, if they are sufficiently credulous and rash to allow themselves to be misled by such reports, the true authors whereof we shall soon succeed in punishing in proportion to the enormity of their crime.

"MARÉCHAL DE VILLARS

"Done at Nîmes, May 27, 1704."

This order, however, which put things back where they were in the time of M. de Montrevel, had no sooner been issued, than D'Aygaliers, in despair to see the results of his long and laborious exertions destroyed in a single day, left the marshal, and went into the mountains in search of Cavalier. He found him at Cardet, whither he had gone, as we have said, after the altercation at Calvisson; and notwithstanding his firm determination never to appear before the marshal again, the baron repeated so many times that M. de Villars was well assured that he was in no way at fault in the matter, but had done all that he could, that he restored his courage in a measure by rehabilitating him in his own eyes, and succeeded at last in inducing him to return to Nîmes, upon his assurance that the marshal was well content with his conduct, and that Vincel had given most favorable reports of him. They left Cardet with the forty men who adhered to Cavalier, ten mounted and thirty on foot, and met M. de Villars on May 31, at Saint-Geniés.

D'Aygalier's promises were fulfilled. The marshal

welcomed Cavalier as if he were still the powerful leader who treated with him upon a footing of equality; and at his entreaty, to afford him a proof of the credit he still enjoyed with him, he determined to resort once more to mild measures, and mitigated the severity of his first order by the following, prolonging the amnesty:

"The principal leaders of the rebels having submitted, with the greater part of their followers, and having received their pardon from the king, we hereby declare that we give to all those who have borne arms until Thursday next, the fifth of the present month of June, to receive the like pardon, by surrendering to us at Anduze, to M. le Marquis de Lalande at Alais, to M. de Menon at Saint-Hippolyte, or to the commanding officers at Uzès, Nîmes or Lunel; and that, after said fifth day, we shall lay violent hands upon all rebels, and shall cause to be pillaged and burned all places found to have given them shelter, or to have furnished them with provisions or assistance of any sort; and in order that no one may allege ignorance hereof, we order that this present order be read, published and placarded, wherever it may be needful.

"MARÉCHAL DE VILLARS.

"Saint-Geniés, June 1, 1704."

The next day the marshal, in order to leave no doubt as to his good intentions, ordered all the gibbets and scaffolds, which up to that time had remained standing permanently, to be taken down.

At the same time all the Protestants received instructions to make a final effort to persuade the leaders of the Camisards to accept the terms offered by M. de Villars; and immediately thereafter the towns of Alais, Anduze, Saint-Jean, Sauve, Saint-Hippolyte and Lasalle, as well

as the parishes of Cros, Saint-Roman, Manoblet, Saint-Félix, Lacadière, Cesas, Cambo, Colognac, and Vabre, sent representatives to Durfort to confer as to the surest means of bringing about the pacification which everybody desired.

These deputies wrote simultaneously to M. de Villars, asking him to send M. d'Aygaliers to them, and to M. d'Aygaliers, begging him to come. Both were glad to accede to the request, and M. d'Aygaliers reached Durfort June 3, 1704.

After expressing their grateful appreciation of his exertions for more than a year in the common cause, the deputies decided that half of their number should remain at Durfort to deliberate, and the remainder should go and seek out Roland and Ravanel, and persuade them to consent to a cessation of hostilities. They were instructed to say to them that if they did not accept M. de Villars' propositions, the Protestants themselves would take up arms against them, and would also cease to furnish them with supplies.

Roland's reply to the deputies was, that if he ever saw them again, he would fire upon them, and Ravanel's, that if they did not furnish him with supplies, he would find a way to take them.

These uncompromising replies put an end to the assemblage; the deputies dispersed, and D'Aygaliers returned to M. de Villars to report. But he had barely time to recount what had taken place, before a letter arrived from Roland, wherein that worthy requested an interview with the marshal. The letter was addressed to D'Aygaliers. He at once communicated its contents to the marshal, who ordered him to set off at once, and to neglect no means of winning over the malcontent.

D'Aygaliers, indefatigable always when the well-being

of his province was at stake, started the same day for a spot upon a mountain three-fourths of a league from Anduze, where Roland awaited him. After a conference of two hours, they agreed to exchange hostages, and enter upon negotiations.

M. de Villars thereupon sent to Roland M. de Montrevel, commandant of a battalion of marines, and M. de la Maison-Blanche, a captain in the Froulay regiment. On his side Roland sent four of his principal officers to M. de Villars with the title of plenipotentiaries.

Novices in diplomacy as these envoys were, and although they seemed fit subjects for ridicule to the historians of the time, they nevertheless obtained from the marshal the following conditions:

First, That Cavalier and Roland should each have a regiment to serve outside the kingdom, and might each have a minister.

Second, That the prisoners should be set at large, and the exiles recalled.

Third, That Protestants should be permitted to leave the kingdom with their effects.

Fourth, That those Camisards who desired to remain might do so upon laying down their arms.

Fifth, That those who were in other countries might return.

Sixth, That they should not be molested because of their religion, so long as they remained quietly in their houses.

Seventh, That all indemnities should be borne by the province, and not be imposed upon the Protestants in particular.

Eighth, That there should be a general amnesty, no one being excepted therefrom.

These articles were carried to Roland and Ravanel by

D'Aygaliers. Cavalier, who had remained with the marshal since his last visit to him, asked permission to accompany the ambassador, and it was granted. They left Anduze and met Roland and Ravanel a fourth of a league from that town. MM. de Montrevel and Maison-Blanche, their hostages, were with the Camisards.

Cavalier and Roland were no sooner face to face than they burst out in recriminations and reproaches; but, thanks to D'Aygaliers' intervention, they soon calmed down, and ended by embracing.

But Ravanel was fashioned in a sterner mould. As soon as his eyes fell upon Cavalier, he hailed him with the name of traitor, adding that he would never submit until the Edict of Nantes was re-enacted. He went on to assert that all of M. de Villars' promises were false, and to predict that they would some day repent their confidence in him; and then, without awaiting a reply, he abruptly left the conference, and returned to his soldiers who were waiting on a mountain, three-fourths of a league away, in company with Roland's forces.

However, the negotiators did not consider that their cause was altogether lost. Ravanel had taken his leave, but Roland was still with them, and they agreed to go in a body to speak with the brethren, that is to say, Roland's and Ravanel's troops, who were for the moment in company near Leuziès, in order to inform them of the articles agreed upon by Roland's envoys and the marshal. They who determined to take this last step were Cavalier, Roland, Moses Saint-Paul, Laforêt, Maillé, Malplach and D'Aygaliers. The last named thus describes what took place:

"Our decision was no sooner formed than we set off in haste to put it in execution. We followed a narrow

path with the Gardon on our left and the high land on our right.

"After walking about a league we discovered the troop, which seemed to consist of about three thousand men, with an advance guard stationed directly in our path and blocking the way.

"I supposed that the guard was stationed there as a compliment to us, and approached unsuspectingly; but the Camisards suddenly forced us off the road to one side or the other, threw themselves upon Roland with bitter insults, and forced him in among the soldiers. At the same time Maillé and Malplach were pulled from their horses. Cavalier, who was somewhat in the rear, when he saw men rushing at him with uplifted swords, and shouting, "traitor!" drove his spurs into his horse and made his escape with several bourgeois from Anduze, who had come with us, and who, when then they saw the reception accorded us, were near dying with fright.

"I was too far ahead to retreat, having five or six muskets against my breast, and a pistol at each ear; so I put a bold face on the matter. I bade them fire if they chose, and said that I was content to die in the service of my prince, my country, my religion, and themselves, whom I was striving to make happy by securing the king's protection for them.

"These words, which I repeated several times in order to make myself heard in the frightful uproar, stayed the first outburst of their fury.

"They told me to be gone as they had no wish to kill me. I replied that I would do nothing of the kind; that I desired to go in among the troops and justify Roland in what they called his treachery, or be put to death myself, if I could not succeed in convincing them that all I desired him to do, or Cavalier either, was for

the good of the country, of our religion, and of our brethren; and after shouting for an hour against thirty voices which tried to drown my own, I offered to fight the man who encouraged them to continue the war.

"At that suggestion they turned their weapons against me once more; whereupon Maillé, Malplach and some others threw themselves in front of me, and although they were unarmed, had sufficient influence to prevent the others from insulting me; after which they compelled me to take my leave.

"As I went I told them that they were bringing disaster upon the province; and one Claris, stepping out from among them, cried out to me:

"'Go, Monsieur, and God bless you! We know that your intentions are good, and that you were the first to be deceived; continue to work for the good of the province, and God will bless you.'"

D'Aygaliers returned to the marshal, who, in his rage at the turn of affairs, resolved to break off all negotiations from that moment, and to return to harsh, repressive measures. Before carrying out his determination, however, he wrote the following letter to the king:

"*Sire*: It is always my glory to execute your Majesty's commands faithfully, whatever they may be; but I should have many more opportunities to demonstrate my zeal in your service, had I not to deal here with madmen, upon whom no reliance can be placed. When we are ready to fall upon them, they offer to submit, and the next moment change their minds again. Nothing is so significant of their madness as their hesitation to take advantage of a pardon which they do not deserve, but which your Majesty so generously offers them. If their indecision continues, I shall resort to force to compel them to return to their duty, and to restore to

this province the tranquillity which these unhappy people have destroyed."

On the day following that on which this letter was written, Roland sent Maillé to beg M. de Villars to wait until after Saturday and Sunday, the seventh and eighth, had gone by, before resorting to rigorous measures, those being the days when the truce was to end; and he sent him a positive assurance that before that time he would come in with his entire force, or would himself surrender with one hundred and fifty men. The marshal consented to wait until the Saturday morning; but when Saturday arrived he gave orders to attack the Camisards, and on the following day marched in person with a considerable force to surprise them at Carnoulet, where he had learned that they were assembled. But they got wind of his plans, and evacuated the village during the night.

The village paid dearly for its hospitality; it was pillaged and burned, and the *miquelets* even murdered two women, for whom D'Aygaliers could not obtain vengeance. Thus M. de Villars kept his word, and the war recommenced, as fierce and relentless as before the truce.

Furious at having missed the Camisards, De Menon, having learned from one of his spies that Roland was to pass the following night at the Château de Prade, sought out M. de Villars, and asked leave to conduct an expedition against that officer, whom he hoped to surprise by virtue of the perfect familiarity with the locality of a guide who had offered his services. The marshal gave him carte blanche, and de Menon set out in the evening with two hundred grenadiers. They followed a path leading up the mountain to the château, and had already covered three-fourths of the distance without being discovered, when an Englishman in Roland's service, who

was returning from a neighboring village where he had a mistress, suddenly found himself in the midst of Menon's grenadiers. Without pausing to consider what might happen to him, he discharged his musket, shouting: "Fly! fly! the royalists are here!"

The cry was taken up and repeated by the sentinels; Roland leaped out of bed, and having no time to dress or run for his horses, made his escape in his shirt and on foot, through a postern opening into a wood. De Menon entered by one gate as Roland went out the other, found his bed still warm, and took possession of his clothes,—in which was a purse containing thirty-five louis,—and three superb horses.

The Camisards met this proclamation of hostilities by an assassination. Four of them, thinking they had just cause of complaint against M. de Baville's sub-intendant, who was also mayor and magistrate at Le Vigan, and whose name was Daudé, concealed themselves in a cornfield which they knew that he would pass on his return from his country-house, called La Valette. Their measures were well taken. Daudé took the road on which the assassins were awaiting him, and was walking along with no suspicion of the impending danger, talking tranquilly with M. de Mondardier, a young gentleman of the neighborhood, who had asked his daughter's hand in marriage that very morning, when he was suddenly surrounded by four men, who, after upbraiding him for the exactions and cruelty of which he had been guilty, blew his brains out with two pistol shots. They molested M. de Mondardier no farther than to take his embroidered hat and his sword.

Immediately upon being informed of this assassination M. de Villars put a price upon the head of Roland, Ravanel and Catinat.

Meanwhile the example set by Cavalier, in conjunction with this revival of hostilities, was not without its effect upon the Camisards. Every day some one of them wrote to make his peace, and at one time thirty rebels put themselves in Lalande's hands and twenty in Grandval's, in a single day. To induce others to follow their example, they were not only pardoned, but rewarded; the result being, that on June 15 eight others, of those who abandoned Cavalier at Calvisson, made submission, while twelve more asked to be allowed to follow the fortunes of their former leader, and go with him wherever he might go. Their request was granted unhesitatingly, and they were sent to Valabregues, where they found forty-two of their former comrades, among them Duplan, and Cavalier's young brother, who had been taken there some days earlier. As fast as they arrived they were quartered in the barracks, and received good pay, the leaders forty sous per day, and the common soldiers ten. Thus they were as contented as can be imagined, being well fed and well housed, and passing their time in preaching, singing psalms, and praying day and night. All of which, says Labaume, was so distasteful to the people of the town, who were Catholics, that, except for the troops who were guarding the Camisards, the natives would have tossed them all into the Rhone.

Meanwhile the time for Cavalier to depart had arrived. A town was to be designated, sufficiently far from the seat of war to make sure that the rebels could have no farther connection with him; there he was to organize his regiment, and go with it to fight in Spain. M. de Villars, whose kindness to him had suffered no diminution, and who no longer treated him as a rebel, but as his new rank entitled him to be treated, informed him

on June 21 that he must be ready to start on the following day. At the same time he handed him, on account of their future pay, fifty louis for himself, thirty for Daniel Billard, whom he had appointed lieutenant-colonel in place of Ravanel, ten for each captain, five for each lieutenant, two for each sergeant, and one for each private. His force then numbered one hundred and fifty men, of whom only sixty were armed; M. de Vassiniac, major in the Fimarçon regiment, accompanied them with fifty dragoons and fifty men from the regiment of Hainault.

Everywhere upon their journey Cavalier and his men were cordially received. At Macon they found orders to halt.

Cavalier at once wrote to M. de Chamillard that he had important matters to communicate to him, and the minister dispatched a cabinet courier named Lavallée to Macon to bring Cavalier to Versailles.

This message filled Cavalier's cup to overflowing. He was well aware that he had been much in men's minds at court; the reception he had met with at Nîmes had given him a high idea, modest as he was, of his own importance if not of his merit. Furthermore he thought that his services had been sufficiently great to entitle him to favorable recognition at the king's hands.

His reception by Chamillard confirmed him in his golden dreams; the minister received the young colonel like a man whose worth he duly appreciated, and assured him that the greatest lords and ladies at court were as favorably disposed toward him as he was himself.

The next day it was a different matter; Chamillard informed Cavalier that the king desired to see him, and bade him consequently be ready to wait upon him. Two days later Cavalier received a letter from the minister

telling him to come to his cabinet at four in the afternoon, and he would station him on the grand staircase where the king would pass by.

Cavalier donned his most elegant costume, and for the first time in his life, perhaps, devoted considerable time to his toilet. He had a beautiful face, rendered doubly attractive by his extreme youth, his long, blonde locks, and the soft expression of his eyes. Two years in the field had given him a martial bearing. In short he might pass for a gallant knight even among the greatest dandies.

At three o'clock he repaired to Versailles, and found Chamillard awaiting him; the whole pack of courtiers was in a state of intense excitement; for they had learned that Louis le Grand had expressed a desire to meet the former Cevenol chieftain, whose name had been pronounced so frequently and so loud in the mountains of Languedoc, that it had echoed in the apartments at Versailles. Thus, as Cavalier had anticipated, the curiosity to see him was unbounded; but as no one knew how Louis XIV. would receive him, no one dared accost him, for fear of compromising himself; his Majesty's manner would establish a precedent for everyone else to follow.

The inquisitive glances and the expressive silence embarrassed the young colonel exceedingly; but it was infinitely harder for him when Chamillard, after escorting him to his post, left him, to join the king. However, after a moment or two he did what embarrassed people invariably do—hid his embarrassment beneath an affectation of disdain, leaning against the stair-rail with his legs crossed, and playing with the feather in his hat.

A half hour passed in this way; then there was a great commotion. Cavalier turned and saw Louis XIV.

stepping into the vestibule. It was the first time he had ever seen him, but he recognized him, and felt his legs trembling and the blood rising in his cheeks.

The king ascended the staircase with his usual dignity, stopping now and then to say a word, to nod his head or wave his hand.

Two stairs behind him came Chamillard, stopping or going forward in unison with the king, and always ready to reply in a respectful manner, but concisely and to the point to the questions the king asked him.

When he reached the stair on which Cavalier was standing, the king stopped, on the pretext of calling Chamillard's attention to a new ceiling just completed by Lebrun, but really to scrutinize at his leisure the remarkable man who had fought against two marshals of France, and had treated on equal terms with a third. When he had examined him to his heart's content:

"Who is this young gentleman?" he asked Chamillard, as if he had not noticed him until that instant.

"Sire," replied the minister, stepping forward to make the presentation in form, "it is Colonel Jean Cavalier."

"Ah! yes," said the king contemptuously, "the former baker of Anduze."

And with a shrug, indicative of profound disdain, he kept on up the stairs.

Cavalier had stepped forward, as Chamillard did, thinking that the king would stop, but this scornful greeting from the great king changed him to a statue. For an instant he stood motionless, turning so pale that one might have thought he would fall dead; then he instinctively put his hand to his sword. But the next moment he realized that he was lost if he remained among the courtiers, who, although they pretended to despise him too much to notice him, did not lose one of

his movements; so he rushed down the staircase, overturning two or three lackeys who came in his way, and so into the garden and to his hotel, where he threw himself upon the floor of his room, and writhed like a maniac, uttering shrieks of rage and cursing the hour when he put his faith in M. de Villars' promises and left his mountains, where he was as truly king as Louis XIV. was at Versailles.

The same evening he received orders to leave Paris and join his regiment at Macon. He started the next morning without having seen M. de Chamillard again.

At Macon he found his comrades, who had received a visit the day before from D'Aygaliers, on his way to Paris once more in the hope of obtaining from the king more than M. de Villars would or could grant.

Cavalier, without saying anything to his brethren of his strange reception by the king, gave them cause to suspect that he feared, not only that none of the promises made them would be kept, but that some trick was being played upon them. Thereupon these men, whose leader he had been so long, and whose oracle he still was, asked him what they must do. Cavalier replied that, if they were disposed to follow him, he thought that their best course would be to seize the first opportunity to reach the frontier and leave the country. They all agreed, without a moment's hesitation, to follow him. It was a fresh cause for regret to Cavalier; for he remembered that he once had fifteen hundred men of the same temper under his orders.

The next day Cavalier and his comrades resumed their march, ignorant of their destination, and unable to obtain any information upon the subject. The silence of their escort strengthened them in their determination; and so, when they came to Onnan, Cavalier informed

his men that he considered the moment propitious, and asked them if they were still of the same mind; their only reply was to leave everything to him. Thereupon he ordered them to make all their preparations; Daniel offered prayer, and when he had done they all deserted in a body, crossed Mont Belliard into Porentru, and took the road to Lausanne.

Meanwhile D'Aygaliers arrived at Versailles with letters from Maréchal de Villars for the Duc de Beauvilliers, president of the king's council, and for Chamillard. The evening after his arrival he handed the letters to those to whom they were addressed, and both of them agreed to present him to the king.

After four days Chamillard sent word to him to be in the king's apartments the next day at the opening of the council meeting.

D'Aygaliers was prompt; the king came out at his usual hour, and paused in front of D'Aygaliers, whereupon Chamillard stepped forward and said:

"Baron d'Aygaliers, Sire."

"I am very glad to see you, Monsieur," said the king, "for I am pleased with the zeal you have shown in my service in Languedoc, very pleased."

"Sire," replied D'Aygaliers, "I deem myself, on the contrary, very unfortunate to have done no more than I have to deserve the kindness with which your Majesty deigns to address me, and I pray God that I may find opportunities in the future to display my zeal and my fidelity in your service to better advantage."

"Never mind, never mind!" said the king; "I say again, Monsieur, that I am well content with what you have done."

And he entered the council chamber.

D'Aygaliers withdrew, no more than half-satisfied; he

had not come simply to receive the king's congratulations, but hoping to obtain something for his brethren; but with Louis XIV. one could neither plead nor complain; there was nothing to do but wait.

The same evening Chamillard sent for the baron, and told him that, as Maréchal de Villars had written that the Camisards had great confidence in him, he wished to know if he would not exert himself anew to induce them to return to their duty.

"Marry, yes," replied the baron, "and very gladly will I do it; but matters are in such confusion at this moment, that I fear it will be a very hard task to tranquilize men's minds."

"Why, what do these fellows want?" demanded Chamillard, as if it was the first time he had heard of such a thing; "what in your opinion must be done in order to pacify them?"

"I think, Monseigneur, that it will be necessary for his Majesty to allow his subjects unrestricted liberty to worship as they choose."

"What? legalize again the exercise of the so-called reformed religion?" cried the minister; "be very careful not to speak of such a thing! the king would prefer, I think, to see his whole kingdom overturned, rather than consent to it."

"Monseigneur," the baron rejoined, "in that case, I am truly sorry that I know no other method than that I suggest to put an end to the woful state of affairs, which will cause the ruin of one of the fairest provinces in the realm."

"'Pon honor!" exclaimed the minister in great astonishment, "this is most amazing obstinacy! People who insist upon ruining themselves, and involving their province in their own ruin! Let those who can't conform to

our religion worship God in their own homes; they won't be disturbed if they hold no meetings."

"That was very well in the beginning, Monseigneur, and if they had not compelled people to confess and receive communion by force, I think it would have been a simple matter to keep them in a state of submission, from which they would never have departed if despair had not driven them to it. But now they say that it is not enough to be allowed to pray under their own roofs, but that they must marry, baptize children, teach them, and also that they must die, and that all these things cannot be done without the free exercise of their religion."

"Pray, when did you ever know of anyone being forced to receive communion?" inquired Chamillard.

D'Aygaliers gazed at the minister in amazement, as if to make sure that he was not joking; but his face was perfectly sober.

"Alas! Monseigneur," the baron replied, "my late father, and my mother, who is still alive, are lamentable instances within my own knowledge of that act of sacrilege."

"Why! aren't you a Catholic?" demanded Chamillard.

"No, Monseigneur."

"How does it happen, then, that you returned to France?"

"To tell you the exact truth, Monseigneur, I came back with the purpose of taking my mother away; but she could not bring her mind to it, on account of many obstacles to be overcome, and she enlisted all our relatives in the attempt to induce me to remain. I yielded at last to their persistent entreaties, but only on condition that I should never be annoyed on the subject of my religion. To effect that result, a priest of their

acquaintance said that I had changed my faith, and I did not contradict it; and in that respect, Monseigneur, I did very wrong, and I am sorry for it now. I may say, however, that whenever I have been asked the question your Excellency just asked me, I have answered with the same frankness."

The minister expressed no displeasure with the baron's frank avowal. As he took leave of him he said that some means must be found to induce those who would not submit to his Majesty's commands in matters of religion, to leave the kingdom. D'Aygaliers replied that he had thought much upon the subject without devising any such means, but that he would continue to think upon it. With that he withdrew.

Some days later the minister sent word to D'Aygaliers that the king deigned to grant him a farewell audience. The baron thus describes this second interview:

"His Majesty," he says, "sent for me to come to the council chamber, where he once more did me the honor to say, in the presence of all the ministers, that he was very well content with my services, and that there was only one thing he would like to change in me. I begged his Majesty to tell me what it was that displeased him, and said that I would try to correct it at peril of my life.

"'It's your religion,' said the king, 'that I wish to speak to you about; I would be glad if you were a good Catholic so that I might confer favors upon you, and put you in a position to continue to serve me.' His Majesty added that I must be instructed in the faith, and that the day would come when I would acknowledge that he had done me an inestimable favor.

"I replied that I should esteem myself very fortunate to be able to prove by the sacrifice of my life, my zealous

attachment to the greatest king in the world, but that I should deem myself unworthy the least favor at his hands, if I obtained it by hypocrisy, as I should do were I to betray my conscience; that I was deeply obliged to his kingly benevolence for the pains he was kind enough to take to procure my salvation; that I had done all that lay in my power to instruct myself, and to stifle the prejudices of birth which often prevent men from finding the truth; that in that way I had fallen into a species of irreligion, until God, taking pity on me, had opened my eyes, led me forth from that deplorable state, and taught me that the faith in which I was born was the true faith.

"'And I can assure your Majesty,' I added, 'that several bishops in Languedoc, who ought, in my opinion, to labor to make us all Catholics, are the instruments Providence has used to prevent us from becoming such; for, instead of attracting us by gentleness and good examples, they have never ceased to prove to us, by every variety of persecution, that God wished to punish us for our cowardice in abandoning a religion we believed in, by putting us in the hands of shepherds who, far from laboring to procure our salvation, do their utmost to drive us to despair.'

"At that the king shrugged his shoulders and said: 'Enough; say no more about it.'

"I asked him to give me his blessing as my king, and the father of all his subjects. He began to laugh and said that M. de Chamillard would make known his commands."

In obedience to that intimation, D'Aygaliers called upon the minister the next day at his country-house, where he had told him to seek him. Chamillard informed him that the king had granted him a pension of

eight hundred livres. The baron remarked, that as he had not been working for money, he had hoped for a better reward; and that all he desired in that direction was simply to be reimbursed the three or four hundred pistoles he had expended in all his goings and comings. But Chamillard replied that the king was accustomed to have all that he offered, and whatever he offered, accepted with gratitude. There was no more to be said, and D'Aygaliers started the same evening for Languedoc.

Three months after, he received orders from Chamillard to leave the kingdom, with the promise of a pension of four hundred crowns, the first quarter being paid in advance. As he had no choice but to obey, he set out for Geneva with thirty-three men, and arrived there on the twenty-third of September. But when he was safely out of France, Louis thought that his munificence had gone far enough, and that they were quits; the result was that D'Aygaliers waited in vain for his second quarterly payment, a whole year.

At the end of a year, as his letters to Chamillard were left unanswered, and he was left penniless in a foreign land, he thought himself entitled to return to his estate of Aygaliers, and he crossed the frontier. Unluckily the provost of merchants at Lyons, being advised of his passage through that city, caused his arrest, and gave notice thereof to the king, who ordered him to be confined in the castle of Loches. After a year's confinement, D'Aygaliers, who was not more than thirty-five years of age, resolved to do his utmost to escape, preferring to die in the attempt rather than live on in captivity, of which he could see no end. He succeeded in procuring a file, filed through one of the bars in the window of his cell, and lowered himself with his bed

clothes, to the end of which he fastened the bar, to serve as a weapon when he reached the ground. A sentinel, who was near by cried: "Qui vive?" and D'Aygaliers struck him dead with the bar. But his shout gave the alarm; another sentinel saw a man running, fired at him, and killed him.

Such was the reward of the patriotic devotion of Baron d'Aygaliers!

Meanwhile Roland's force had been largely increased by the addition of that formerly commanded by Cavalier, and he had nearly eight hundred men under his orders. Another chief, named Joanny, had four hundred. Laroze, to whom Castanet had resigned his command, had three hundred, Boizeau de Rochegude one hundred, Saltet de Sonstel two hundred, Louis Coste fifty, and Catinat forty; so that, notwithstanding Montrevel's victory and M. de Villars' negotiations, the Camisards still had on foot an effective force of eighteen hundred and ninety men, without counting isolated rangers, who worked on their own account, recognizing no superior, but did perhaps even more damage. All these troops, save these latter, obeyed the orders of Roland, who had been recognized as general-in-chief after Cavalier's defection. Therefore M. de Villars thought that if he could win over Roland as he had done Cavalier, everything would be made much easier.

With that end in view he used every means, promises and threats, and when one method failed, he at once resorted to another. For a brief moment they had some hope of success, through the efforts of one Jourdan de Mianet, Roland's great friend, who offered his services as intermediary; but he failed like all the rest, and Roland met his overtures with such an uncompromising refusal, that they realized at last that they must resort

to other means than persuasion. A reward of a hundred louis had been offered for Roland's head; the sum was doubled.

Three days after the increase in the amount of the proffered reward, a young man from Uzès, named Malarte, who enjoyed Roland's full confidence, wrote to M. de Paratte that the Camisard general, with seven or eight officers, was to pass the night of August 14 at the Château de Castelnau.

De Paratte at once made all necessary arrangements, and ordered Lacoste-Badié, commanding the second battalion of the Charolais regiment, with two companies of the dragoons of Saint-Sernin, and all the well-mounted officers at Uzès, to be ready at eight o'clock in the evening to set out upon an expedition, of which he did not tell them the destination. Not until the hour arrived did they know what they had to do, and then they marched with such speed, that they were in sight of the Château de Castelnau within an hour, and were obliged to stop and conceal themselves, lest they should arrive too early, before Roland was in bed.

Their fears were groundless, however; the leader of the Camisards, being accustomed to rely upon all his men as implicitly as upon himself, had gone to bed unsuspectingly, trusting to the vigilance of one of his officers, Grimaud, who was stationed on top of the castle. But, under Malarte's guidance, Lacoste-Badié and his dragoons took a narrow path which enabled them to reach the foot of the walls under cover; and when Grimaud discovered them, it was too late and the castle was invested on all sides.

He at once discharged his gun, and cried: "To arms!" Roland, awakened by the shout and the report together, leaped out of bed, seized his clothes in one hand and his

sword in the other, and ran to the stables. At the door of his room he found Grimaud, who, instead of looking out for his own welfare, had come to protect his chief. They ran to the stables to get their horses; but three of their comrades, Marchand, Bourdalie and Bayos, more diligent than they, had taken possession of the best ones, and leaping upon their bare backs, had ridden out through the main gate before the dragoons were in possession of it. The other horses being wretched creatures, and sure to be easily overtaken by the dragoons, Roland preferred not to abandon the possible opportunities of a flight on foot, in which he would not be obliged to follow the traveled roads, but could find a hiding-place in every ravine, shelter behind every bush. He and the five officers who remained with him consequently ran toward a small gate behind the castle, which led into the fields. But, beside the dragoons who entered by the main gate, there was a ring of troops around the castle so that they fell into an ambuscade and were immediately surrounded. Thereupon Roland threw away such of his clothes as he had not found time to put on, placed his back against a tree, drew his sword and challenged the best of them, officer or soldier, to come and take him.

In truth there was such a determined expression upon the face of this man, who, alone as he was and half naked, hurled defiance at them all, that there was a moment of hesitation, during which no one seemed to dare to approach him. But the silence was broken by a sharp report; the arm with which Roland was giving emphasis to his challenge dropped to his side; the sword with which he was threatening them fell from his hand; his knees gave way; his body, supported by the tree against which he was standing, remained upright for an instant, then gradually fell over. Summoning all his strength,

Roland raised his hands as if to call down the vengeance of God upon his murderers, but without the power to utter a single word, and fell to the ground, dead.

A dragoon named Soubeyrand had put a ball through his heart.

Mallie, Grimaud, Coutereau, Guérin and Ressal, the five Camisard officers, no sooner saw their chief fall, than they abandoned all thought of resistance, and surrendered like children.

Roland's body was borne in triumph to Uzès, and thence to Nîmes, where the trial proceeded as if he were alive. The body was sentenced to be dragged upon a hurdle and then burned, and the sentence was carried out with all that pomp and circumstance, which immortalizes the memory of the punishment for some, and of the martyrdom for others; the ashes were then cast to the winds.

The punishment of the five officers followed closely upon that of their leader; they were sentenced to be broken on the wheel, and were executed together. But their deaths, instead of striking terror to the hearts of their brethren, tended rather to give them courage, for, says an eye-witness, "they underwent their punishment with a steadfast and even joyous demeanor which surprised all beholders, especially those who had never seen a Camisard die."

Malarte received the two hundred louis offered for Roland's head. To this day his name stands beside that of Judas in the province.

The days of good fortune were ended for the Camisards. Cavalier had taken away their genius, and with Roland departed their faith. On the day of his death one of their storehouses near Toiras was captured, with more than eighty bags of grain. On the following day

Catinat, who was in hiding with twelve men in a vineyard at La Vaunage, was surprised by a detachment of the Soissonais regiment. Ten of his men were killed and the eleventh taken; and he himself escaped only with great difficulty, and wounded. On the twenty-fifth of the same month a cavern, which the rebels used as a storehouse, near Sauve, was discovered, and a hundred and fifty sacks of very fine wheat were found therein. Lastly, the Chevalier de Froulay took possession of a third hiding-place near Mialet; this one was also used as a hospital, and besides ten salted oxen, and a quantity of wine and flour, he found six wounded Camisards, who were shot on the spot.

The only troop which remained intact was Ravanel's; but, since Cavalier's departure, nothing had succeeded with his lieutenant, and, as he saw how the other bands were crsuhed by successive reverses, he appointed a solemn fast, in order to arouse God's interest in the cause of the Protestants. On Saturday, September 13, he and all his men went to the forest of Saint-Benazet, proposing to pass the following day in prayer. Unfortunately treachery had become contagious. Two peasants who knew of his purpose gave information thereof to M. Lenoir, mayor of Le Vigan, who forthwith transmitted the intelligence to the marshal and M. de Baville at Anduze.

Nothing could have pleased the marshal more than such news, and he proceeded to take measures to make an end of the rebels at a single blow. He ordered M. de Courten, who commanded at Alais, to take a detachment of the troops under his orders, and patrol the Gardon between Ners and Castagnols, a locality which the Camisards would be likely to select for their retreat, when they were attacked by a body of troops coming from the

opposite direction. This last party was taken from the garrison at Anduze; they proceeded during the night to the neighborhood of Dommersargues. The two detachments together made quite a little army, composed of one battalion of Swiss, one of the Hainault regiment, one of the Charolais regiment, and four companies of dragoons of Fimarçon and Saint-Sernin.

Everything happened as the two peasants said. On Saturday, the thirteenth, the Camisards entered the forest of Saint-Benazet, and passed the night in its depths.

At daybreak the detachment of king's troops, who had marched toward Dommersargues, began to do their part. The advanced sentinels of the Camisards soon detected their presence, and informed Ravanel, who assembled his little council of war. The members were unanimous for retreat; and they at once drew away toward Ners, in order to cross the Gardon below that town. This was just what M. de Villars anticipated; it would have been impossible for the rebels to assist his plans to a greater degree; they walked straight into the ambuscade. Indeed, they were no sooner clear of the forest, than they espied, between Marjevols and a mill called the Moulin-au-Pont, a detachment of royal troops awaiting them. Seeing that they could not cross the river at that point, they turned to the left, and followed a ravine which skirted the bank of the Gardon to a point below Marjevols, where they succeeded in crossing. They believed that this manœuvre had put them out of danger, but suddenly they saw another detachment lying tranquilly upon the turf near a mill called the Moulin de la Scie. Thereupon the Camisards halted a second time, and, thinking they had not been seen, fell back softly, intending to cross the Gardon again below Castagnols and make for Cardet. But they simply stepped

out of one trap into another; for in that direction they encountered the dragoons and the Hainault battalion, who began to swoop down upon them. Some of the ill-fated wretches, obedient to the voices of Ravanel and the other officers, tried to check the general confusion, and took measures to defend themselves; but the danger was so imminent, the enemy so numerous, and the circle which they formed narrowed so rapidly, that the example had little influence, and they all took flight and scattered in every direction, each one thinking only of his own safety.

It was not a battle that ensued, it was not even a rout, —it was butchery pure and simple. The king's troops were ten against one, and no more than sixty of those with whom they had to do were armed with muskets; the others, since the loss of their magazines, one after another, had no other weapons than wretched swords, pitchforks, and bayonets fastened to sticks. So almost all of them perished, and Ravanel escaped only by throwing himself into the Gardon, where he concealed himself between two rocks, and put his head out of water only now and then to breathe. He remained in that position seven hours. At last night came, and the dragoons having ridden away, he was able to make his escape.

This was the last engagement of this war, which had lasted four years. With Cavalier and Roland, the two giants of the Cevennes, all the power of the rebels disappeared. And so, as soon as this last defeat was noised abroad, officers and soldiers began to surrender, fully persuaded that the Lord's spirit was no longer in them. The first to set the example was Castanet. He surrendered to the marshal on September 6, a week before Ravanel's defeat. On the nineteenth, Catinat and

François Sauvayre, his lieutenant, followed his lead; on the twenty-second Amet, Roland's brother, came in; on October fourth, Joanny; on the ninth, Laroze, Valette, Solomon, Laforêt, Moulières, Salles, Abraham and Marion; on the twentieth, Fidèle; and on the twenty-fifth, Rochegude.

Each one of them made his own treaty, and secured the best terms he could. Generally speaking, they all received rewards, some greater, some less; the smallest was two hundred livres. They also received passports to leave the kingdom, and were escorted at the king's expense to Geneva. Élie Marion thus describes his convention with the Marquis de Lalande; in all probability the others proceeded upon the same lines, even if they varied somewhat in matters of detail.

"I was deputed," he says," to arrange terms of capitulation with this lieutenant-general; I negotiated with him for my own troop, for Laroze's, and for the people of thirty or thirty-five parishes, who had contributed to our subsistence during the war. Under the terms of this treaty all the prisoners from our cantons were to be set at liberty, and be restored to the possession of their property like the others. The people of those parishes which the enemy had burned were to be exempt from the payment of taxes for three years, and no one in either category was to be disturbed for anything in the past, or to be molested at all upon the subject of religion; but they were to be permitted to worship God in their own houses, according to the dictates of their conscience."

The terms of these treaties were observed with such punctuality, that Laroze, on the very day of his submission, October 9, himself opened the door of the castle and tower of Saint-Hippolyte where about eighty prisoners were confined.

As we have said, the Protestants were dispatched to Geneva as fast as they gave themselves up. D'Aygaliers, as to whom we anticipated somewhat, had arrived there on the twenty-third of September with Cavalier's older brother, Malplach, Roland's secretary, and thirty-six Camisards. Catinat and Castanet arrived on October 8, with twenty-two others; and Laroze, Laforêt, Solomon, Moulières, Salles, Abraham, Marion and Fidèle, escorted by M. de Pradines and fourteen dragoons of the Fimarçon regiment, during the month of November.

Of all the chiefs who had turned Languedoc into a vast battlefield for four years, only Ravanel remained, and he would neither surrender nor try to escape. On the eighth of October the marshal issued a proclamation wherein he declared him to have forfeited the right to claim the benefit of any amnesty, promised the sum of a hundred and fifty louis to anyone who should bring him in alive, and twenty-four hundred livres to anyone who should kill him, or bring in his dead body; the towns or villages which should afford him shelter were to be burned, and the inhabitants put to the sword.

The rebellion seemed to be at last extinct, and tranquillity restored. Consequently the marshal was recalled to court, and left Nîmes on January 6. Before his departure he convoked the States of Languedoc, from whom he received not only the praise which his management of affairs deserved by its judicious alternation between leniency and severity, but a substantial gift of twelve thousand livres. Madame la Maréchale received eight thousand. But this was only a prelude to the honors which awaited him; on the day of his return to Paris, the king decorated him with the royal orders and created him a duke. On the following day he received him and addressed him thus:

"Monsieur le Maréchal, your past services give me great hopes of what you may do in the future, and the affairs of my kingdom would be in much better condition if I had several Villars whom I could call upon; but having only one, I can do no better than send him where he is most needed; that is why I sent you to Languedoc. You have restored tranquillity among my subjects there; you must go and defend them against my enemies. You will take command of my army upon the Moselle for the next campaign."

M. le Duc de Berwick arrived at Montpellier March 17 to replace M. de Villars. His first thought was to ascertain the condition of affairs from M. de Baville. He was informed by him that they were far from being as tranquil in reality as they were upon the surface. The fact was that the English and Dutch, whose interests would be served by a civil war gnawing at the vitals of France and obliging her to turn her forces against herself, were incessantly resorting to expedients of all sorts to induce the exiles to return to their country, promising faithfully to assist them by landing ammunition, muskets and men; and it was rumored that some had already started for France with that end in view. Among them, so it was said, was Castanet.

This former leader of the rebels, wearying of inaction, had in fact left Geneva toward the end of February; he arrived safely in the Vivarais, and having officiated at a religious meeting in a cavern near Gorée, had been joined by Valette des Vals and Boyer de Valon. But just as they were proposing to take shelter in the Cevennes, they were denounced by peasants to a Swiss officer named Muller, who commanded a detachment of troops in the small village of Rivirèe. Muller at once took horse, and under the guidance of the informers,

rode into a little wood where they were in hiding, falling upon them just when they least expected it. Boyer was killed attempting to escape. Castanet was arrested and taken to the nearest prison, where he was joined the next day at dawn by Valette, who was betrayed by peasants to whom he applied for shelter.

Castanet's first punishment consisted in being compelled to carry Boyer's head in his hand all the way from Gorée to Montpellier. He emphatically refused at first; but they fastened it to his wrist by the hair, whereupon he kissed it upon both cheeks, and turned his punishment into a religious ceremony, addressing his prayers to the head, as he might have done to the remains of a martyr.

When he reached Montpellier, Castanet was interrogated, and replied in the first place that he had no evil purpose, and had returned to Languedoc simply because he had no means of support at Geneva. But under torture, he was made to suffer so acutely that, despite his courage and constancy, he was compelled to confess that the plans were all laid to bring a party of Protestants, with officers to command them, into the Cevennes, either by way of Dauphiné, or by water; and that, pending the arrival of this party, emissaries had been sent on ahead to stir up the people to revolt; that he was himself one of those emissaries; that Catinat ought by that time to be in Languedoc, or the Vivarais on the same errand, with a plentiful supply of money given him for distribution by foreigners; and that several other prominent men were to follow.

Castanet was sentenced to be broken on the wheel alive. As he was about to be taken to the place of execution, Abbé Tremondy, curé of Notre Dame, and Abbé Plomet, canon of the cathedral church, came to his cell

to make a final attempt to convert him; but he refused to reply to anything that they said. They left him for the time being, and went on ahead to wait for him at the scaffold. There, the sight of them seemed to horrify Castanet more than the instruments of his punishment; and while he called the executioner "brother," he cried out to the two priests: "Begone, you grasshoppers from the bottom of the pit! Why come you here, accursed tempters? I choose to die in the faith in which I was born. Leave me, ye hypocrites, leave me!"

But the two abbés persisted, and Castanet breathed his last, cursing, not the wheel, not the executioner, but the priests, who, when death was at hand, diverted his mind from those subjects which should have occupied it.

Valette was sentenced to be hanged, and the sentence was carried out on the same day as Castanet's.

Notwithstanding the revelations made by the latter, which were in March, nearly a month passed without any indication of fresh plots, or of any projected uprising. But on April 17, about seven in the evening. M. de Baville was informed that there were several Camisards at Montpellier, who had recently returned from abroad, but no one could say where they were in hiding. He communicated this information to the Duc de Berwick, and they at once issued orders to search certain houses whose owners were suspected to be capable of affording shelter to malcontents.

At midnight they divided such forces as they had at their disposal into twelve detachments, composed in part of archers and in part of soldiers, and put at their head men upon whom they could rely. The king's lieutenant, Dumayne, signified to each detachment which quarter it was to devote its attention to, and they all started together from the Hotel-de-Ville at half-past twelve,

marching without speaking, and separating at a gesture from their leaders, so strict was the injunction to avoid making the least noise.

At first their investigations were unavailing, and they searched several houses without result; but at last, Jausseraud, provost of the diocese, and Vila, a militia captain, found in one of those assigned to their detachment three men in bed upon mattresses laid upon the floor. The provost woke them, and asked them who they were, whence they came, and what they were doing at Montpellier; as they were unable, being only half-awake, to answer without hesitation, he ordered them to dress at once and go with him.

One of them proved to be Flessière, a deserter from the Fimarçon regiment, who was the one of the three most fully acquainted with the secret of the conspiracy; the second was Gaillard, called Lallemand, who had served in the Hainault regiment; and the third Jean-Louis, surnamed Le Genevois, a deserter from the Courten regiment.

Flessière, being the leader of the party, thought that it would be very disgraceful for him to yield without a show of resistance. He made a pretence of obeying the provost; but as he took up his clothes, which lay upon a chest, he slipped his hand inside, seized a pair of pistols and cocked them. At the noise made by the hammers, the provost suspected what was going on, and threw himself upon Flessière, seizing him around the waist from behind. Flessière, being unable to turn, put his hand back, and fired a pistol over his shoulder, singeing the provost's hair, and wounding in the hand the militia captain's servant, who was holding the torch. As he was struggling to discharge his second pistol in the same way, Jausseraud, with one hand, seized the arm

which held it, above the wrist, and with the other hand blew out his brains.

While Jausseraud and Flessière were struggling together, Gaillard rushed at Vila, threw his arms about him, and, having no weapons, pushed him towards the wall in order to beat his brains out against it. But when Flessières pistol was discharged he saw the torch held by Vila's servant fall to the floor, where it lay, almost extinguished, and thought that he might escape in the darkness; so he suddenly released his hold and darted to the door. Unfortunately for him soldiers and archers were stationed at the exits upon both streets, so that, although he succeeded in passing through one door without being stopped, by reason of the suddenness of his appearance, the guards, when they saw a man half-naked, running off at full speed, started in pursuit, and fired several shots at him. One of them inflicted a wound, which, although it was but slight, was sufficient to make him slacken his pace so that they overtook and arrested him. He was at once taken to the Hotel-de-Ville where Flessière's body had arrived before him.

Meanwhile Jean-Louis, le Genevois, had the good luck, during the two-fold struggle we have described, to creep unnoticed to a window, which he opened, and through which he leaped into the street, and disappeared around a corner of the house like a ghost. He wandered a long while from street to street, and at last in the neighborhood of La Poissonnière espied a beggar sleeping against a stone. He awoke him, and suggested that they should exchange clothes. As his garments were quite new, while the beggar was clad in tatters, the latter thought he was making fun of him. But when he found by Jean-Louis' persistence that he meant what he said, the exchange was effected forthwith, and they parted, well

pleased with each other. Jean-Louis went to one of the gates, to be at hand to leave the town as soon as it was opened, while the beggar lost no time in putting a long distance between himself and the stranger at whose hands he had fared so well, for fear that repentance might follow close upon the exchange.

But the adventures of the night were not at an end by any means. The beggar was arrested because Jean-Louis' coat was recognized, and he was taken to the Hotel-de-Ville, where the mistake was speedily discovered. Jean-Louis, meanwhile, was passing through a dark street, having lost himself completely, when he saw three men coming toward him, one of whom carried a lantern. He went near to them to take advantage of the light, but the man who held it was no other than Vila's servant, who had been wounded by Flessière and was on his way to have the wound dressed. Jean-Louis, on recognizing him, would have retreated, but it was too late, for the recognition was mutual. He tried to fly, but was soon overtaken by the wounded man, who, although one hand was disabled, held him with the other so effectually, and shouted "Help!" so strenuously, that the two men who were with him came running up and seized Jean-Louis. He was taken to the Hotel-de-Ville, where he found the Duc de Berwick and M. de Baville, awaiting the outcome of the night's work.

The prisoner no sooner found himself in their presence, than, thinking himself as good as hanged—and little wonder, considering the marvelous celerity of executions at that period—he fell on his knees, confessed his identity, and declared the reasons which had led him to join the fanatics; saying that he had done so, not from conviction, but because force was put upon him, and that, if they chose to spare his life, he would disclose matters

of the utmost importance, which would put it in their power to cause the apprehension of the principal conspirators.

The proposition was too inviting, and his life of too little consequence for MM. de Berwick and de Baville to hesitate long; they promised upon their honor that his life should be spared if his disclosures proved to be as important as he said. The bargain was concluded on those terms; whereupon Jean-Louis declared:

That upon the receipt of divers letters from foreign countries, wherein the malcontents in the province were assured of a large amount of money and of extensive reinforcements, a considerable party had been formed to stir up a fresh rebellion; that by these letters and various other documents, which had been scattered broadcast, they were led to hope that M. de Miremont, the last Protestant prince of the Bourbon family, would bring a force of five or six thousand men to their assistance, coming by sea, and would land at Aigues-Mortes, or at the port of Cette, and that two thousand Barbets, or Protestants, would come at the same time by way of Dauphiné, and join his troops after their debarkation.

That that hope had led Catinat, Clary and Jonquet to leave Geneva and return to France where they had joined Ravanel; that they had already in secret made the circuit of the four dioceses infected with heresy, had made all their preparations, established magazines of ammunition, and supply-depots, and furthermore, had enlisted all of their acquaintances who were old enough to bear arms. They had also prepared a statement of what each town, village or hamlet was to pay in money or in supplies for the support of the league of the "Children of God;" and they reckoned that they had eight or ten thousand men ready to rise at the first sign.

It had been determined that outbreaks should take place in different localities at the same time, the localities had been selected, and each man's duty assigned to him. At Montpellier a hundred of the most determined were to set fire to the houses of Catholics in the different quarters of the city, kill those who attempted to extinguish the fires, and with the help of their Protestant brethren put the garrison to the sword, seize the citadel, and carry off the Duc de Berwick and M. de Baville. At Nîmes, Uzès, Alais, Anduze, Saint-Hippolyte and Sommières the same course was to be pursued. He said that the conspiracy had been under way for three months, and the conspirators, to avoid discovery, had consulted none but those whom they knew to be inclined to assist them; that they had not revealed their secret to any woman, nor to any man of whom they had the least suspicion, but had laid all their plans at meetings of two or three persons only, held by night in certain country-houses, to which no one was admitted without the countersign; that the twenty-fifth of April was appointed for the general uprising, and instantaneous execution of all that had been agreed upon.

The danger was imminent, as will be seen, for only six days remained between that on which the disclosure was made, and that on which the plot was to be put in execution. They therefore asked Le Genevois, reiterating their promise that his life should be spared, what steps he thought they should take to apprehend the principal conspirators with the least possible delay. He replied that he could see no other way than to be their guide himself at Nîmes, where Catinat and Ravanel were to be found in a house of which he did not know the number, on a street of which he did not know the name, but that he would recognize both street and house by walking

about the city; that, if this plan was to be adopted, there was no time to lose, since Ravanel and Catinat were to remain at Nîmes only until the twentieth or the twenty-first at latest, so that, if they postponed going thither, they would find that the birds had flown.

His advice was judicious, and the marshal and intendant made haste to follow it. They sent the prisoner to Nîmes in charge of six archers, commanded by Barnier, the provost's lieutenant, a sure man, active and clever, who was furnished with letters for the Marquis de Sandricourt.

During the first night after their arrival at Nîmes, the night of the nineteenth and twentieth, they walked Jean-Louis all over the city, and he pointed out several houses in the Sainte-Eugénie quarter. Sandricourt at once ordered the officers of the garrison, as well as those of the Courten regiment and the militia, to put all their men under arms and station them quietly all over the city, with especial attention to the Sainte-Eugénie quarter.

At ten o'clock in the evening, the Marquis de Sandricourt, having ascertained that his orders had been punctually carried out, ordered M. de l'Estrade, Barnier, Joseph Martin, Eusèbe, the major of the Swiss and some other officers, with ten picked men, to go to the house of one Alison, a silk merchant, which was more particularly designated by the prisoner. Finding the house-door open, their first impression was that it was extremely improbable that the leaders of a conspiracy were in a house, the approaches to which were so ill-guarded. Nevertheless, in order to carry out their instructions they stole softly into a hall on the ground floor. Pausing a moment in the silence and darkness, they heard men talking in loud tones in an adjoining room, and by listening attentively they overheard one man say:

"It is perfectly certain that in less than three weeks the king will have ceased to be master of Dauphiné, Vivarais or Languedoc; they are looking for me everywhere, I am in Nîmes, and I am not afraid."

This declaration was too significant for those who heard it to doubt that they had under their hand some of those whom they sought; they rushed to the door, which was not fastened, and entered in a body with drawn swords. The occupants of the room were Ravanel, Jonquet and Villas, who were talking together, one seated at a table, another standing in front of the fire, and the third half-reclining upon a bed.

Jonquet was a young man of Saint-Chatte, much esteemed among the Camisards; the reader may remember that he was one of the principal officers in Cavalier's troop. Villas was the son of a physician of Saint-Hippolyte, young, comely, dandified in dress, and had worn a sword for ten years, having served in England as cornet in the Galway regiment. Ravanel is sufficiently known to the reader to make it unnecessary to say anything further as to him.

De l'Estrade threw himself upon the first who came in his way, and, without having recourse to his sword, struck him a heavy blow with his fist. Ravanel, for it was he, stepped back in amazement, and asked the officer the reason of such an extraordinary onslaught. At the same moment Barnier cried:

"Don't let him go, Monsieur l'Estrade; it's Ravanel!"

"Why, yes, I am Ravanel," rejoined the Camisard; "need you make so much noise on that account?"

As he spoke he attempted to seize his weapons; but De l'Estrade and Barnier did not give him time. They threw themselves upon him, and succeeded in getting the better of him after a fierce struggle of four or five

minutes, during which his two companions were secured. All three were then taken to the fort, and closely guarded.

The Marquis de Sandricourt immediately dispatched a courier to inform the Duc de Berwick and M. de Baville of the important capture he had made, and they were both so pleased that they started for Nîmes forthwith, and arrived there on the following day.

They found the whole population in a state of intense excitement; the end of every street was guarded by soldiers with fixed bayonets, and the doors of all houses, and the city gates were closed, no one being allowed to go out without a written permit from Sandricourt. Throughout the day of the twentieth and the succeeding night more than fifty persons were arrested, among whom were Alison, the silk merchant, in whose house Ravanel, Jonquet and Villas were found; Delacroix, Alison's brother-in-law, who, upon hearing the noise they made in arresting Ravanel, took refuge under the roof, and was not discovered until the following day; Jean Lauze, accused of having prepared Ravanel's supper; Lauze's mother, a widow; Tourelle, her maid; the host of the Coupe d'Or inn; and a preacher named La Jeunesse.

But, great as was the satisfaction of the Maréchal de Berwick, the Marquis de Sandricourt and M. de Baville, something was still lacking to complete it, for the most dangerous of all the rebels, Catinat, was still at large, and, do what they would, it had thus far been found to be impossible to discover his hiding-place. Thereupon the marshal published a proclamation, wherein he promised one hundred louis d'or to the man who should surrender Catinat, or hang him, and a pardon to him who had given him shelter, provided that he should denounce him before the general search of all houses, which

was soon to be made; but, the proclamation went on to say, that after the search was begun, the master of the house in which he was found would be hanged upon the spot at his own door, his family imprisoned, his property confiscated, and his house razed to the ground without the formality of a trial.

This proclamation produced the effect anticipated by M. de Berwick. Whether it was that the master of the house where Catinat had been harbored was frightened by it, and begged him to leave his roof, or that Catinat himself thought that it would be better for him to try and leave the town than to be kept a prisoner there, he entered a barber's shop one morning, wearing the costume of a gentleman, was shaved and had his hair dressed as becomingly as possible in the style affected by gentlemen; he then left the shop, and with marvelous self-assurance walked through the streets, with his hat pulled over his eyes and a paper in his hand, toward the Saint-Antoine gate. He was just about to pass through when a captain of the guard named Charreau, at the suggestion of a comrade who was talking with him, and who, observing Catinat's manner, suspected that he was trying to escape, blocked his passage, and forbade his going any farther. Catinat thereupon asked what he had to say to him, or what business he had with him. Charreau retorted that he would tell him at the guard-house, if he would be kind enough to go in. As any sort of an explanation, under such circumstances, could not fail to be disagreeable to Catinat, he attempted to push by, but Charreau seized him by the collar, the other officer lent a hand, and Catinat, seeing that resistance not only would be unavailing, but might injure him, allowed them to take him to the guard-house.

He had been there an hour without being recognized

by anyone of those who came to look at him from curiosity, when one of the visitors, as he withdrew, remarked that the man seemed to him to bear a strong resemblance to Catinat. Thereupon some children who overheard the words began to run through the streets, crying: "Catinat is taken! Catinat is taken!"

This report at once attracted a considerable crowd to the guard-house, among others a man named Anglejas, who, after examining the prisoner closely, said that he recognized him, and that he was really Catinat.

The guard was instantly increased and the prisoner searched. A book of psalms with a silver clasp, and a letter addressed: "To M. Maurel called Catinat," were found upon him, and left no doubt of his identity; moreover, being annoyed beyond measure by their perquisitions, he admitted that he was Catinat, in order to put an end to them.

He was forthwith taken under a strong escort to the palace, where M. de Baville was engaged in the presidial court, trying Ravanel, Jonquet and Villas. The intendant was overjoyed at the news of this latest capture, but could hardly believe his ears, so he left his place and went out himself to meet the prisoner, and make sure with his own eyes that it was Catinat himself.

From the palace Catinat was taken before M. le Duc de Berwick, who asked him various questions, to which he replied; he then informed the marshal that he had something of importance to say to him in private. The marshal was by no means anxious for a tête-a-tête with Catinat: however, having ordered his hands to be fastened securely together, he consented to listen to what the prisoner had to say, but bade Sandricourt not leave them.

When he was alone with the marshal and Sandricourt,

Catinat proposed that they should exchange him for Maréchal de Tallard, then a prisoner of war in England, adding that if they did not consent, M. de Tallard would receive the same treatment, that he, Catinat, received. The suggestion seemed so insolent to M. de Berwick with his inborn aristocratic ideas, that he replied at once:

"If you have no more sensible proposition to offer, I promise you that you will not be in this world a few hours hence."

Catinat was thereupon sent back to the palace, where his trial was soon begun and ended. The three others were already convicted, and it only remained to pronounce sentence. Catinat and Ravanel, who were more guilty than the others, were sentenced to be burned alive. Some councillors were in favor of sentencing Catinat to be torn apart by four horses; but the majority were for the stake, because *that punishment was of longer duration and more agonizing than the being torn apart.*

Villas and Jonquet were sentenced to be broken on the wheel alive, but this distinction was made between them; the latter was to be thrown living into the fire at which Catinat and Ravanel were burning. The sentence provided, furthermore, that each of the condemned should first be put to the ordinary and extraordinary question. Catinat, who was naturally of a violent disposition, endured the torture with courage, heaping curses upon the executioners. Ravanel endured the most excruciating suffering with superhuman firmness, so that the torturers were the first to grow weary. Jonquet had little to say, and disclosed only matters of the most trifling importance. Villas admitted that the conspirators had formed a scheme to carry off the marshal and M. de Baville when they were out walking, and he said further

that the plot was hatched at the house of one Boëton de Saint-Laurent d'Aigorze, at Milland in Rouergue.

The application of the torture and the examinations used up so much time that when the stake and the scaffold were prepared, the day was so far advanced that the marshal postponed the execution to the following day, not wishing that so important a function should take place by torchlight, in order, says Brueys, that evil minded Protestants could not maintain, as had sometimes happened, that they who were executed were not the men they were alleged to be, and that everyone might see with their own eyes by daylight that the condemned men were really Catinat, Ravanel, Villas and Jonquet. The most probable explanation, however, is that Messieurs de Berwick and de Baville feared an uprising, as was proved by their ordering the scaffold and the stake to be erected, not in the ordinary place, but at the end of the Cours, opposite the glacis of the fortress, so that the soldiers of the garrison would be close at hand to lend assistance in case of an *émeute*.

Catinat was placed in a separate cell, and was overheard grumbling and complaining until daybreak. Ravanel, Villas and Jonquet were left together, and passed the night singing psalms and praying.

On the following day, April 22, 1705, they were taken from the prison and drawn to the place of execution upon two carts, being unable to walk because the bones in their legs were crushed by the extraordinary question. They were arranged in pairs according to the punishment they were respectively to undergo; Catinat with Ravanel, and Villas with Jonquet; a single pile of firewood was prepared for Catinat and Ravanel, but there were two wheels for Villas and Jonquet.

They began by binding Catinat and Ravanel to the

same post, back to back, taking care to place Catinat on the side from which the wind was blowing that his agony might last the longer; then they lighted the fire on Ravanel's side.

As was anticipated this precaution was productive of much gratification to those who took delight in human suffering; the wind was blowing with some force, so that the flame rose diagonally and slowly consumed Catinat's legs, who, says the author of the *Histoire des Camisards*, bore the torture with some impatience. Ravanel, however, was a hero to the last, pausing in his singing only to encourage his companion in death, whom he could not see, but whom he could hear cursing and groaning; then resuming his psalms, which he continued to sing until the flames stifled his voice. Just as he breathed his last Jonquet was taken from the wheel with all four limbs shattered and hanging by shreds, and tossed, a shapeless but still living mass, upon the half-consumed pile. From the midst of the flames he cried: "Courage, Catinat! we shall meet in heaven!"

A few moments later the post to which the victim was bound burned through at its base and fell, pulling Catinat backward into the glowing furnace, where he was soon suffocated. This circumstance rendered unavailing the precautions they had taken, and to the intense disgust of the spectators the torture lasted hardly three quarters of an hour.

Villas lived three hours longer upon his wheel, and died without a single murmur.

Two days later six other persons were condemned to death and one to the galleys. These seven persons were the cousins Alison, at whose house Ravanel, Jonquet and Villas were taken; Alègre, accused of having afforded

shelter to Catinat, and of being the Camisards' treasurer; Rougier, an armorer, accused of having repaired muskets for the rebels; Jean Lauze, inn-keeper, who had furnished Ravanel's meals; La Jeunesse, preacher, convicted of preaching sermons and singing psalms; and Jean Delacroix. The judgment provided that the three first named should die upon the wheel, that their houses should be torn down, and their property confiscated. The others were to be hanged, save Jean Delacroix, who, partly on account of his youth, but even more on account of the disclosures he made, was sentenced to the galleys, where he remained several years. He afterwards returned to Arles, and was taken off by the plague in 1720.

All these sentences were executed with the utmost rigor.

As will be seen, the putting down of the rebellion was progressing finely; the only Camisard leaders still at large were two young men, former officers under Cavalier and Castanet, one named Pierre Brun, the other Francezet. Although they possessed neither the genius nor the influence of Catinat and Ravanel, both were much to be feared, one because of his physical strength, the other because of his address and lightness of foot. Indeed, it was said of Francezet that he never missed a shot, and that on one occasion, when he was pursued by dragoons, he escaped by leaping across the Gardon, which was twenty-two feet wide at that point.

Search had long been made for them, but without result, when the wife of a miller named Semenil, at whose mill Pierre Brun and Francezet with two companions were in hiding, left them on the pretext of going to buy provisions, and presented herself before the Marquis de Sandricourt to betray them.

The denunciation was received with an eagerness and with expressions of gratitude which proved how much importance the governor of Nîmes attached to the capture of these last two leaders of the rebellion. The miller's wife was promised fifty louis if they were taken, and the Chevalier de la Valla, Grandidier and fifty Swiss, the major of the Saint-Sernin regiment, a captain and thirty dragoons were detailed to make the capture.

When they were within a quarter of a league of the mill, the Chevalier de la Valla, who was in command of the expedition, procured all necessary information as to the locality from the miller's wife. He learned that there was only one exit from the mill other than that by which he proposed to attack it; and that that was a bridge over the Vistre; he therefore ordered ten dragoons and five Swiss to take possession of the bridge, while he went directly forward to the mill with the rest of his party. The four Camisards, as soon as they saw them coming, determined to make their escape by the bridge; but one of them, having gone to the top of the mill to make sure that there was no ambuscade to be avoided in that direction, hurried down again, crying that the bridge was guarded. When they heard that, the Camisards knew that they were lost; but they determined to make a vigorous defence and to sell their lives dearly. The king's troops were no sooner within range than four shots rang out, and two dragoons, one Swiss and one horse fell M. de Valla thereupon ordered his men to charge the rebels at a gallop, but before they reached the door of the mill three other shots laid two more men low. However, as they were not in a position to hold out against so large a number, Francezet gave the signal for retreat, crying, "*Sauve qui peut!*" and leaping through a window twenty feet from the ground; Pierre Brun followed him and fell

beside him, neither having suffered any injury. They jumped to their feet and started across the fields, one relying upon his strength, the other upon his fleetness of foot. The others, who tried to escape by the door, were captured, and all the efforts of the dragoons were directed against Brun and Francezet. The Swiss followed them on foot, and a most remarkable chase began. The two athletic, wily youths seemed to look upon their flight as a sort of game, stopping from time to time when they thought they had gained sufficiently upon their pursuers, and discharging their muskets at the nearest ones; nor did Francezet belie his reputation by missing a single shot; then they would resume their flight, reloading their weapons as they ran, leaping ditches and streams, and taking advantage of the detours the Swiss and dragoons were obliged to make to stop and take breath, instead of doing their utmost to reach some place where they would be out of danger. Two or three times Brun was on the point of being taken, but every time the dragoon or the Swiss who happened to be nearest to him was struck down by Francezet's unerring bullet. The chase lasted four hours. For four hours, five officers, two of whom were of high rank, thirty dragoons and fifty Swiss were baffled by two men, one of whom was still a boy, for Francezet was less then twenty-one. During those four hours fifteen dragoons fell, four shot by Brun, eleven by Francezet. By that time both of the Camisards were out of ammunition; so they agreed upon the village at which they would meet, and, darting away like deer in different directions, compelled their pursuers to separate.

Francezet ran toward Milhand so swiftly that the very dragoons, riding after him at full speed, soon began to lose ground. He was safe, therefore, to all intent, when

a peasant named La Bastide, who was hoeing in a field and had been watching the combat since the combatants came in sight, seeing that the fugitive was making for a breach in the wall, glided along by the wall and just as he passed through like a flash, struck him over the head with his hoe such a savage blow, that the iron penetrated to the skull, and stretched him on the ground, bathed in his blood.

The dragoons saw what took place, and soon arrived on the scene. They took Francezet away from the peasant, who was still striking at him, and would soon have finished him. He was taken in an unconscious condition to Milhand, where his wounds were dressed, and he was restored to consciousness by forcing spirits into his mouth and nose.

His comrade Brun was at first more fortunate than he; meeting with no obstacle whatever, he was soon out of sight, as well as out of range of his pursuers. Being by that time utterly overdone with fatigue, and not knowing to whom to apply for shelter after the treachery to which he had so nearly fallen a victim, he threw himself into a ditch and fell asleep there. The dragoons, who had not abandoned the pursuit, found him there, pounced upon him before he was awake, and arrested him without the least resistance.

They were both taken before the governor, and Francezet, upon being questioned, replied that he had nothing to say except that, his brother Catinat being dead, he had no other wish than to suffer martyrdom as he had done, and to mingle his own ashes with his. Brun replied that he was both proud and happy to die in the Lord's cause with so gallant a companion as Francezet. This plan of defence led them straight to the extraordinary question and the stake, and our readers know the horrors of that

twofold punishment. Francezet and Brun underwent both on April 30, without making a single disclosure or uttering a single complaint.

Boëton remained, in whose house the conspiracy was concocted, and who was denounced by Villas, because he was too weak to undergo the torture, and earned a partial remission by this revelation.

Boëton, who was a Protestant of moderate views, but steadfast and devout, professed doctrines somewhat akin to those of the Quakers, and, objected to drawing his sword, but consented to assist the cause in every other way. He was awaiting, with his customary trust in God, the day appointed for putting the plot in execution, when his house was suddenly invaded by the king's troops in the night time. Faithful to his peaceful creed, he made no resistance, held out his hands for the cords, and was taken in triumph to Nîmes, and transferred thence to the citadel of Montpellier. On the road he was overtaken by his wife and son, who were on their way to Montpellier to solicit indulgence for him. They were both riding upon the same horse; they dismounted, and falling upon their knees in the road asked the blessing of the husband of one, and the father of the other. He raised his fettered hands, and gave his wife and son the blessing they craved, after which the Baron de Saint-Chatte, who was deeply moved by the episode,—he was Boëton's cousin by marriage—permitted the prisoner to embrace them. For an instant the ill-fated family stood in the road, heart to heart; but Boëton himself gave the signal for departure, and put an end to the heart-breaking embrace, commanding his wife and son to pray for M. de Saint-Chatte, who had allowed them this last solace, and setting the example by striking up a psalm, which he sang aloud from beginning to end.

On the day following his arrival at Montpellier, Boëton, despite the entreaties of his wife and son, was condemned to die upon the wheel, after undergoing the ordinary and extraordinary question. His tranquillity and his courage did not fail him when the sentence was pronounced, inhuman as it was, and he declared his readiness to suffer all the ills it might please God to inflict upon him to prove the steadfastness of his faith.

Boëton endured the torture with such unflinching constancy, that M. de Baville, who was present to hear such avowals as he might make, seemed to suffer more than the victim himself. His annoyance carried him so far that he forgot his sacred character as magistrate, and insulted and even struck the prisoner. Thereupon, Boëton, without other reply, raised his eyes and cried: "O Lord, Lord, how long wilt Thou suffer the impious to triumph? How long wilt Thou suffer him to shed innocent blood? That blood cries to Thee for vengeance; wilt Thou delay yet a long while to do justice? Arouse Thy jealousy, as of old, and remember Thy compassion!"

M. de Baville withdrew, ordering him to be taken out to execution.

The scaffold was erected upon the Esplanade, as was usually the case for that variety of execution. It consisted of a platform five or six feet from the ground, on which was laid flat a Saint-Andrew's cross, made of two joists fastened together in the middle, and crossing diagonally. In each of the four branches grooves were cut about a foot apart, in order that the limbs, having no support at those points, would be more easily broken. At one of the corners of the scaffold near the cross, a small carriage wheel hung upon a pivot, its upper edge being cut so that it resembled a saw. Upon this bed of agony, which allowed the spectators to enjoy his last convulsions,

the victim was stretched when the executioner had performed his part, and it only remained for death to perform his.

Boëton was taken to the place of execution upon a cart, surrounded by drums, so that his exhortations should not be heard. His voice was so powerful, however, that it constantly rose above the beating of the drums, as he exhorted his brethren to remain steadfast in the communion of Jesus Christ.

On the way to the Esplanade one of the condemned man's friends chanced to encounter the cart, and, fearing that he had not the strength to endure such a spectacle, rushed into a shop near by. But when they came to the door, Boëton asked the driver of the cart to stop, and requested the provost's leave to say a word to his friend. His request was granted; so he sent into the shop for him, and when he made his appearance, weeping bitterly:

"Why do you avoid me?" said Boëton; "is it because you see that I am clad in the livery of Jesus Christ? Why do you weep when He has done me the inestimable favor to call me home to His bosom, and permits me, unworthy as I am, to seal the defence of His cause with my blood?"

With that his friend threw himself into his arms, and the indications of increasing emotion among the spectators were so marked, that the order was given to go forward; whereupon Boëton resumed his journey without a murmur at the brutality with which this last leave-taking was cut short.

At the corner of the first street he perceived the scaffold; he immediately held his hands aloft, and exclaimed joyously, with smiling face: "Courage, my soul! I see the place of thy triumph, and soon thou wilt enter the

heavenly kingdom, released from thy sorrowful bondage!"

When he reached the foot of the scaffold, they were obliged to assist him to ascend; for his legs, lacerated by the torture of the *brodequins*, would not bear his weight, and during the whole time he exhorted and comforted the Protestants, who wept as if their hearts would break. As soon as he stepped upon the platform he voluntarily stretched himself on the Saint-Andrew's cross, but the executioner told him that he must undress. He rose with a smile, and the executioner's assistant removed his doublet and his trousers; as he wore no stockings, but simply the linen bandages wrapped around his wounded legs, he removed the bandages, turned back the sleeves of his shirt to the elbow, and bade him lie down again upon the cross in that condition. Boëton complied as calmly as before; the assistants then bound him with cords at every joint; and having completed the preparations, withdrew. The executioner then came forward, holding in his hand a square iron bar, an inch and a half square, three feet long, and rounded at the handle. As his eye fell upon it Boëton struck up a psalm, but almost immediately interrupted it with a faint cry; the executioner had broken the bone of his right leg. He resumed his singing, however, an instant later, and kept it up without remission, although the executioner proceeded to break one after another, the right thigh, the other leg and the other thigh, and each arm in two places. He then took the shapeless, mutilated trunk, still living and singing the praise of God, detached it from the cross and laid it upon the wheel, with the poor, mangled legs folded beneath the body, so that the heels touched the back of the head; and throughout this whole atrocious performance

the victim's voice never for one instant ceased to sing the praise of the Lord.

Never perhaps did an execution produce such an effect upon the crowd; and the Abbé Massilla, observing the prevalent feeling, informed M. de Baville that the spectacle was very far from terrifying the Protestants, and tended rather to strengthen them in their convictions, as it was easy to see by the tears they shed, and the praise they lavished upon the dying man.

M. de Baville, appreciating the force of the suggestion ordered the victim to be put out of misery. The order was at once transmitted to the executioner, who approached Boëton to beat in his breast with a final blow; but at that, an archer who was upon the scaffold stepped between the executioner and the sufferer, saying that he did not propose that the Huguenot should be killed, because he had not suffered enough. The victim, overhearing the hideous discussion, which took place close beside him, ceased his praying for an instant, and raised his head, which was lying on the wheel. "My friend," he said, "you think that I am suffering, and you are not mistaken; I am suffering, indeed; but He who is with me, and for whom I suffer, gives me strength to endure my suffering with joy."

At that moment, M. de Baville's order being renewed, and the archer daring no longer to oppose his execution, the executioner drew nigh the sufferer.

"My dear brethren," said Boëton, realizing that the end was at hand, "let my death aid you by its example, to maintain the purity of the Gospel, and be ye my witnesses that I die in the religion of Christ and His blessed apostles."

The last words were hardly uttered when the iron bar crushed in his chest. A few inarticulate sounds, which

retained the accent of prayer, were heard; then the victim's head fell back. The martyr had breathed his last.

With this last execution the end was nearly reached in Languedoc. There were still a few imprudent preachers, who paid upon the wheel or the gibbet for an untimely sermon or two; to which a handful of rebels listened in fear and trembling. There were a few spasmodic outbreaks in the Vivarais, occasioned by Daniel Billard, as a result of which some few Catholics were found murdered on the high roads. Lastly, there was now and then an engagement, like that at Saint-Pierre-Ville, for example, where the Camisards, true to the old traditions of the Cavaliers, the Catinats and the Ravanels, fought one against twenty; but all these sermons and murders and skirmishes were of trifling importance; they were the dying echoes of the civil war; the last tremblings which the earth feels long after the volcano is extinct.

Cavalier himself was not slow to realize that all was over, for he went from Holland into England, where he met with a most distinguished reception from Queen Anne. She offered him employment in the service of England, and upon his acceptance gave him the command of a regiment of refugees; so that he held in Great Britain the same rank that was offered him in France. At the battle of Almanza Cavalier commanded a regiment which happened to be opposed to a French regiment. The former enemies recognized each other, and, roaring with equal wrath, listening to no orders, and regardless of all manœuvring, rushed at each other's throats with such fury that, in the words of the Maréchal de Berwick, they annihilated each other almost entirely. Cavalier, however, survived the butchery, in which he took a

leading part; and was thereafter appointed a general and governor of Jersey. He died at Chelsea in 1740, at the age of sixty.

"I confess," says Malesherbes, "that this warrior, who became a great general by virtue of his natural gifts, before he had ever seen service; this Camisard, who once dared to punish crime before the faces of a troop of fierce men, who subsisted by similar crimes; this common peasant, who, when received at twenty years of age into the society of people of breeding and culture, adapted himself to their manners, and won their love and esteem; this man, who, although accustomed to a life of excitement, and with every reason to be spoiled by his success, had a sufficient fund of natural philosophy to live a tranquil, retired life for thirty-five years, seems to me one of the rarest characters that history has handed down to us."

At last, after a reign of seventy years, it came to be Louis XIV.'s turn to appear before his Maker, to claim his reward, said some, to pray for forgiveness, said others. But at that time Nîmes, the city with bowels of flame, had long been tranquil; like a wounded man, who has lost three-fourths of his blood, in the selfishness of convalescence, it thought of little else save recovering its health in peace, from the terrible blood-lettings that Montrevel and Berwick had inflicted upon it. For a period of sixty years petty ambition took the place of single-hearted devotion, and the mortal combats we have described were succeeded by quarrels concerning etiquette. The era of the philosophers soon opened, and the sarcasm of the *Encyclopédie* forced into retirement the old monarchical intolerance of Louis XIV. and Charles IX. The Protestants thereupon resumed their preaching, and began to baptize their children and bury

their dead once more. Commerce sprang up, and the two religions moved on side by side, retaining beneath their pacific exterior, the one the memory of its martyrdom, the other the memory of its triumph. Such was the condition of affairs when the sun of '89 rose above the horizon, red as blood. The Protestants hailed it with shouts of joy, for the promised liberty would give them back their fatherland, together with civil rights, and the quality of French citizens.

However, notwithstanding the hopes of one party and the fears of the other, nothing had yet occurred to disturb the general tranquillity, when, on the nineteenth and twentieth of July, 1789, a military force was organized in the capital of the Department du Gard, to bear the name of the Nîmes militia. This step was taken in pursuance of a resolution of the three orders sitting in the great hall of the Palace, which provided, among other things, as follows:

Article 10. That the Nîmes legion shall be composed of a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, a major, a surgeon, an adjutant, twenty-four captains, twenty-four lieutenants, seventy-two sergeants, as many corporals, and eleven hundred fifty-two privates, in all thirteen hundred forty-nine men, forming twenty-four companies.

Article 11. That the place of assembling shall be the Esplanade.

Article 12. That the twenty-four companies shall be stationed at the following four points, to wit: Place de L'Hôtel de Ville, Place de la Maison-Carrée, Place de Saint-Jean, and Place du Château.

Article 13. That the companies, as they are organized by the permanent council shall elect each its captain, lieutenant, sergeants and corporals, and that, immediately

upon his election the captain shall hold a seat in the permanent council.

The Nîmes militia was organized upon the foregoing foundation, and Catholics and Protestants found themselves standing side by side as allies, with arms in their hands. They were over a mine which was sure to explode sooner or later, when the contact of the two parties should cause the slightest friction, and that friction a spark.

Their mutual hatred smouldered for nearly a year, increased by political antagonism; almost all the Protestants were republicans, and almost all the Catholics royalists.

In the month of January, 1790, a Catholic named François Froment, was entrusted, as he sets forth in a letter to the Marquis de Foucault, printed at Paris in 1817,—was entrusted, I say, by the Comte d'Artois, with the task of forming a royalist party in the South, and superintending its organization, and was then to command it. The agent's plan, as he himself described it, was as follows:

"It is easy to understand that, in my fidelity to my religion and my king, and in my disgust at the seditious doctrines which were being propagated on all sides, I should seek to propagate the spirit which animated me. In the course of the year 1789, I published several articles, in which I laid bare the dangers by which the altar and the throne were threatened; and my compatriots, impressed by the force of my arguments, manifested a most zealous determination to restore the king to his former position. Being desirous to make the most of their favorable disposition, and deeming it dangerous to have recourse to the ministers of Louis XVI., who was closely watched by the conspirators, I made a journey to

Turin in secret, to solicit the approval and support of the French princes there. At a council which was held soon after my arrival, I proved to them that if they chose to arm the partisans of altar and throne, and to place the interests of *the religion* on the same plane with those of the royal authority, it would be an easy matter to save both.

"The sole purpose of my plan was to form a party, and to make it as extensive and coherent as it was in my power to do.

"The real argument of the revolutionary party being mere brute force, I felt that force was the true reply to make to it; then as now I was fully convinced of this great truth, that a violent passion can be quelled only by one more violent, and that *religious zeal* was the only thing that could be relied upon to quell the republican frenzy.

"The princes, assured of the accuracy of my statements, and the sufficiency of my proposed methods, promised me the necessary weapons and ammunition to hold the factious spirits in check, and Monsieur (the Comte d'Artois) furnished me with letters to the leading nobles of Upper Languedoc, that I might take measures to carry out my plan in concert with them. The gentlemen of that province meanwhile, in convocation at Toulouse, had resolved to call upon the other orders to assemble for the purpose of *restoring to the religion its salutary influence,* to the laws their force, and to the king his freedom and his authority.

"Immediately upon my return to Languedoc I visited the principal cities, to open communications with Monsieur's correspondents, the most influential royalists, and some members of the States and the parliament. Having agreed upon a general scheme of operations, and arranged

a method of corresponding secretly with each other, I went to Nîmes, where, pending the arrival of the promised assistance from Turin, which I have never received, I devoted myself to arousing and sustaining the zeal of the inhabitants. At my urgent request on April 20, they agreed upon a resolution which was signed by five thousand citizens."

This resolution, which was at the same time a religious and a political manifesto, was written by Viala, M. Froment's secretary, and was deposited in his office to be signed by those who wished.

Many Catholics signed without knowing what they were signing, for the resolution itself was preceded by this paragraph, and the reading of this paragraph was enough for them.

"*Messieurs:* The desires of a very large number of our fellow-citizens, good Catholics and loyal Frenchmen, are expressed in the resolution which we have the honor to submit to you. They have deemed it advisable to adopt it under present circumstances, and if, as they do not doubt, your patriotism, your zeal for the religion, and your love for our august sovereign, impel you to give your assent to it, it may tend to promote the welfare of France, and the *maintenance of the religion,* and to cause the king's legitimate authority to be restored to him.

"We are, messieurs, with great respect, your very humble and obedient servants, the president and commissioners of the Catholic assembly of Nîmes.

"*Signed,* Froment, commissioner; Lapierre, president; Folacher, commissioner; Levelut, commissioner; Faure, commissioner; Robin, commissioner; Melchiond, commissioner; Vigne, commissioner."

At the same time a tract was distributed on the streets entitled: "*Pierre Romain to the Catholics of Nîmes,*" wherein the following were found among other attacks upon the Protestants:

"Close the door to all offices, and to civil and military honors, upon the Protestants; let a powerful tribunal be established at Nîmes to keep vigilant watch night and day of the observance of these important articles, and you will soon see Protestantism abandoned.

"They ask your permission to share the privileges which you enjoy, but you will no sooner have admitted them to a share therein, than they will think of nothing so much as of despoiling you of them altogether, and they will soon succeed.

"The ungrateful vipers, who were reduced by the exhaustion of their strength to a condition of powerlessness to injure you, having been revived by your benefactions, seek only to put you to death.

"They are your born foes; your fathers escaped their blood-stained hands as by a miracle; have you not been told of the fiendish cruelty which they visited upon your ancestors? It was a small matter for them to put a man to death, if they had not already killed him by most incredible, and inhuman torture."

The constant repetition of such appeals was certain to still further embitter the minds of men who were already inclined to exchange their old hatred for new; nor was it long before the Catholics ceased to confine themselves to resolutions and pamphlets. Froment, who had caused himself to be appointed treasurer of the chapter, and captain of one of the Catholic companies, insisted upon being present at the installation of the municipal officers, with his company, in the teeth of the express prohibition of the colonel of the legion. They were armed with

forks, a terrible weapon made expressly for the Catholics of Nîmes, Uzès and Alais. Froment and his company paid no attention to the prohibition, and their disobedience caused a great commotion among the Protestants, who easily divined the hostile purpose of their enemies. Civil war would inevitably have broken out in Nîmes on that day, had not the newly installed municipal officers adopted the course of closing their eyes.

On the following day, at roll-call, one Allien, sergeant in another company, and a cooper by trade, rebuked one of the fork-bearers for his disobedience in turning out with that weapon the day before. He replied that the mayor gave him permission to carry it; Allien would not believe it, and proposed to the Catholic to go to the mayor, and find out if it was the truth. They at once called upon M. Marguerite, who denied that he had given any such permission, and ordered the delinquent to be imprisoned; but half an hour later he ordered his release.

He hastened to rejoin his comrades, who, deeming themselves insulted in his person, resolved to take their revenge forthwith. At eleven o'clock at night they went to the cooper's house, carrying with them a gallows and ropes all greased. But, although they proceeded as quietly as possible, the door was secured on the inside and they had to force it in, so that Allien heard the noise, ran to the window, and, seeing so many men together, suspected that they had designs upon his life. He therefore leaped from a window opening upon his yard, and escaped by a rear gate. Thereupon the crowd, having failed in their design, revenged themselves for their disappointment upon such Protestants as chanced to pass that way. Messieurs Poucher, Larnac and Ribes, whose unlucky stars led them in that direction,

were grievously maltreated, and M. Poucher was even stabbed three times.

On April 22, 1790, the white cockade was assumed by the royalists, that is to say, by the Catholics, although it was no longer the national cockade; and on Saturday, May 1, certain men of the Nîmes legion, who had planted a Maypole in front of the mayor's door, were invited to breakfast with him. Throughout the day of the second, the legionaries who were doing guard duty at the mayor's office, shouted more than once: "Vive le roi! vive la croix! down with the black throats!" That was the term which they applied to the Protestants.—"Up with the white cockade! we will not give it up until it is red with Protestant blood!"

On the fifth of May, however, they did give it up, and replace it by a scarlet tuft, which in their patois they called a red *pouf*. In default of the white cockade, the red *pouf* was thenceforth the oriflamme of the Catholics.

Every day thereafter brought forth some fresh insult or some new affray; libellous broadsides appeared in swift succession, drawn up in the establishment of the Capuchins, and distributed by Frère Modeste, Père Alexandre and Père Saturnin. Every day the crowds increased in size, and eventually reached such proportions that the municipal officers requested the dragoons of the Nîmes militia to disperse them. Now the crowds were composed in great part of those farm laborers, who were known as *cébets*, from the Provençal word *cebê*, meaning "onion,"—and by their red *poufs*, which they wore although they were not in uniform, they were easily recognizable as Catholics. The dragoons were all Protestants!

These latter carried out their orders so gently, however,

that although the two hostile factions were brought face to face, so to speak, with arms in their hands, they succeeded in keeping the crowds scattered for several days without bloodshed. But this was not what the *cébets* wanted; so they determined to insult the dragoons and make their vigilance a subject of ridicule. To that end they assembled one morning in great numbers, mounted upon asses, and with drawn swords, and in that guise took their turn at patroling the city. At the same time the lower class of the people, who furnished the majority of the Catholics—particularly the tillers of the soil, who were indulging in the masquerading we have described, complained loudly of the dragoons. Some said that their horses had run over their children, others that they frightened their wives. The Protestants maintained that nothing of the sort was true, and both sides began to lose their heads; swords were already half-drawn when the municipal officers intervened; but instead of dealing with the real disturbers of the peace, they decided that the dragoons should cease to patrol the city, and should simply furnish a detachment of twenty men to guard the Episcopal palace, and should not leave their quarters except by express command of the city authorities. It was expected that the dragoons would cry out against this humiliating order; on the contrary they obeyed at once, to the vast disappointment of the *cébets*, whose hopes of fresh disorders were crushed. The Catholics, however, did not look upon themselves as defeated, and they soon found a new method of driving their enemies to desperation.

Sunday, June 13, arrived in due course; it was the day appointed by the Catholics for all those who shared their religious and political opinions, to hold themselves in readiness. About ten o'clock in the morning, several

companies with red *poufs* armed themselves and marched through the city in threatening guise, upon the pretext of going to mass. The few dragoons, on the other hand, who were doing duty at the bishop's palace, had not even a sentinel posted, and had only five muskets at their disposal.

At two o'clock there was a meeting in the Jacobin church, composed almost exclusively of militiamen with red *poufs*. A panegyric was pronounced by the mayor in the form of a speech, and following that, Pierre Fromont, brother of François, who has explained his mission to us in his own words, ordered a cask of wine to be brought and distributed among the *cébets*, and bade them scatter throughout the city by threes, and disarm all the dragoons they met away from their post.

About six o'clock in the evening, a volunteer with a red *pouf* appeared at the door of the bishop's palace, and bade the Swiss sweep out the courtyard, for the volunteers proposed to come and give the dragoons a ball. After this bravado he withdrew, and returned two minutes later with a note thus conceived:

"The Swiss at the bishop's palace are warned to allow no dragoon, on foot or mounted, to enter after this evening, on pain of death.

"June 13, 1790."

The note was handed to the lieutenant, who went up to the volunteer and reminded him that the servants at the palace received their orders from the municipal authorities, and from no other source. The volunteer made an insolent reply, whereupon the lieutenant ordered him to leave, threatening to have him put out by force if he would not go of his own accord. Meanwhile other red *poufs* were collecting, while the dragoons, attracted

by the loud voices, went down into the courtyard. A sharper altercation arose there, stones were thrown, and the cry of "To arms!" was raised. Instantly two score of *cébets*, who were prowling about in the neighborhood, rushed to the Place de l'Évêché, armed with swords and muskets. The lieutenant, having only twelve dragoons at hand, ordered the trumpet to sound to recall those who were away from their post. The red *poufs* thereupon threw themselves upon the trumpeter, snatched his instrument and destroyed it. Some shots were fired from the ranks of the militia, a dragoon returned the fire, which became general, and the battle was on. The lieutenant saw that this was no chance affray, but a deliberately premeditated outbreak; he realized that it was likely to be a serious affair, and sent a dragoon off through a rear door to give notice to the municipality.

M. de Saint-Pons, major of the Nîmes legion, heard the uproar and opened his window. The city was in a tumult; men were running hither and thither, and shouting as they ran, that the dragoons were being murdered at the bishop's palace. He at once rushed out, picked up twelve or fifteen unarmed patriot volunteers, ran to the Hôtel-de-Ville, where he found two municipal officers, and urged them to repair to the Place de l'Évêché, under escort of the first company, which was on guard at the Hôtel-de-Ville. They replied that they were glad to second him in his worthy purpose, and they at once started for the square. On the way they were fired upon, but no one was hit. When they reached the square they received a volley from the *cébets*, but it proved equally harmless. They saw red *poufs* hurrying to the square through all three of the streets which ran into it. The first company stationed themselves at the ends of the streets, received and returned the fire,

repulsed the assailants and swept the square clean. One of them was killed, and several of the *cébets* were wounded and retreated.

While the fighting was in progress at the palace, murder was being done elsewhere.

The door of Monsieur Jalabert's house near the Madeleine was forced by men wearing red *poufs*. The unfortunate old man came out to meet them, and asked what they wanted. "Your life and the lives of all Protestant dogs!" was the reply. And with that they dragged him from his house into the street; fifteen militiamen slashed him with their swords, and he died from his wounds two days later.

Another old man named Astruc, who was bent beneath the weight of seventy-four years, and whose snow-white locks fell below his shoulders, was arrested as he was going from the Crown gate to the Carmelite gate. Being identified as a Protestant, he received five blows from the famous forks with which Froment's company was armed. The poor wretch fell; his assassins picked him up and tossed him into the ditch, where they amused themselves by hurling stones down upon him; at last, one of them, more humane than the rest, blew his brains out with his musket.

Three electors, M. Massador of the Beaucaire district, Vialla of the Canton of Lasalle, and Puech of the same canton, were attacked by red *poufs* as they were returning home, and all three were grievously wounded.

The captain who commanded the detachment of guards at the electoral assembly was retiring with a sergeant and three volunteers of his company, when they were brought to a halt upon the Petit-Cours by Froment, called Damblay, who held a pistol to the captain's head,

and exclaimed: "Halt, you scoundrel! give up your arms!"

At the same moment he was seized by the hair and thrown down by *cébets* with red *poufs*; and Froment fired his pistol at him, and missed him. As he fell, he drew his sword, but it was snatched from his hand, while Froment dealt him a blow with his own. Thereupon the captain, with a mighty effort, released one of his arms, pulled a pistol from his pocket, fired at Froment and missed him. One of the volunteers who accompanied him was wounded and disarmed.

Monsieur Boudon, a dragoon, was on his way to Calquières behind a patrol of the Guyenne regiment. He was attacked by a party of red *poufs*, who took away his helmet and musket and fired several shots, none of which hit him, however. The patrol surrounded him to rescue him, but he had received two bayonet wounds, and thirsted for revenge. He threw aside his protectors and darted forward to regain his musket, but was instantly shot down. They cut off his finger in order to secure a diamond ring he wore, stole his purse, and threw his body in the ditch.

Meanwhile the Place des Recollets, the Cours, the Place des Carmes, the Grande Rue, and Rue de Notre Dame de l'Esplanade were invaded by men, some armed with muskets, others with forks and swords; they had all come from Froment's house, which stood above that quarter of Nîmes called Calquières, and looked out upon the fortifications and the Dominican towers. The three leaders of the outbreak, Froment, Folacher and Descombiez, took possession of these towers, which formed a part of the old castle; from that point they could sweep the whole quay of Calquières and the steps of the Salle de Spectacle with their fire; and in case their uprising

should not receive the spontaneous and wide-spread support they anticipated, it would be very easy for them to defend themselves in such a position until they should receive reinforcements.

If this plan had not been in contemplation for a long while, it must have been devised by a clever strategist. Indeed, the rapidity with which all the avenues of approach to the fortress were guarded by a double line of militiamen with red *poufs*, the care that was taken to station the most active near the barracks where the park of artillery was located, and the posting of a whole company to bar access to the citadel, the only place where the patriots could procure arms—all combined to indicate that this plan, which seemed to be only defensive, and which afforded the twofold advantage of attacking without much danger, and of causing a belief that they had been first attacked themselves, was the result of much deliberation. It was carried out in its entirety before the citizens were under arms, and up to that time only a part of the foot-guard and the twelve dragoons at the palace had resisted the conspirators.

The red flag, which was the standard around which all good citizens were expected to rally in case of civil war, and which, being deposited at the municipality, should have made its appearance at the first shot, was now eagerly called for; the Abbé Belmont, canon, vicar-general, and municipal functionary, was urged, was even forced, to carry it, as being the person most likely, by reason of his profession, to overawe rebels who had taken up arms in the name of religion.

The Abbé de Belmont himself describes his performance of this enforced duty in these words:

"At about seven o'clock in the evening I was with MM. Ponthier and Ferrand, engaged in auditing an

account. We heard a noise in the courtyard, and saw several dragoons, among whom was Monsieur Paris, coming toward us from the stairway. They informed us that there was fighting on the Place de l'Évêché, because some fellow or other had handed a note to the porter at the palace, wherein he was told to admit no more dragoons on his life. I told them that they should have arrested the man and closed the gates, but they replied that it was not possible. MM. Ferrand and Ponthier hastily took their scarfs and went out.

"A few moments later, several other dragoons, among whom I recognized none but Messieurs Legan du Pontet, Paris the younger, and Boudon, as well as a great number of militiamen, came and asked me to produce the red flag. They ran to the council chamber, and, finding it closed, blamed me for it. I called for a servant, but not one was to be found; I asked the concierge for the keys, and he said that M. Berding had taken them away. The volunteers were at work beating down the door, when the keys arrived, and the door was opened. They took the red flag, placed it in my hands, and dragged me out into the courtyard and thence upon the square.

"I tried in vain to make some remarks as to certain things which I ought to do first, and as to my profession; they replied that my life was at stake, and that my gown would overawe the disturbers of the public peace. I insisted that it was not my place to carry the flag, but they would not listen. So I went on, followed by a detachment of the Guyenne regiment, part of the first company of the legion, and sundry dragoons; a young man, armed with a bayonet, was always by my side. Rage was depicted on the faces of all who followed me, and they allowed themselves to indulge in insults and threats to which I paid no heed.

"As we passed through Rue des Greffes, they discovered that I did not hold the flag high enough, and that it was not sufficiently unfolded. When we reached the guard-house at the Crown gate, the detachment drew up in battle order, and the officer in command of the post was directed to accompany us; he answered that he could not do it without an order in writing from the municipality. My conductors thereupon bade me write one, and when I demanded a pen and paper, blamed me for not having them with me. The insulting expressions used by the volunteers and some soldiers of the Guyenne regiment, and the threatening gestures they made, terrified me exceedingly; they hustled me and even struck me. Monsieur Boudon brought paper and a pen, and I wrote:

"'I call upon the guard to assist us.'

"Thereupon the officer consented to accompany us.

"I had taken but a step or two when some one asked me for the order I wrote; it was not to be found, so they came to me and said that I did not write it, and I was on the point of being attacked, when a militiaman pulled it from his pocket all crumpled. The threats became more violent; they complained angrily that I did not raise the red flag high enough, and told me that I was strong enough to carry it much higher.

"Soon the militiamen with red *poufs* appeared, some armed with muskets but more with swords; they exchanged shots; the detachment of regulars and the national guards drew up in battle order in a sort of recess, and they would have me go forward alone; this I refused to do because it would have put me between two fires. Thereupon the threats and insults and general ill-usage reached their height; they seized me in the midst of the troop which surrounded me, and forced me with savage

blows of their gun stocks to go forward; I received one blow between the shoulders which brought the blood to my mouth. Meanwhile the opposite party came nearer, and they kept shouting to me to go on toward them. I advanced with the red flag and met them; I implored them to withdraw; I threw myself at their feet and persuaded them; but they carried me off with them, made me go in at the Carmelite gate, took the flag, and escorted me to the house of a woman, whose name I have never known. I was spitting blood profusely; she gave me all that she could find that was likely to help me, and after a short time, I was taken to M. Ponthier's."

While the red flag was thus borne through the streets by Abbé de Belmont, the municipal officers were compelled to declare the city under martial law. This had just been done when it was learned that the first red flag had been carried away; thereupon M. Ferrand de Missol laid hold of another flag, and, followed by a considerable escort, took the same direction as his confrère, Abbé de Belmont. When he reached Calquières, the red *poufs*, who were still in possession of the ramparts and towers, fired a volley at the procession; one militiaman received a ball in the thigh, and the escort fell back. M. Ferrand went forward alone toward the Carmelite gate, as M. de Belmont had done. Like him he was taken prisoner, and carried to the tower, where he found Froment in a furious rage. He declared that the municipality had not kept faith with him, that they had not sent him the promised assistance, and were delaying to give up the citadel to him.

M. Ferrand's escort retreated only to secure reinforcements. They hurried in disorderly fashion to the barracks, and found the Guyenne regiment in marching order, with the lieutenant-colonel, M. de Bonne, at its

head. But he refused to march except upon receipt of a written order from the municipality.

Thereupon an old corporal cried out: "Brave soldiers of Guyenne, the country is in danger, and we must not wait any longer to do our duty."

"No, no!" cried the soldiers with one voice: "March! let us march!"

The lieutenant-colonel dared not resist such a demonstration, so he gave the necessary orders and they marched toward the Esplanade.

At the sound of the drums of the Guyenne regiment the firing from the fortifications came to an end. Night had fallen while these events were in progress, and they did not choose to risk an attack; furthermore the cessation of the firing would induce a belief that the conspirators had abandoned their undertaking. After remaining on the square about an hour, the troops returned to their quarters, and the patriots went to pass the night in an enclosed field on the Montpellier road.

It might well be supposed that the Catholics had come to realize the futility of their plot, since, notwithstanding their appeals to bigotry, their influence with the municipal authorities, and their lavish expenditure of money and wine, they had succeeded in prevailing upon only three companies out of eighteen, to move.

"Fifteen companies," said M. Alquier, in his report to the National Assembly, "fifteen companies, which also wore the red *pouf*, took no part in the outbreak, and contributed not at all to the crimes of that day, or to those which came after."

But, failing reinforcements from among their fellow-townsmen, the Catholics felt sure that they would come from the country; and about ten o'clock at night, the leaders, despairing of succor from within the town,

determined to take steps to hurry up the succor from without; Froment therefore wrote as follows to M. de Bonzols, second in command in the province of Languedoc, and residing at Lunel:

"*Monsieur:* I have thus far vainly called for the arming of the Catholic companies. Notwithstanding the order you were kind enough to give me, the municipal officers thought it prudent to delay the delivery of the muskets until after the electoral assembly. To-day the Protestant dragoons have attacked and killed several of our unarmed Catholics; you can judge of the confusion and terror which reign in the city. As a citizen and loyal Frenchman, I beg you to send forthwith an order to the loyal dragoons to come to the city to restore order and put down the enemies of peace. The municipal officers are scattered; no one of them dares leave his house; and if you receive no demand from them at this moment it is simply because they tremble for their own lives, and dare not show themselves. Two red flags have been paraded through the streets, and municipal officers without guards have been compelled to take refuge with good patriots. Although a simple citizen, I take the liberty of making this demand upon you, because I think that the Protestants have already sent into La Vaunage and La Gardonninque for assistance, and that the arrival of fanatics from those provinces would render all good Frenchmen liable to be murdered. Deign to look favorably upon my request; I anticipate that result from your kindness and your justice.

"FROMENT, Captain of company No. 39.

"June 13, 1790, eleven o'clock in the evening."

Unluckily for the Catholics, the bearers of this letter, Dupré and Lieutand, who were provided with passports as being engaged upon the business of the king and the

State, were arrested and their dispatches laid before the electoral assembly. At the same time information was received of other very similar missives. Red *poufs* were going from village to village in the neighborhood, alleging that Catholics were being massacred at Nîmes. The curé of Courbessac, among others, received a letter in which it was said that a Capuchin had been murdered, and that aid must be furnished the Catholics. The emissaries who handed him the letter urged him to sign it to be used elsewhere, but he positively refused.

At Bouillargues and Manduel the tocsin sounded; the inhabitants of the two villages thereupon joined forces, and started for Nîmes upon the Beaucaire road. At the bridge of Quart, they were joined by the men of Redressan and Marguerite. Thus reinforced, this little army of Catholics blocked the road and questioned all who passed that way. If they were Catholics they went about their business; if they were Protestants they were assassinated. This was, as the reader will remember, the same procedure adopted by the Cadets of the Cross in 1704.

Meanwhile Descombiez, Froment and Folacher were still masters of the fortifications and the tower; and about three o'clock in the morning, having received a reinforcement of about two hundred men, they seized the opportunity to burst in the door of a house belonging to one Therond, thence to make their way into the Jacobin convent, and so to the tower adjacent thereto; so that their line extended from the bridge of Calquières as far as the end of Rue du College. From their various posts they began, at daybreak, to fire at the patriots, armed or unarmed, who happened to pass within range.

At four o'clock in the morning of June 14, that portion of the legion which was non-Catholic drew up on

the Place de l'Esplanade, where they were soon joined by patriots from the neighboring towns and villages, who kept arriving in squads, until they found quite a respectable army-corps. At five o'clock, M. de Saint-Pons, reflecting that the patriots might conveniently be fired upon from the Capuchin convent, which he knew to belcng entirely to the Catholics, because all the pamphlets of which we have spoken were made there, went to the convent with a company and searched it from top to bottom as well as the amphitheatre, but in neither place was anything found to arouse suspicion.

At this juncture information was received of the massacres that had taken place during the night.

The doors of M. Noguiès' country-house had been beaten in, and after sacking the house, the marauders killed M. Noguiès and his wife in their bedroom. An old man of seventy, named Blacher, who lived with them was hacked to pieces with a scythe.

Young Payre, a boy of fifteen, was passing a post stationed at the bridge Des Iles, when a red *pouf* asked him whether he was a Catholic or a Protestant.

"I am a Protestant," he replied.

Immediately one of the troop fired point-blank at him and stretched him dead upon the ground.

"You might as well have killed a pet lamb!" said one of the murderer's comrades.

"Bah!" was the retort; "I have promised to kill four Protestants for my share, and he will count for one."

M. Maigre, an aged man of eighty-two years, and the head of one of the most esteemed families in the province, was flying from his estate of Trois-Fontaines, having his son and his son's wife, two of their children and two servants in the carriage with him. The carriage was stopped, and while he and his son were being murdered,

the wife and her daughters took refuge in an inn. The assassins pursued them there, but fortunately for them they had a few minutes' start, and the landlord had the presence of mind to open the garden gate, and say that they fled that way. The Catholics believed him and scattered through the fields, and meanwhile the unhappy women were rescued by the mounted patrol.

The news of this succession of outrages exasperated the Protestants beyond measure. They had as yet exacted vengeance for none of these murders, but they were loudly clamoring to be led against the ramparts and the towers, when, without warning, a brisk fusillade came from the windows and the bell-tower of the Capuchin convent. M. Massin, a municipal official, was killed outright, a sapper fatally wounded, and twenty-five National Guards wounded more or less severely. The Protestants instantly darted forward in a body, with no pretence of order, toward the convent, but instead of opening the door, the vicar appeared at the window over the door, and asked them scornfully, as if they were mere canaille, what they wanted at the convent.

"We propose to pull it down, to raze it to the ground, and not to leave one stone upon another," was the reply.

Thereupon the vicar ordered the bells to be rung, and the tocsin pealed forth, appealing for aid with its loud, brazen voice. The door was at once broken in with an axe, five Capuchins and some militiamen with red *poufs* were killed, and the others took flight, the Capuchins seeking shelter beneath the roof of a Protestant named Paulhan. The church was respected; the pyx only was stolen from the sacristy by a man from Sommieres; and as soon as the theft was discovered, the thief was arrested and sent to prison.

As to the convent itself—the doors were demolished,

the furniture broken in pieces, the library and the pharmacy wrecked. The wardrobes and closets in the sacristy were destroyed, as well as two monstrances inside; but they did nothing more; the granary in the cloister, and the cloth factory were left untouched; in the church, as we have said, nothing was disturbed.

But the towers were still the principal stronghold; there the real fighting took place, and with the more fury because the conspirators, who did not know that their messengers had been arrested, and their letters seized, were momentarily expecting reinforcements, and hoped to hasten their arrival by keeping up a brisk firing. In that direction everything progressed as they wished, for the firing did not cease for an instant; they fired from the Place de l'Esplanade, from the windows, and from the house-tops. But the Protestants produced but trifling results with their incessant firing, owing to a successful ruse of Descombiez, who ordered his men to place their caps with the red *pouſs*, on top of the wall to attract the bullets, while they fired from the side. Meanwhile the conspirators, to enable themselves to aim to better advantage, re-opened a passageway, long walled-up, leading from the tower du Poids to the tower of the Dominicans. Descombiez, at the head of thirty men, appeared at the door of the Dominican monastery, which adjoined the fortifications, and demanded the key of another door giving access to that part of the fortifications opposite the Place des Carmes, where the National Guards were stationed. Notwithstanding the urgent representations of the monks that they exposed themselves to the risk of being murdered, the doors were opened; Froment stationed each man at his post; and the battle waged in that quarter too, with the more fury

in that the Protestants were constantly receiving reinforcements from La Gardonninque and La Vaunage. The firing began at ten o'clock in the morning, and at four in the afternoon it showed no signs of abatement on either side.

But at that hour a flag of truce made his appearance; it was Descombiez's servant, and he was the bearer of a letter from Froment, Descombiez and Folacher, styling themselves "captains, commanding the towers of the castle."

The letter was in these words:

"To Monsieur le Commandant of the regular troops, to be communicated to the militia encamped upon the Esplanade.

"*Monsieur:* We have been informed that you propose peace; we have always desired peace, and have never done aught to disturb it. If those men who caused the terrible confusion which prevails in the city choose to put an end to their culpable conduct, we offer to forget the past, and to live with them like brothers. We are with all the frankness and loyalty of good patriots and true Frenchmen, your very humble servants,

"The captains of the Nîmes legion, commanding the towers of the castle.

"FROMENT, DESCOMBIEZ, FOLACHER.

"Nîmes, June 14, 1790, 4 o'clock in the evening."

In view of the contents of this letter, the city herald was sent to the towers to offer the rebels terms of capitulation. The three leaders came out to confer with the commissioners of the electoral body; they were armed, and attended by a large number of their followers, also

armed. As the negotiators desired the cessation of hostilities before aught else, they proposed to the three leaders to surrender, and place themselves under the safe-guard of the electoral assembly; but they refused to do so. The commissioners thereupon withdrew, and the rebels returned to their intrenchments.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, just at the moment that the negotiations were broken off, Sieur Aubry, captain of artillery, who had been dispatched with about two hundred men to the depot of the field artillery, came upon the scene with six guns, to bombard the tower in which the conspirators were intrenched, and whence they could fire under cover at the soldiers, who were entirely exposed. At six o'clock the guns were in position, and began at once to roar, drowning the rattle of musketry, which they soon silenced altogether, for every shot told upon the tower, and before long there was a yawning breach in the wall. Thereupon the commissioners of the electoral assembly ordered the battery to cease firing for an instant; for they hoped that in face of the imminent danger which threatened them, the chiefs would accept the conditions they refused an hour earlier, and they had no desire to drive them to desperation. They went forward again, therefore, preceded by a trumpet, through Rue du College, and caused François Froment and Descombiez to be informed that they wished to speak with them; they came down into the street, and as soon as they looked at the tower from without, saw that it was all ready to crumble; so they consented to lay down their arms, which should be sent to the palace, and to place themselves under the safe-guard of the electoral assembly. These terms were agreed to, and the commissioners lifted their hats in the air to indicate that everything was settled.

At that moment three shots rang out from the ramparts, and shouts of: "Treachery! treachery!" were heard on all sides. The Catholic leaders returned to the tower. The Protestants, thinking that their commissioners were being murdered, began to bombard the tower once more; but the breach widened too slowly for them, so they ran for ladders, scaled the ramparts, and carried the towers by assault. Part of the Catholics were slaughtered, the others rushed into Froment's house, and attempted to make a stand there under his leadership. But the assailants, notwithstanding the approach of darkness, attacked the house so furiously, that the doors and windows were shattered on an instant. François and Pierre Froment attempted to escape by a narrow stairway leading out upon the roofs; but before they reached them they were fired upon; Pierre received a bullet in the thigh, and fell upon the stairway. François reached the terrace, jumped to the roof of the next house, and so from roof to roof till he reached the college, where he crept in at a window, and concealed himself in a large apartment, unoccupied at night, but used as a room for study during the day.

Froment lay hidden there until eleven o'clock. At that hour, as it was quite dark, he climbed out of the window and lowered himself into the street, made his way out of the city into the fields, traveled all night, concealed himself during the day in the house of a Catholic, set out again at night, reached the shore, where he found a boat, traveled by sea to Italy, and reported the ill success of his enterprise to those who sent him.

The carnage lasted three whole days. The Protestants, having endured much, took their turn at slaying without pity, and with atrocious refinement of cruelty. More than five hundred Catholics lost their lives during those

three days, and quiet was not restored until the seventeenth.

For a long time Catholics and Protestants sought each to throw the responsibility for these fatal days upon the other. But at last François Froment took pains himself to remove all remaining doubt upon the subject by publishing the work in which are set forth some of the details we have put before the eyes of the reader, as well as the reward he received on his return to Turin. This reward consisted in a resolution of the French emigrant nobility in favor of M. Pierre Froment and his children, residing at Nîmes. We reproduce this historical document word for word:

"We, the undersigned, nobles of France, being convinced that the order of nobility was instituted for no other purpose than to be made the reward of valor, and an incentive to a virtuous life, do declare that, inasmuch as we have been informed by the Chevalier de Guer of the proofs of valor, devotion to the king, and love of their country, given by M. Pierre Froment, the elder, receiver of the clergy, and his sons Mathieu Froment, citizen, Jacques Froment, canon, and François Froment, advocate, all residents of Nîmes, we will henceforth look upon them and their descendants as nobles and fitted to enjoy all the privileges which appertain to the true nobility. Gallant citizens who distinguish themselves in contending for the restoration of the monarchy, should stand upon an equal footing with those French noblemen, whose ancestors helped to found it, and we therefore do further declare that we will, at the earliest moment that circumstances permit, unite in a petition to his Majesty to grant to this family, illustrious by its virtuous qualities, all the honors and prerogatives, which those born of

noble blood enjoy. We delegate MM. the Marquis de Miran, the Comte d'Espinchal, the Marquis d'Escars, Vicomte de Pons, the Chevalier de Guer and the Marquis de la Feronnière to call upon Monseigneur le Comte d'Artois, Monseigneur le Duc d'Angoulême, Monseigneur le Duc de Berry, Monseigneur le Prince de Condé, Monseigneur le Duc de Bourbon, and Monseigneur le Duc d'Enghien, to beg them to place themselves at our head when we request his Majesty to grant to MM. Froment all the distinctions reserved for the true nobility.

"Done at Turin, September 12, 1790."

Comte de Choiseul,
Beaumont d'Autichamp,
Comte François d'Escars,
Chevalier de Vivien,
D'Espinchal, père,
Begon de la Ronzière,
De la Salle,
Ulrich,
Comte de Vérac,
Comte d'Auteuil,
La Feuillede,
Chevalier de Verne,
D'Assac, Comte de Fernay,
Vicomte de Gonvello,
Miraut,
Marquis de Seraut,
Comte de Ventimille,
Rebourgueil,
Marquis De Gain-Montignac,
Dubois de la Féronnière,
Desouenne d'Empugène,
D'Espinchal, fils,
De Pons,

ABBÉ DE PONS,
ABBÉ DE MÉNAR,
COMTE D'AVESSENS,
MARQUIS DE PALARIN,
COMTE DE LAFARE,
CHEVALIER DE GRAILLY,
VICOMTE DE MILLEVILLE,
BARTHÈS DE MARMORIERS,
COMTE ANTOINE DE LEVIS,
COMTE PHILIPPE DE VAUDREUIL,
COMTE JOSEPH DE MACCARTHY,
VICOMTE ROBERT DE MACCARTHY,
BARON DE CORCELLES,
MARQUIS DE BOULANGER,
D'AUTEUIL, fils,
PRINCE DE LA TRÉMOILLE,
CHEVALIER DE BOUGLAN,
LA ROUZIÈRE, fils,
CHEVALIER DE MILLEVILLE,
CHEVALIER DE MARCOMBE,
CHEVALIER DE GUER,
MARQUIS D'ESCARS,
DE CAZE,
MARQUIS DE PIERREVERT,
BARON DUBOIS D'ESCORDAL,
COMTE DE LANTIVY,
DEFAURE.

The nobility of Languedoc learned with delight of the honors conferred upon their compatriot Froment, and addressed the following letter to him:

"Lorch, July 7, 1790.

"The nobility of Languedoc take great pleasure, Monsieur, in hastening to give their adhesion to the

resolution in your favor adopted by the nobles assembled at Turin. They appreciate the zeal and courage which have distinguished your conduct, and that of your family; and they therefore have instructed us to assure you that they will welcome you with gratification among the nobles enlisted under the orders of M. le Maréchal de Castries, and that you are at liberty to repair to the canton of Lorch to assume your proper rank in one of their companies.

"We have the honor to be, Monsieur, your very humble and very obedient servants,

COMTE DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREE,
MARQUIS DU LAC,
MARQUIS DE LA JONQUIÈRE,
MARQUIS DE PANOT,
CHEVALIER DE BEDOS."

The Protestants, as we have said, hailed with joy the first hopeful days of the Revolution; but soon came the Terror, which struck at all alike, without regard to their religious beliefs. One hundred and thirty-eight heads fell upon the scaffold, upon condemnation by the revolutionary tribunal of the Gard. Ninety-one were Catholics, forty-seven Protestants. One would have said that the executioners in their desire to be impartial had taken a census of the population.

In due time came the Consulate; being men of trade and manufacturers, and richer, generally speaking, than the Catholics—consequently having more to lose—the Protestants, who deemed the new government more stable than those preceding it, as it was governed by a mightier genius, rallied to its support with sincerity and confidence, Then came the Empire with its leaning to absolutism. its continental system, and its vastly increased demands

upon the citizen. . The Protestants held aloof from it; for to them, who hoped for so much from him, more than to any others, was the emperor false; to them did Napoleon most signally fail to keep the promises made by Bonaparte.

The first Restoration therefore was hailed at Nîmes with a universal shout of satisfaction; and a superficial observer might have thought that all trace of the old religious hatred had disappeared. Indeed, during the seventeen years the two religions did really seem to have become indistinguishably united in perfect peace and mutual good-will; during seventeen years, in society as well as in business, they met without inquiring as to one another's religion, and Nîmes, upon the surface, might well have been held up as a model of union and fraternity.

When Monsieur arrived at Nîmes, the city guard was his guard of honor; it still retained the organization of 1812; that is to say, it was made up of citizens belonging to both religions, without distinction. Six decorations were bestowed upon it, three to the Catholics, three to the Protestants. At the same time M. Daunant, M. Olivier Desmonts, and M. de Seine, the first the mayor, the second, president of the Consistory, and the last, member of the Prefecture, all three belonging to the reformed religion, received the same favor.

This impartiality on Monsieur's part was almost equivalent to giving the Protestants the preference, and the Catholics were offended by it. They remembered that there was a time when the fathers of the men who were thus decorated by the prince's hand, were fighting against those who were faithful to him. The result was that, as soon as Monsieur had taken his leave, it became evident that a discordant note had been struck.

The Catholics had a café which they frequented, where, while the Empire lasted, they frequently came in contact with Protestants, without ever having a single dispute even on religious matters. But from that time on they began to look askance at the Protestants, who were not slow to notice it; but, being determined to maintain peace at any price, they gradually abandoned the café to the Catholics, and adopted another, recently thrown open, at the sign of the "*Isle of Elba.*" The name was quite enough to cause them to be treated as Bonapartists; and proceeding upon that theory, their former friends supposed that the cry of "*Vive le roi!*" would offend their ears, and so they greeted them with that cry at every turn, in a tone which became from day to day more insulting.

At first they answered the cry of "*Vive le roi!*" by repeating it; but then they were called cowards, and accused of bidding their mouths say something that did not come from their hearts. As they were sensitive to that reproach, they held their peace; whereupon they were accused of aversion for the royal family. At last the cry of "*Vive le roi!*" which everyone at first had uttered in chorus with a full heart, became so annoying, when it had come to be nothing more than a mode of expressing the hatred of a faction, that, on February 21, 1815, M. Daunant, the mayor, issued a public order prohibiting the cry, which they had succeeded in rendering seditious.

The irritation consequent upon this state of affairs was constantly increasing, when the news of Napoleon's debarkation reached Nîmes, during the evening of March 4.

However great may have been the impression produced by this news the city remained calm, although its

aspect was somewhat threatening; in any event the news lacked confirmation. Napoleon, who was sure of the sympathy of the mountaineers, had gone at once into the Alps, and his eagle was not yet flying high enough to be seen soaring over the summit of Mont Genève.

On the twelfth, Monseigneur le Duc d'Angoulême arrived at Nîmes; his arrival was signalized by two proclamations calling the people to arms. They responded to the call with true Southern ardor; an army was organized, and Protestants presented themselves for enrolment side by side with Catholics; but the Protestants were excluded, the Catholics denying the right to defend their legitimate sovereigns to any but themselves.

This process of selection was apparently put in force, however, without the knowledge of the Duc d'Angoulême. During his sojourn at Nîmes, he welcomed Protestants and Catholics with equal cordiality, and those of both religions sat at his table. It happened on a certain Friday, that a Protestant general, who was dining with the duke, ate no meat, while a Catholic general ate meat. The prince laughingly commented on the anomalous state of affairs.

"Pshaw!" replied the Catholic, "better a few more chicken wings, and a little less treachery."

The attack was so unmistakable, that although the Protestant general could not take the innuendo home to himself, he left the table and the house. He who was thus cruelly insulted was the gallant General Gilly.

Meanwhile the news was more disastrous from day to-day. Napoleon flew as swiftly as his eagles. On the twenty-fourth of March it was reported at Nîmes that Louis XVIII. left Paris on the nineteenth and Napoleon entered the city on the twentieth. The report was traced back to its source, and was found to have come from M.

Vincent de Saint-Laurent, a councillor of the prefecture, and one of the most respected citizens of Nîmes. He was at once questioned as to the source from which he obtained his information, and replied that he read it in a letter received by M. de Braguères, and produced the letter. This evidence, convincing as it was, was not sufficient; M. Vincent de Saint-Laurent was escorted from brigade to brigade to the Château d'If. The Protestants took sides with him, while the Catholics upheld the authorities, by whom he was persecuted. The long quiescent factions stood face to face once more; the long slumbering hatred awoke. There was no explosion, but the city was in a state of feverish excitement, and everyone felt that a crisis was at hand.

A few days earlier, on March 22, two battalions of Catholic volunteers enlisted at Nîmes, and amounting in the aggregate to about eighteen hundred men, had left Nimes for Saint-Esprit. As they began their march, *fleurs-de-lis* made of red cloth were distributed to them; this change of color in the monarchical emblem was a threat which the Protestants understood.

The prince took his departure in due course, taking with him the balance of the royal volunteers, and leaving the Protestants practically masters of Nîmes by the departure of the Catholics.

However, tranquillity continued to reign there, and, strangely enough, what provocation there was came from the weaker side.

On the twenty-seventh of March six men assembled in a barn, dined there, and agreed to make the circuit of the city. They were Jacques Dupont, who acquired later under the name of Trestaillons the terrible celebrity, with which you are familiar; Truphemy, the butcher; Morenet, the dog-shearer; Hours, Servant and Gilles.

Soon after leaving their place of meeting, they passed the café of the Island of Elba, the name of which was sufficiently indicative of the opinions of those who frequented it; it was located opposite a guard-house occupied by the soldiers of the sixty-seventh. There they halted, and shouted, "*Vive-le-roi!*" several times in a most insulting tone, but did not succeed in causing any more serious trouble than a trifling affray, which we mention simply to give an idea of the moderation of the Protestants, and to bring upon the stage the men who were to play so terrible a rôle three months later.

On April 1 the mayor summoned the municipal council to meet at his office, with divers members of other municipal bodies, the officers of the urban guards, the curés, the pastors of the Protestant communion, and various other notable citizens. At this meeting M. Trinquelague, advocate of the king's court, presented a forcible address, designed to make manifest the love of the citizens for their king and country, and to exhort them to union and peace. The address was unanimously adopted and signed by all those who were present at the meeting, and among the signatories were the principal Protestants of Nîmes. Nor was that all; on the next day it was printed, published and sent to all the communes in the department over which the white flag was still floating. This took place, as we have said, on April 2, eleven days after Napoleon's return to Paris.

On the same day it became known that the imperial government had been proclaimed at Montpellier.

On the third of April, the officers on half-pay were to meet at the fountain, to be reviewed by the general and the sub-inspector. They assembled at the appointed hour, and as the general and inspector were behind time,

the order of the day issued by General Ambert, requiring recognition of the imperial government, was passed through the ranks; the officers' heads began to turn, and one of them drew his sword and shouted: "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The magic words found an echo in all directions. They rushed tumultuously to the barracks of the sixty-third regiment, which instantly joined the officers. Marshal Pelissier arrived in the midst of the excitement, and, when he ventured to remonstrate, was arrested by his own soldiers. The officers immediately repaired to the headquarters of General Briche, commanding the garrison, to request him to impart to them officially the order of the day he had received. The general replied that he had received nothing; and when questioned as to what course he proposed to take, refused to reply at all. The officers forthwith laid hands upon him and made him their prisoner. Just as he was consigned to the barracks, the officer in command of the guard came in search of him to hand him a dispatch from General Ambert that had just arrived. Upon being informed that his general was a prisoner, the officer carried the dispatch to the colonel of the sixty-third regiment, who ranked next to the general in point of seniority. The colonel opened it, and found that it contained the order of the day.

Without a moment's delay he ordered the drums to beat the *gênerale*, the urban guard seized their weapons, the troops left the barracks and drew up in line; the National Guards took their places directly in rear of the regular troops.

The order of the day was read, and in an instant it was placarded on all the streets and at all the corners. The national cockade took the place of the white cockade, and everybody was compelled to wear the former, or none

at all. The city was declared to be in a state of siege, and the soldiers formed a vigilance committee and police force.

At the time of the Duc d'Angoulême's visit to Nîmes, General Gilly had called upon him to solicit a command in his army, which he was unable to obtain, despite his very earnest endeavors; and so, immediately after the dinner-party at which he was insulted, he withdrew to his estate of Avernede. There, during the night of April fifth and sixth, he received by special courier orders from General Ambert to take command of the second sub-division. On the morning of the sixth he went to Nîmes, and announced his acceptance of the command, whereby the Departments of Gard, Ardèche and Lozère were placed under his orders.

The next day General Gilly received further dispatches from General Ambert, informing him that, with the view of cutting off the Duc d'Angoulême's army from those departments where the sympathetic feelings it aroused might lead to civil war, he had decided to occupy Pont-Saint-Esprit as a military post; that he had consequently ordered the tenth regiment of mounted chasseurs, the thirteenth infantry, and a battalion of artillery to proceed from Montpellier to that point by forced marches; that these various bodies of troops were under the command of Colonel Saint-Laurent, but that he, Ambert, wished General Gilly, if he thought that he could safely leave Nîmes, to assume the command in chief, and to join Saint-Laurent's force with part of the sixty-third. The city was so tranquil and peaceful, that General Gilly did not hesitate an instant to comply with General Ambert's wish. He left Nîmes on the seventh, and passed the night at Uzès. He found that city abandoned by its magistrates, and, being apprehensive that

trouble might arise from their action, declared it in a state of siege, and entrusted the command to M. Bresson, a retired colonel, who was born in the city and generally resided there; having thus anticipated and provided against danger of every sort, so far as it lay in his power to do so, he resumed his march on the morning of the eighth.

Above the village of Conans, General Gilly was met by an orderly sent by Colonel Saint-Laurent, with the intelligence that he had occupied Pont-Saint-Esprit, and that the Duc d'Angoulême, who was caught between two fires, had sent General d'Aultanne, chief of staff of the royal army, to negotiate with him. Gilly hastened forward, and upon reaching Pont-Saint-Esprit found General d'Aultanne and Colonel Saint-Laurent in consultation at the Hôtel de la Poste.

Being entrusted with instructions from the commander-in-chief, Colonel Saint-Laurent had already arranged divers points in the capitulation with the Duc d'Angoulême's envoy. General Gilly modified some of them, and agreed upon certain others, and the following convention was signed the same day:

"Convention concluded between General Gilly and Baron de Damas;

"His Royal Highness Mgr. le Duc d'Angoulême, commanding-in-chief the royal army in the South, and Monsieur le Baron de Gilly, general of division, commanding-in-chief the first corps of the imperial army, being very earnestly desirous to stay the effusion of French blood, have entrusted with full powers to determine upon the terms of a convention which will tend to assure the tranquillity of the South of France, S. A. R. M. le Baron de Damas, under-chief of staff; and M. le

General de Gilly, and Adjutant Lefèvre, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, chief of staff of the first army corps, who, after exchanging their respective powers, have agreed upon the following articles:

"ART. I. The royal army is to be disbanded; the National Guards who are enrolled in it, under whatever name they were levied, will return to their homes after laying down their arms; they will be provided with safe-conducts for that purpose, and the general of division commanding-in-chief gives them his guaranty that they shall never be molested for anything they may have said or done in connection with recent events before the present convention. The officers will retain their swords; the regular troops included in this army will repair to such garrisons as may be assigned them.

"ART. II. All general officers, superior staff officers, and others of all branches of the services, and the heads and employés of every administrative department, of which a list is furnished to the commanding general, will retire to their homes, awaiting the orders of his Majesty the Emperor.

"ART. III. Officers of all ranks who choose to resign are at liberty to do so; they will in such case be provided with passports to return to their homes.

"ART. IV. The funds of the army and the lists of the paymaster-general are to be at once turned over to commissioners appointed for that purpose by the commander-in-chief.

"ART. V. The above articles are applicable to the forces commanded by Mgr. le Duc d'Angoulême in person, and to all those which are acting separately, but under his orders, as part of the royal army of the South.

"ART. VI. His Royal Highness is to travel by post to the port of Cette where the necessary vessels for

himself and his suite will be ready to transport him wherever he may choose to go. Detachments of the imperial army will be stationed at all relays to ensure the safety of his Royal Highness during his journey; and the honors due to his rank will be paid him everywhere, if he so desires.

"ART. VII. All the officers and other persons in his Royal Highness' suite, who desire to accompany him, will be allowed to embark with him at once, or at a later period, if they desire time in which to arrange their private affairs.

"ART. VIII. The present treaty will be kept secret until his Highness is without the limits of the empire.

"Executed in duplicate, and agreed upon by the undersigned plenipotentiaries, on this eighth day of April in the year 1815, with the approval of the general commanding-in-chief, and signed at headquarters at Pont-Saint-Esprit on the day and year above written:

"Signed: LEFÈVRE,
Adjutant and Chief of Staff of the First Army Corps of the Imperial Army of the South.
"BARON DE DAMAS,
Field-Marshal, and Under-Chief of Staff.

"The present convention is approved by the general of division commanding-in-chief the imperial army of the South.

"Signed: GILLY."

After some discussion between General Gilly and General Grouchy, the capitulation was carried into effect. On April 16, at eight in the morning, the Duc d'Angoulême arrived at Cette, and taking advantage of a favorable wind, left the shores of France that day on board the Swedish ship *Scandinavia*.

Early in the morning of the ninth an officer of rank was sent to Palud to issue passports to the troops, who, under Article I of the capitulation, "were to return to their homes after laying down their arms." But during the preceding day and night a number of the royal volunteers had violated the article by withdrawing *with their arms and baggage.* As this violation led to serious results, we propose, in order to establish the fact, to cite the evidence of three of the volunteers themselves.

"On my return from Mgr. le Duc d'Angoulême's army after the capitulation," deposed Jean Saunier, "I went with my officers and the corps to which I belonged to Saint-Jean-des-Anels; from there we marched toward Uzès. In the middle of a wood, near a village of which I don't recall the name, our general, M. de Vogué, told us that we must all of us return to our own homes. We asked him where we were to deposit the flag. At that moment Commandant Magné removed it from the staff, and put it in his pocket. We asked the general *where we were to lay down our arms;* he replied *that we had better keep them, as he thought it wouldn't be long before we should need them, and that we had better keep our ammunition too,* to protect us from any accident on the road.

"From that moment our minds were made up as to the course we would pursue, and sixty-four of us remained together, and took a guide, to enable us to avoid Uzès."

Nicolas Marie, a farm laborer, deposed as follows:

"On my return from Mgr. le Duc d'Angoulême's army after the capitulation, I went with my officers and the force to which I belonged to Saint-Jean-des-Anels, and from there we marched toward Uzès; but when we were in the midst of a forest, near a village of which I do not recall the name, our general, M. de Vogué, told us that

we were all to go home. We saw Commandant Magné take the flag from its staff, roll it up and put it in his pocket. We asked the general what we were to do with our *weapons*, and he replied, that *we must keep them, as well as our ammunition, which might be useful to us.* From that moment our leaders abandoned us, and each man saved himself as he could."

"After the capitulation of Mgr. le Duc d'Angoulême," deposed Paul Lambert, lace-maker of Nîmes, "I found myself in one of several detachments under the orders of Commandant Magné and General Vogué. When we were in a forest near a village of which I don't know the name, M. de Vogué and the other officers told us all to go home. The flag was folded up and M. Magné put it in his pocket. We asked our officers what we were to do with *our weapons*, and M. de Vogué told us *that we must keep them, that it wouldn't be long before we should need them;* also that they might be of use to us on the road if anything happened."

These three depositions are too nearly identical to leave any doubt. The royal volunteers therefore were acting in contravention of Article I of the capitulation.

Being thus abandoned by their leaders, and left with no general and no flag, M. de Vogué's soldiers took counsel only of themselves, and, as one of them says, sixty-four, with a single sergeant-major, remained together, and took a guide in order to avoid Uzès, where they feared that they might be insulted. The guide took them as far as Montarem, without anyone seeking to oppose their passage, or interfering with them on account of their weapons.

Suddenly a coachman named Bertrand, a confidential servant of Abbé Rafin, formerly grand-vicar of Alais, and of Madame la Baronne Arnaud Wurmeser (he

administered the domain of Aureillac in their joint names) rode at full speed into Arpaillargues, a village almost wholly Protestant, and therefore faithful to Napoleon, announcing that the *miquelets*—after a hundred years, the same name was applied to the king's troops—that the *miquelets* were coming along the Montarem road, sacking houses, murdering ministers, outraging women and throwing them out of the windows. The effect of such an announcement can be imagined; the villagers formed in excited groups, and in the absence of the mayor and his assistant, Bertrand was taken before one Boucarut, who received his report, and ordered the drums to beat the générale and the tocsin to sound the alarm. The consternation that ensued was universal; the men seized their guns, the women and children armed themselves with stones and forks, and everyone prepared to face a danger which never had any existence save in the brain of Bertrand, who invented the fable without the slightest particle of evidence to justify it.

While the feverish excitement was at its height the royal volunteers came in sight of Arpaillargues. On the instant shouts of "There they are! there they are!" arose on all sides; the streets were barricaded with heavy carts, the tocsin rang madly, and every man who was able to bear arms rushed to that end of the village where the danger lay. They saw the royal volunteers halt for a moment when they heard the uproar, and saw the hostile preparations going forward, and to signify that their intentions were peaceful they raised their gunstocks in the air, with their shakos on the end, and called out that they did wrong to distrust them, for they wished no ill to anyone. But the villagers, excited by the terrible tale told by Bertrand, replied that they would not be content with a simple demonstration of that sort, and

that, if the *miquelets* did not give up their weapons they could not pass through the village. Such a declaration was only too likely to be offensive to men who had already violated the terms of the capitulation by retaining their arms, and they obstinately refused to give them up. Their refusal doubled the distrust, and the interview between Boucarut for the people of Arpaillargues, and Fournier for the guards, became very warm. At last hot words led to blows; the *miquelets* undertook to force their way through; several shots were fired, and two of their number fell, Calvet and Fournier. The others scattered, followed by a brisk discharge, and two more of them were wounded, but slightly. Thereupon they all took flight across the fields on either side of the road; the villagers pursued them for an instant, but soon returned to the two wounded men, and a report of the occurrence was drawn up by Antoine Robin, advocate and magistrate of the canton of Uzès.

This was almost the only accident of its kind during the Hundred Days; the factions stood face to face, threatening but self-restrained. But let there be no mistake; peace was not concluded,—they were simply waiting for war.

This time the signal for hostilities to begin was to be given by Marseilles, and we efface ourselves for the moment to allow an eye-witness to speak, one who, being himself a Catholic, can not be suspected of a leaning toward the Protestants.

"I was living at Marseilles, at the time of Napoleon's landing, and I witnessed the extraordinary effect which the intelligence produced upon everybody; there seemed to be but one great shout, so universal was the enthusiasm; the National Guard requested to march to join him, but Marshal Masséna did not consent until it was

too late, when Napoleon was already among the mountains, and was traveling so swiftly that it would have been impossible to overtake him. Soon we heard of his triumphal entry at Lyons and his nocturnal return to Paris. Marseilles submitted like the rest of France; the Prince d'Esling was recalled to the capital, and Marshal Brune, appointed to command the sixth corps of observation, established his headquarters at Marseilles.

"By an incomprehensible vacillation in her opinions, Marseilles, whose name during the Terror had been in some sort the symbol of the most advanced opinions, had become almost entirely royalist in 1815. Nevertheless her people saw, without the slightest murmur of displeasure, the tri-colored flag, after a year's absence, waving above their walls once more. No arbitrary proceeding on the part of the authorities, no threats, no disputes between citizens and soldiers disturbed the peace of old Phocea, and never was revolution effected so smoothly and gently.

"It should be said, too, that Marshal Brune was the man of all others to effect such a transformation without friction; with the frankness and loyalty of an old soldier he combined other qualities more solid than brilliant. He looked on at the revolutions of modern times with his Tacitus in his hand, taking part in them when his country's voice summoned him to her defence, but always from motives of patriotism, never of self-interest. Indeed, the victor of Harlem and Bakkum had been forgotten for nearly four years in retirement, in exile rather, when the same voice which banished him, recalled him. At that voice Cincinnatus left his plow and resumed his weapons; so much for the man upon his moral side. Physically, he was at this time a tall, active man of about fifty-five, of soldiery figure and bearing, with

an honest, open countenance framed by bushy side-whiskers, and with no hair upon his head save the sparse grizzly locks about his temples.

"I was brought in contact with him apropos of a memoir, which one of my friends and myself had written upon the opinions of the people of the South, and of which he had requested a copy. After talking a long time with us concerning its contents, which he discussed with the impartiality of a man approaching the subject with a mind open to conviction, he invited us to call upon him often. We made the most of the invitation, and were received so cordially that we finally went almost every evening.

"On his arrival in the South, an ancient slander by which he had been assailed long before, awoke, rejuvenated, from its long sleep. Some author, I know not who, in describing the Massacres of the Second of September, 1792, and the death of the ill-starred Princesse de Lamballe, had said: 'Some persons thought that they recognized General Brune, disguised, in the man who carried the head at the end of a pike,' and this insinuation, although it was not only absolutely untrue, but absolutely impossible, because the general was far from Paris at the time, after being employed against him for all it was worth during the Consulate, pursued him still so relentlessly in 1815 that very few days passed that he did not receive an anonymous letter threatening him with a fate similar to the princess's. One evening when we were at his quarters, he opened one such letter, which he immediately passed to us; it was in these words:

"'*Villain:* We know all your crimes, and you will soon receive your just punishment for them in the

revolution that is coming; it was you who caused the Princesse de Lamballe to be killed; you carried her head at the end of a pike, but yours will have a longer road to travel. If you are unfortunate enough to be present at the review of the Allies, your business is done, and your head will be put on top of the steeple of the Accoules.

"'Adieu, SCOUNDREL!'

"We advised him to trace back all the slanders to their source, and take his revenge for them once for all in a way that would not be forgotten. He reflected a moment, then lighted the letter at a candle, and, holding it in his hand gazed distractedly at the flame which consumed it.

"'Revenge! yes,' said he; 'I know that by revenging myself upon them I could force them to be silent, and could perhaps assure the public tranquillity, which they are constantly endangering. But I prefer persuasion to harsh measures. My doctrine is that it is better to bring men's heads back to reason than to cut them off, and to be considered a weak man than a blood-drinker.'

"Marshal Brune was depicted to the life in those few words.

"Public tranquillity was in fact twice disturbed at Marseilles during the government of the Hundred Days; and both times in the same way. The officers of the garrison were assembled in a café on the Place Necker, and were singing songs appropriate to the times. The windows were shattered with stones, and some of the officers were struck. They rushed out of the café, crying: 'To arms!' The inhabitants answered with the same cry, the drums beat the générale, numerous patrols were sent out, and the commandant of the

garrison succeeded in calming the excitement, and restoring quiet, without any casualties.

"On the day of the *Champ du Mai*, orders were given for a general illumination, and to display the tri-colored flag at the windows. The majority of the inhabitants did not comply with the orders, and the officers in their irritation indulged in reprehensible excesses; although, after all, they went no farther than to break the windows of houses not illuminated, and thus to compel the owners to conform to the orders they had received.

"Meanwhile, as the success of the royal cause was beginning to be despaired of at Marseilles, as well as in all the rest of France, the supporters of that cause, (and we have said that they were very numerous at Marseilles) ceased to provoke the ire of the soldiers, and seemed to be resigned to their fate. Marshal Brune left the city for his post on the frontier, and none of the threats made against him was even attempted to be put in execution, so far as appeared. The twenty-fifth of June arrived, and the news received of the success of Napoleon in the engagements of Fleurus and Ligny seemed to promise complete fulfillment of the hopes of our soldiers, when, toward midday, a dull, rumbling noise was heard throughout the city, the echo of the cannon at Waterloo. At that moment, the silence of the leaders, the uneasiness of the troops, and the joy of the royalists, all told the story that a new war was about to break out, of which the results seemed to be foreseen. About four in the afternoon, a man who was better informed doubtless than his townsmen, tore his tri-colored cockade from his hat, and trampled it under foot, with a shout of: "*Vive le roi!*" The wrathful soldiers seized him and would have taken him to the guard-house, but the National Guards interfered, and their interference

led to a fight. Shouts arose on all sides, the soldiers were surrounded by a vast crowd, some shots were fired, others replied, and three or four men fell. Amid the tumult the name of *Waterloo* passed from mouth to mouth, and with that unfamiliar name, first uttered by the sonorous voice of history, was coupled the news of the defeat of the French army and the triumph of the Allies.

"Thereupon General Verdier, who held the chief command in the absence of Marshal Brune, mounted his horse and tried to harangue the people; but his voice was drowned by the shouts of the mob in front of a café, where there was a bust of the Emperor, demanding that the bust be delivered to them. Verdier, thinking that he could in that way put an end to what he took to be a simple *émeute*, ordered that the bust be given them; this extraordinary concession on the part of a general commanding in the Emperor's name, proved that all hope was at an end for him.

The fury of the populace augmented with the certainty of impunity; they rushed to the Hotel de Ville, tore down the tri-colored flag, burned it and replaced it instantly by a white flag. They beat the générale, and sounded the tocsin, and were soon reinforced by the people of all the neighboring villages. The assassinations began, the wholesale massacres were soon to follow.

"At the beginning of the disturbance I went down into the city with M.——; we were witnesses therefore of the threatening excitement, and the constantly growing uproar; but we were still in ignorance of the real cause of it all when, as we were passing through Rue de Noailles, we met one of our friends, who, although he differed from us in his opinions, had always seemed to be

warmly attached to us. 'Well,' said I, 'what's the news?'

"'Good for me, but bad for you,' he replied. 'I advise you to go away.'

"Amazed at his language, and beginning to be really alarmed, we begged him to explain.

"'There are going to be serious disturbances in the city,' said he. 'It is known that you used to go to Brune's house nearly every night; your neighbors are not at all fond of you; seek shelter in the country.'

"I attempted to ask him for something more definite; but he turned his back and walked away without answering me.

"M.—— and myself were gazing at each other in utter stupefaction, when the increasing uproar warned us that we had not a moment to lose if we would follow the advice that had been given us. We hastened to my house at the end of the Allées de Meilhan. My wife was preparing to go out, but I detained her.

"'We have reason to be alarmed,' I said, 'and we must go into the country.'

"'Where shall we go?'

"'Wherever our good or evil fortune may lead us.'

"'Let us be off then!'

"She took her traveling hat, but I made her put it down. It was important that people should believe that we knew nothing of what was going on, but should seem to be going about as usual among the neighbors. That precaution saved us. We learned the next day that we should not have been allowed to leave the house, if we had been suspected of a purpose to fly.

"We walked at random, and heard firing behind us in all parts of the city. On the road we met a small detachment of soldiers hurrying to the assistance of their

comrades, but we afterwards learned that they were not allowed to pass the barrier.

"We bethought ourselves of a former army officer, who had left the service and gone into retirement some time before, and who lived in the country near the village of Saint-Just; we made his house our objective point.

"'Captain,' I said to him, 'they're cutting people's throats in the city; we are pursued and have no place of our own to go to, so we have come to throw ourselves upon your hospitality.'

"'That is right, my children,' was his reply; 'I have never meddled in their disputes, and nobody can have any grudge against me; come in! they won't come here to look for you.'

"The captain had friends in the city, who came to him one after another, and gave us all the details of that fearful day. A great number of soldiers were killed, and the massacre of the Mamelukes was general. A negress, who was in the service of those poor devils, was standing on the shore:

"'Shout, *Vive le roi!*' the mob howled at her.

"'No,' she replied; 'Napoleon gives me my living; *Vive* Napoleon!'

"She received a bayonet thrust in the abdomen.

"'Villains!' she cried, putting her hand to the wound to hold back the protruding entrails; '*Vive* Napoleon!'

"They pushed her into the water; she sank, came to the surface again, and waved her hand above her head; '*Vive* Napoleon!' she cried again—for the last time, for she was shot dead at last.

"Some of the citizens were murdered under shocking circumstances. M. Anglès, among others, a neighbor of mine, and an old and highly respected scholar, had had the misfortune to say at the palace a few days before,

in the presence of several persons, that *Napoleon was a great man;* and having been warned that he was to be arrested for that crime, he yielded to the entreaties of his family, disguised himself, and mounted a cart to go into the country for shelter. He was recognized through his disguise, however, arrested and taken to the Place du Chapitre, where he was put to death, after he had been exposed for an hour to the insults and blows of the mob.

"As may be imagined, we slept but little after such news, although the night was uneventful for us. Our wives reclined in arm-chairs or upon couches, fully dressed, while my friend and myself with our host, took turns at doing sentry duty, musket in hand.

"At daybreak we took counsel together as to what we were to do. I advised making our way by unfrequented roads to Aix, where we had acquaintances; there, we could take a carriage for Nîmes, where my family lived. My wife did not agree with me.

"'I must return to the city,' she said, 'to pack our trunks, for we have absolutely nothing except what is on our backs. Let us send to the village, and find out whether yesterday's disturbances at Marseilles have not ceased.'

"I consented to do as she wished, and we sent a messenger to the village.

"The news that he brought back was encouraging; quiet was completely restored, so we were assured. I found it very difficult to believe it, and I obstinately refused to let my wife go to the city unless I accompanied her. But in that I had my whole family against me; my presence, they said, would only create a new danger for her, which did not then exist. How could any villain be cowardly enough to murder a young woman of

eighteen, who had no political opinions, and had never injured anybody? while it was very different with me, whose opinions were known of all men. Moreover my wife's mother offered to go with her, and they all joined forces to persuade me that there was no danger. I consented at last, but only upon conditions.

"'I have no idea,' I said, 'what foundation there is for the reassuring news we have just heard, but I have just one word to say to you: it is now seven o'clock; one hour is enough to take you to Marseilles, another to pack your trunks, and a third to return; I will allow one more for unforeseen contingencies. If you have not returned at eleven o'clock I shall think that some mishap has befallen you, and I shall act accordingly.'

"'Very well,' said my wife; 'if I have not returned at eleven o'clock, believe that I am dead, and do whatever you think best.'

"She set out.

"An hour after her departure the tenor of the news from the city had already changed; fugitives seeking shelter in the country, like ourselves, informed me that the disturbance had not ceased, but was greater than ever; the streets were heaped with dead bodies, and two murders had been committed with fiendish cruelty.

"An old man named Bessières, of retiring habits and irreproachable conduct; whose only crime was having served under the usurper, anticipating that that might be deemed a capital crime under existing circumstances, had made his will the night before; it was found among his paper, and began with those words:

"'As I may, in the course of this revolution, be assassinated as a partisan of Bonaparte, although I never loved the man, I do devise and bequeath, etc.'

"His brother-in-law, knowing that he had some

private enemies, hastened to his house at the beginning of the trouble, and passed the night there, trying to persuade him to fly, which he constantly refused to do. In the morning, however, his house was attacked, whereupon he tried to escape through the back-door, but was arrested by National Guards, and placed himself under their protection; they took him to the Cours Saint-Louis. He was so harassed by the mob and so feebly defended by his escort that he tried to take refuge in the Café Mercantier, but the door was shut in his face. Crushed with weariness, panting, covered with sweat and dust, he fell upon one of the benches against the front of the building. At that moment he was struck by a musket-ball, and wounded but not killed; the blood flowed freely, and at the sight the shrieks of joy redoubled. Thereupon a young man pushed through the crowd with a pistol in each hand and fired them both point blank in the old man's face.

"Another murder of a still more atrocious description was perpetrated the same morning. A father and son bound back to back, were turned over to the tender mercies of the mob. For nigh two hours they were stoned and beaten with clubs and gunstocks, and each was bathed in the other's blood. Meanwhile, those who took no part in torturing them danced wildly around them.

"The time passed away listening to such tales; finally I saw one of my acquaintances hurrying toward the house. I ran to meet him, but he was so pale that I dared not question him. He came from the city from my house. Feeling great uneasiness on my behalf, he had gone thither to see what had become of me; he found no one there, but at the door were two dead bodies covered with a blood-stained sheet. He did not dare to lift it.

"When I heard those awful words, I stopped for nothing, as may well be imagined, but started for Marseilles. M.—— did not choose to let me return alone, and followed me. As we passed through the village of Saint-Just, we met a mob of peasants in the main street; they were all armed with swords and muskets, and seemed for the most part to have belonged to the free companies. Although the meeting was by no means a pleasant one to face, we could have done nothing so dangerous under such circumstances as to retreat, so we kept on as if we felt not the least trepidation. Our bearing and our costume, everything was scrutinized; they talked among themselves in undertones, and we could distinguish the word *castaniers*. This term, 'eaters of chestnuts,' was used by the common people to designate the Bonapartists, because chestnuts come from Corsica. However, we heard no threats, and we were not insulted. Moreover we were walking toward the city, so it was not probable that we were fugitives. A hundred yards beyond the village, we fell in with a party of peasants, on the way to Marseilles as we were. The rich stuffs and the jewelry in their possession indicated that they had been sacking some gentleman's country-house. It proved to be the case that they had just come from the house of M. R.—— inspector of reviews. Several of them were armed with muskets. I called my companion's attention to a spot of blood on the trousers of one, over the right thigh. The young fellow saw us looking at him and began to laugh. Two hundred yards outside the barrier, I met a woman who had been a servant in my family. She was very much astonished to see me.

"'For heaven's sake, don't go on!' she said, 'it's a horrible massacre, much worse than yesterday.'

"'But my wife,' I cried; 'do you know aught of her?

"'No, Monsieur; I attempted to knock at your door, but I was threatened, and asked if I knew *where that rascal Brune's friend was, for they were determined to take away his taste for bread.* So take my advice,' she continued, 'and go back where you came from.'

"This advice was the last that I was in the mood to follow, and we kept on toward the city; but the barrier was guarded, so that it was impossible to go in without being recognized. At the same time the shouts and firing came nearer; we realized that to advance was to court inevitable death, and we had no choice but to turn back. We returned through the village of Saint-Just, and found our armed peasants still there. But this time they burst out with threats as soon as their eyes fell upon us.

"'Kill them! let us kill them!' they cried.

"Instead of flying, we kept on toward them, and vaunted our royalism. Our *sang-froid* convinced them, and we came out of their hands safe and sound.

"I returned to the captain's house and fell upon a sofa, utterly crushed. The thought that in the morning my wife was there beside me, and that when I had my hand upon her and might have kept her in sight, I had allowed her to return to the city, where death, certain and cruel, awaited her—that thought I say, broke my heart. Our host and my friend M.—— both tried to comfort me, but I would not listen to them; I was like a madman.

"M.—— went out in quest of news. An instant later we heard hurried steps, and he burst into the room, crying:

"'They are coming! here they are!'

"'Who?' we asked.

"'The assassins!'

"I confess that my first feeling was one of joy. I pounced upon a pair of double-barreled pistols, determined not to let myself be shot down like a sheep. I went to the window and saw a number of men scaling the wall and preparing to leap down into the garden. We still had time to make our escape by a secret stairway; in that way we reached a door at the rear of the house and had only to cross the road to a neighboring vineyard, where we crept under the vines out of sight.

"The captain's house had been denounced as a resort of Bonapartists, and the assassins hoped to take us by surprise; indeed in another moment we had been lost, for we had hardly concealed ourselves when they appeared upon the road we had just crossed, and looked about in every direction, with no suspicion that we were within six yards of them. They did not discover us, and soon moved away.

"When they were gone, we deliberated upon our situation, and weighed all the chances. We could not return to the captain's house, if for no other reason than that he had himself fled and we should not find him there. To wander about over the country was out of the question, for we could not fail to be recognized as fugitives. Suddenly we heard a loud shriek; a man was being murdered a few yards away. It was the first cry of agony that I had heard, and I confess that I was frozen with fear. But soon a violent reaction took place within me; I preferred to go straight forward to meet the danger, rather than await its coming, and, however great the risk I might run by passing through Saint-Just once more to return to Marseilles, I resolved to make the venture.

"I turned to M.——.

"'Look you,' said I; 'you can safely remain here until evening, but I am going to Marseilles, for I cannot

bear this uncertainty any longer. If the assassins have left Saint-Just I will come back for you; if not, I will go on alone.'

"We realized the danger by which both of us were threatened, and how little likelihood there was that we should ever meet again; he held out his hand, I threw myself into his arms, we embraced, and bade each other farewell.

"I started at once; when I reached Saint-Just I saw the brigands still there, and walked straight toward them, singing; one of them seized me by the collar, and two others leveled their muskets at me.

"If there ever has been a time in my life when I shouted: '*Vive le roi!*' without the appropriate degree of enthusiasm, surely that was the time. To laugh and joke and affect perfect tranquillity of mind, when your life or death depends absolutely upon the force with which an assassin's finger bears upon the trigger of a gun, is no easy matter; I did it, however, and left the village safe and sound, but firmly resolved to blow out my brains rather than enter it again. This resolution, there being no road running in the other direction, was equivalent to a resolution to make my way into Marseilles, and at that moment it was a difficult operation, for divers troops wearing the white cockade were cruising about on the road. I realized that it was more dangerous than ever to enter the city, and I resolved to walk about until night, hoping that the darkness would favor my purpose. But one of the patrols informed me that my prowling about on the road was very suspicious, and bade me either go on to the city, from which I heard such alarming reports, or back to the village where they would have murdered me.

"An inn suggested itself to me as my only resource; I

entered one, ordered a glass of beer, and took my seat by a window, always hoping to see some acquaintance pass. After waiting about half-an-hour I spied M.—— approaching, whom I had left in the vineyard. He was unable to make up his mind to await my return there, so started after me, and succeeded in passing through the village unnoticed—by mixing with a band of pillagers. I called him and he joined me. We consulted as to our future proceedings; the landlord produced a man upon whom he said we could rely, who undertook to go and inform my brother-in-law of our whereabouts. Three hours later we saw him coming along the road. My impulse was to run out to meet him, but M.—— felt the danger of such a step, so we remained where we were, keeping him in sight. He entered the inn. I could resist no longer, but rushed from the room and met him on the stairway.

"'My wife?' I cried; 'have you seen my wife?'

"'She is at my house,' he replied.

"I fairly shrieked with joy, and threw myself into his arms.

"My wife, threatened, insulted and maltreated because of my opinions, had taken refuge with him.

"Night was coming on. My brother-in-law wore the uniform of a National Guard, which was a safeguard at that moment: each of us took one of his arms, and we passed the barrier without even being asked where we were going. In a short time we reached his house, avoiding the principal streets. The city was comparatively quiet, however, for the carnage was at an end, or nearly so.

"My wife was safe! all the joy that a man's heart can hold was expressed in that thought. This is what had happened:

"My wife and her mother returned to our late home, to pack the trunks, as we had agreed. But the owner of the house, having been informed of their return, awaited them on the stairs as they were going out, and heaped insults upon my wife. The woman's husband, who knew nothing of what she proposed to do, heard the noise, and, coming out of his room, took her by the arm, and forced to go in; but she ran to the window, and just as my wife left the house, she shrieked to some members of a free company who were stationed before the door:

"'Fire! fire! they are Bonapartists!'

"Luckily the men were less bloodthirsty than she, and, seeing only two lone women, let them pass; almost at the same moment, too, my brother-in-law made his appearance, and without objection, owing to his uniform and his well-known opinions, took charge of them both and escorted them to his own house.

"A young man, employed at the prefecture, who had come to my house the day before, and whom I was to assist in editing the *Journal des Bouches-du-Rhône*, was less fortunate. His employment and the visit he paid me seemed to furnish so strong an indication that he held dangerous opinions, that his friends urged him to fly; but he had not time. He was set upon at the corner of Rue de Noailles, and received a cut from a dagger, which brought him to the ground; luckily the wound was not mortal.

"The whole day was filled with massacres more shocking than those of the preceding day; the gutters ran blood, and one could not walk a hundred yards without stumbling against a dead body. But this sight, instead of horrifying the assassins, served only to heighten their cheerfulness. In the evening, parties strolled

through the streets, serenading, and for many a year, that day, which we called 'the day of the massacre,' was called by the royalists of the lower classes, 'the day of the farce.'

"Although the danger was practically at an end so far as we were concerned, we could not endure such a spectacle, and that same evening we set out for Nîmes by private conveyance.

"Nothing worthy of note happened by the way until we came to Orgon on the following day; we were reminded that a perfectly tranquil condition of affairs nowhere existed, by the detachments of troops we encountered from time to time. As we drew near Orgon we saw three men arm-in-arm, whose intimate association seemed very strange to us, when we noticed that one wore a white cockade, one the tricolor, and the third none at all. As I have said, they were apparently on most friendly terms with one another, and were awaiting the result of events, each under a different banner. I was impressed by the wisdom of such a course, and as I had nothing to fear from such philosophers, I went up to them and questioned them. Each of them in the most innocent way told me of his hopes, and especially his firm determination to submit to the strongest.

"As we drove into Orgon we saw at a glance that the town was excited over some news of importance. Every face wore an anxious expression. A man, who, we were told, was the mayor, was holding forth to a group of townspeople, and as everyone seemed to be listening to him with great interest, we drew near and asked him the cause of the excitement.

"'Messieurs,' said he, 'you ought to know the news; the king is in his capital; we have resumed the white flag, and have done it without the slightest disturbance

to mar the good feeling of the day. One party has enjoyed its triumph without violence, the other has submitted with resignation. But I have just learned that a parcel of vagabonds, about three hundred men, are assembling at the bridge over the Durance, where they are making preparations to descend upon our little town during the night, proposing to sack our houses, and exact contributions. I have some guns left, I propose to distribute them, and every man will do his part toward guarding the safety of all.'

"There were not enough arms for everybody, and yet he offered to supply us; but I refused having my double-barreled pistols. I sent the two women to bed, and tried to sleep, sitting outside their door with a pistol in each hand. Every moment or two, however, the town was aroused by a false alarm, and when morning came, I had at least the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that no one in Orgon had slept better than myself.

"The next day we went on toward Tarascon, where fresh excitement awaited us. As we drew near the town we heard the tocsin clanging, and the drums beating the générale. We were beginning to become accustomed to the uproar, and were therefore less surprised at this. We made inquiries when we reached the town, and were informed that twelve thousand men from Nîmes had made a descent upon Beaucaire, which town they were laying waste with fire and sword. I could not avoid the thought that twelve thousand men was rather a large number to be furnished by a single city. I made that remark, but the reply was that they were in part men from La Gardonninque and the Cevennes. Nîmes had clung to the tri-colored flag, Beaucaire had hoisted the white flag, and it was to pull it down, so it was said, and to disperse the royalist assemblages which were being held

in the town, that the men of Nîmes had marched against it. Still, as Tarascon and Beaucaire are separated only by the Rhône, it seemed very strange to me that there should be so little indication discernible on one bank of a fierce conflict upon the other; and as we had ever so little doubt, not that something of the sort had happened, but of its gravity, we determined to push on to Beaucaire, where we found everything and everybody perfectly quiet and peaceful. The expedition of twelve thousand men dwindled down to a simple excursion of about two hundred, which they had repulsed without difficulty. Indeed, the result of the affair was that one of the assailants was wounded, and one made prisoner. Proud of their success, the people of Beaucaire entrusted us with innumerable objurgations for their inveterate foes at Nîmes.

"If any journey could give a just idea of the beginnings of civil war, and of the confusion which already reigned in the South, the journey we took that day was, beyond question, such an one. The four leagues which lie between Beaucaire and Nîmes were occupied alternately by detachments wearing the white and the tricolored cockade. Every village on the road, save those at the gates of Nîmes, was pronounced in its adhesion to the king or to Napoleon, and the soldiers, who were stationed between the villages at almost equal intervals, were sometimes royalists, and sometimes, Bonapartists. We scrutinized them through the carriage window at a distance, and as we had taken the precaution, like the people of Orgon, to provide ourselves with two cockades, we would put in our hats the one they were wearing, and hide the other in our shoes; then, when we came up with them, we would pass our becockaded hats out through the window, shouting; '*Vive le roi!*' or '*Vive*

l'Empereur!' as the case might be. By dint of these concessions to the opinions of the high road, and particularly of the money we gave to all parties alike as *pourboire*, we finally reached the barrier at Nîmes, where we found the National Guards, who had been foiled in their attack on Beaucaire.

"This is what had happened in the city before our arrival.

"The National Guard of Nîmes, and the troops composing the garrison, had resolved to meet at a banquet on Sunday, June 25, to commemorate the early successes of the French armies; the news of the battle of Waterloo did not travel so swiftly to Nîmes as to Marseilles, and the banquet was not interrupted; Napoleon's effigy was paraded with great pomp through all the streets, and the regular troops and National Guards abandoned themselves for the rest of the day to noisy rejoicing, which was followed by no excesses.

"The day was not done, however, when they learned that there was a large gathering at Beaucaire; and, although the news of Waterloo reached Nîmes on the following Tuesday, on the Wednesday they sent the detachment which we met at the gates of Nîmes, to disperse the gathering. The Bonapartists, commanded by General Gilly, who also had a regiment of chasseurs under his orders, were beginning to despair of the success of their cause, as their situation became more and more critical; especially when it was reported that the Beaucaire army was about to assume the offensive, and march upon Nîmes. As for myself, having had no connection with what had happened hitherto in the capital of Gard, I had nothing to fear personally; but I had learned by experience the injustice of suspicion, and I thought that the ill-fortune that had befallen me would

not spare my friends and my family, who might be charged with a crime, with harboring a refugee from Marseilles; an expression which meant nothing in itself, but which in an enemy's mouth might be most disastrous to me. Fearing therefore for the future because of my memories of the past, I determined to turn my back upon a spectacle which I had only too much reason to dread, and to pass some time in the country, with a fixed purpose to return to the city as soon as the white flag should be hoisted over it.

"An old castle in the Cevennes, which had seen many a revolution and counter-revolution between the burning of the Albigenses and the massacre of La Bagarre, became our abode; thither my wife and mother, and M.—— accompanied me. As the unbroken tranquillity of our solitude offered little of interest, I pass rapidly over the days that we spent there. But at last —so man is constituted—we grew weary of our peaceful, tranquil life, and having heard no news for nearly a week, we determined to go and ascertain for ourselves the condition of Nîmes. So we set out, but had barely made two leagues, when we met the carriage of one of my friends, a wealthy land-owner in the city. As soon as I saw him, I alighted, and asked him how everything was going on at Nîmes.

"'Don't think of going there,' said he, 'at this moment of all others; the excitement is intense, and blood has already flowed; a great catastrophe is anticipated.'

"We returned to our castle in the mountains; but a few days later, a prey to the same anxiety, and unable to overcome it, we decided to risk everything for the sake of seeing with our own eyes what was going on. Once more heedless alike of advice and warning,

we set forth, and reached our destination the same evening.

"We had not been misinformed; public feeling was already thoroughly aroused by some private affrays. A man had been shot near the Esplanade, and this catastrophe presaged a multitude of others. The Catholics were impatiently awaiting the arrival of the redoubtable army from Beaucaire, which was their main reliance; the Protestants maintained a painful silence, and fear could be seen painted upon every face. At last the white flag was hoisted, and the king proclaimed, and everything passed off much more quietly than was anticipated; but the tranquillity evidently meant nothing more than that men's passions were taking a rest in preparation for a new struggle.

"Thereupon the remembrance of the peaceful life we had enjoyed in our solitude afforded us a happy inspiration. We had learned that Marshal Brune had abandoned his obstinate determination not to recognize Louis XVIII., that he had finally hoisted the white flag at Toulon and with a white cockade in his hat had given the city over to the royal authorities. Thenceforth there was no spot in Provence where he could live in safety and seclusion; his ulterior intentions were not known, and every step that he took indicated the greatest hesitation. The idea which occurred to us was to offer him our little country house as a place of refuge, where he might have awaited the end of the trouble in the most profound repose. It was decided that M.—— and another of our friends, recently arrived from Paris, should go to him and make this proposition, which he would undoubtedly have accepted, if for no other reason than that it was suggested by hearts which were deeply attached to him. They set out upon their mission; but to my unbounded amazement

they returned the same day, with the sad news that Marshal Brune had been assassinated at Avignon.

"At first we could not believe that such a terrible catastrophe had really taken place, and looked upon it as one of the ghastly rumors which always circulate so freely in periods of civil commotion; but it was not long before we knew the whole story in all its details, and all doubt was at an end."

For some days Avignon had her assassins, as Marseilles had had hers, and as Nîmes was to have hers; for some days all Avignon shuddered to hear the names of five men: Pointu, Fargès, Roquefort, Nadand, and Magnan.

Pointu was a perfect type of the man of the South; olive-skinned, eagle-eyed, hook-nosed, and with teeth like ivory. Although he was hardly above middle-height, although his back was bent by the heavy burdens he was accustomed to bear upon it, and his legs curved outward by the enormous weights he carried every day, his strength and dexterity were extraordinary. He would throw a forty-eight pound cannon-ball over the Loulle gate as easily as a child would throw a pebble; he would throw a stone across the Rhône, from bank to bank, that is to say, more than two hundred paces; and he would throw his knife behind him, as he ran, with such force and accuracy, that this new Parthian arrow would whistle through the air and bury two inches of its blade in a stout tree fifteen yards behind. Add to this, equal skill with the musket, the pistol and the club, a keen, quick wit, an intense hatred to the republicans, which he had sworn at the scaffolds of his father and mother never to lay aside, and you will have an idea of this terrible leader of the assassins of Avignon, who had as his seconds in command Fargès the weaver, Roquefort the porter, Nadand the baker, and Magnan the second-hand clothes dealer.

Avignon was entirely in the power of these few men, whose outrageous proceedings the civil and military authorities either would not, dared not, or could not repress, when it was learned that Marshal Brune, who was at Luc with six thousand men, had been summoned to Paris to give an account of his conduct to the new government.

The marshal knowing the prevailing state of effervescence in the South, and divining the risks which would attend his journey, asked permission to return by water; but his request was officially denied, and the Duc de Rivière, governor of Marseilles, furnished him with a safe-conduct. The assassins roared with joy when they learned that a republican of '89, who had become a marshal under the usurper, was to pass through Avignon. Sinister rumors immediately began to pass from mouth to mouth, going before him like messengers of death. Once more the infamous slander, which had been proved false a hundred times, was repeated, that Brune, who did not reach Paris until September 5, 1792, carried the Princesse de Lamballe's head at the end of a pike on the second, when he was still at Lyons. Soon it was reported that the marshal had just missed being murdered at Aix; in fact he owed his salvation entirely to the fleetness of his horses. Pointu, Fargès and Roquefort swore that it should not be the same at Avignon.

There were only two ways of reaching Lyons by the road the marshal had taken; he must either pass through Avignon, or avoid it by leaving the Pointel road two leagues before reaching Avignon, and taking a cross-road.

The assassins provided for the latter contingency; on August 2, the day when the marshal was expected, Pointu, Magnan and Nadand, with four of their men,

took a carriage at six in the morning at the Rhône bridge, and went into ambush on the cross-road.

Upon arriving at the fork in the road, the marshal, who had been forewarned of the hostile feeling at Avignon, decided to take the cross-road, upon which Pointu and his men were lying in wait for him; but the postilion obstinately refused to do as he wished, saying that his post-house was at Avignon, not at Sorgues. Thereupon one of the marshal's aides-de-camp tried to force him, pistol in hand; but the marshal himself bade him offer no violence, and gave the order to keep on to Avignon.

At nine in the morning the marshal entered the city, and stopped at the Hotel du Palais-Royal, which was then the post-house. While the horses were being changed, and the passports and safe-conduct examined at the Loulle gate, the marshal alighted to eat a plate of soup. He had not left the carriage five minutes before a crowd collected about the door. M. Moulin, the landlord, noticing the threatening, sinister faces of those who composed it, went up at once to the marshal's room, begged him not to wait for his papers, but advised him to set out at once, giving him his word to send a man on horseback after him, who would overtake him two or three leagues from the city, with his own safe-conduct and the passports of his aides-de-camp. The marshal went down, found the horses all ready, and entered the carriage amid the muttering of the populace, among whom the terrifying *zaon* was already beginning to make itself heard, that Provençal cry of excitement, which expresses every variety of threat, according to the tone in which it is uttered, and says, at one time, and in a single syllable:—Bite, rend, kill, murder!

The marshal set off at a gallop, and passed through

the city gate unmolested, followed by the threatening shouts of the populace, but not interfered with. He believed himself to be already out of his enemies' reach, but when he arrived at the bridge over the Rhône, he found a group of men there, armed with muskets, and commanded by Fargès and Roquefort. Every man in the group drew a bead on him; whereupon the marshal ordered the postilion to turn back; he did so, but within fifty yards of the bridge found himself face to face with the men who had followed from the hotel. The postilion stopped. In an instant the traces were cut, whereupon the marshal opened the door, stepped down with his valet, returned to the city by the Loulle gate, followed by his second carriage, containing his aides-de-camp, and knocked once more at the door of the Hotel du Palais-Royal, which opened to receive him and his suite, and was at once secured behind them.

The marshal asked for a room. M. Moulin gave him number one on the front of the house. Within ten minutes there were three thousand people in the square; the populace seemed to spring up from the ground. Soon the carriage left behind by the marshal arrived, driven by the postilion, who had secured the traces. The main gate of the courtyard was opened a second time, and the porter, Vernet, and M. Moulin, both of them men of colossal strength, succeeded in closing it, and at once barricaded it as well.

The aides-de-camp, who had thus far remained in their carriage, now alighted, and desired to join the marshal; but M. Moulin ordered Vernet to conceal them in a shed.

Vernet took one in each hand, dragged them away despite their remonstrances, threw them in behind some empty hogsheads, spread an old piece of carpet over

them, and said with the solemn accent of a prophet, "If you stir, you are dead men!"

The aides-de-camp lay silent and motionless where they were put.

At this juncture, M. de Saint-Chamans, prefect of Avignon, who had reached the city at five o'clock in the morning, rushed into the courtyard; the mob were breaking windows and the little door on the street; the square was crowded; innumerable shouts of "death!" were heard, and over them all the terrible *zaon!* which took on a more menacing expression at every moment. M. Moulin saw that all was lost, unless they could hold out until the arrival of Major Lambot's troops, and he told Vernet to look out for the men who were breaking in the door, saying that he would attend to those who tried to come in by the window; and these two men, moved by a common impulse, and with equal courage, alone against a vast howling mob, undertook to dispute possession with it of the blood for which it thirsted.

One of them darted into the hall, the other into the dining-room; doors and windows were already broken in, and several men had entered. At sight of Vernet, of whose prodigious strength they were well aware, they fell back; and Vernet took advantage of their retrograde movement to close the door. M. Moulin seized his double-barreled gun, which stood in the chimney-corner, aimed at the five men, whom he found in the dining-room, and threatened to fire if they did not take their leave on the instant. Four obeyed, but one remained. Moulin, when the numbers were equal, laid aside his gun, took his adversary in his arms, lifted him up as another man might do with a child, and threw him out of the window. Three weeks after the man died, not from the fall, but from the embrace.

Moulin then rushed to the window to secure it, but just as he had his hand upon it he felt some one seize his head from behind, and push it roughly over toward his left shoulder. At the same moment a square of glass was shattered, and the blade of an axe struck his right shoulder. M. de Saint-Chamans, who was close behind him, saw the weapon descending, and he it was who turned aside, not the weapon itself, but the object at which it was aimed. Moulin seized the handle of the axe, and tore it from the hands of the man who aimed the blow he had so luckily avoided; then he finished securing the window, put the inside shutters in place, and went up to the marshal.

He found him striding up and down his room. His handsome, noble countenance was as calm as if all these men, with all their shouting and shrieking, were not clamoring for his death. Moulin led him from number one to number three, which was on the back of the house and looked into the courtyard, thus affording a possibility of escape, which the other did not. The marshal thereupon asked for paper, pens and ink; Moulin gave them to him. The marshal sat down at a small table, and began to write.

At that moment the shouting without became more uproarious than ever. M. de Saint-Chamans had gone out and ordered the multitude to disperse; a thousand voices at once demanded in a single mighty shout, who he was to issue such an order; thereupon he stated his rank and authority.

"We only know the prefect by his coat," was the reply from all sides.

Unfortunately M. de Saint-Chamans' trunks were coming by the diligence and had not arrived; he was dressed in a green coat, with nankeen trousers and a

quilted waistcoat,—not a very imposing costume for such an occasion. He mounted a bench to harangue the mob, but a voice cried: "Down with the green coat! we have enough charlatans like him!" and he was obliged to descend. Vernet opened the door for him to enter. Several men undertook to seize the opportunity to enter with him; but Vernet let his fist fall three times, and three men fell at his feet like bulls struck with the club; the others withdrew. A dozen defenders like Vernet would have saved the marshal, and yet he was a royalist too; he professed the same opinions as those against whom he was fighting; to him as to them the marshal was a mortal enemy; but he had a noble heart, and if the marshal was guilty he desired that he should be tried, not murdered.

Meanwhile a certain man had overheard what was said to M. de Saint-Chamans apropos of his unofficial costume, and had gone home to don his own official robes. This was M. de Puy, a handsome, venerable, white-haired old man, with a pleasant face, and a winning voice. He returned, dressed in his mayor's coat, with his scarf, and the double cross of Saint-Louis and the Legion of Honor: but neither his age nor his title overawed the mob; they did not even allow him to reach the door of the hotel before he was thrown down, and trampled upon; his coat and hat were torn, and his white locks smeared with blood and dirt. The fury of the mob was at its height.

At this juncture the garrison of Avignon appeared upon the scene; it was composed of four hundred volunteers, forming a battalion known as the Royal-Angoulême. It was commanded by a man who styled himself "lieutenant-general of the emancipating army of Vaucluse." This force drew up under the windows of

the Hotel du Palais-Royal. It was made up almost entirely of Provençaux, who spoke the same patois as the porters and the mob. These latter asked the soldiers what they were there for, why they did not allow them to go on and administer justice in peace, and whether they proposed to interfere with them.

"By no means," one soldier replied; "toss him out o' the window, and we'll catch him on our bayonets."

This reply was received with blood-curdling yells of delight. Then there was silence for a few moments, but it was easy to see that the multitude were simply in a state of expectation, and that the momentary tranquillity was only superficial. Indeed it was but a moment before the shouting was renewed, but this time it began within the hotel. A small party under the leadership of Fargès and Roquefort, had stolen away from the crowd, and, scaling the wall by means of ladders, had reached the roof and slid down upon the balcony outside the windows of the marshal's room, where he was still seated and writing.

Some of them thereupon leaped through the windows without even opening them, while others darted in at the open door.

The marshal, taken entirely by surprise, and surrounded in an instant, rose to his feet, and tore up the letter he was writing to the Austrian commandant to claim his protection, not wishing that it should fall into their villainous hands. Thereupon a man who belonged to a somewhat higher class than the others, and who wears to this day the cross of the Legion of Honor, which he received in all probability for his conduct upon that occasion, walked up to the marshal with drawn sword, and said that if he had any last arrangements to make he must make them promptly, as he had only

ten minutes to live. "What's that you say? ten minutes!" cried Fargès; "did he give the Princesse de Lamballe ten minutes?"

As he spoke, he put his pistol against the marshal's breast, but the marshal threw up the barrel with his hand, and the bullet whistled harmlessly through the air and lodged in the cornice.

"Bungler!" said the marshal with a shrug, "not to be able to kill a man at point-blank range."

"True!" rejoined Roquefort,—"I'll show you how to do it!"

He fell back a step, took aim with a carbine at the marshal, whose back was half turned to him, fired, and the marshal fell stone dead; the bullet entered at his shoulder, passed through his body, and buried itself in the wall.

The two shots were heard in the street, and the mob replied to them with a veritable roar of excitement. A miserable creature named Cadillan ran out upon the front balcony, with a pistol in each hand which he did not even dare to discharge into the dead body, capered about, and said, pointing to the unoffending weapons which he slandered:

"These are the things that did the business!"

And he lied, the braggart, for he boasted of a crime committed by braver cut-throats than he.

Behind him came the general of the emancipating army of Vancluse, who waved his hand graciously to the rabble.

"The marshal has dealt out justice to himself, by taking his own life," he said; "*Vive le roi!*"

Fierce shouts, expressive of joy, vengeance and hate combined, arose from the crowd, and the king's attorney and the examining magistrate at once proceeded to draw

up a report, setting forth that the accused committed suicide.*

*This report, as produced at the Assize Court at Riom, was in these words:

"On this 2d August, 1815, we, Joseph-Louis-Joachim Piot, examining magistrate for the arrondissement of Avignon, Department of Vaucluse, do say and report, that on this day, about two and a half of the clock in the afternoon, Monsieur the king's attorney in the court of first instance, now present in the city of Avignon, having personally informed us that he had at that instant been advised that Marshal Brune, while passing through the city, had lost his life, and that his body was lying in a room at the Hotel du Palais-Royal, kept by Sieur Moulin, innkeeper, upon the Place des Spectacles, we did repair to said hotel, accompanied by that official, and by M. Verney, as clerk, and were able only with great difficulty to reach the door through the tumultuous and excited crowds of people upon said Place des Spectacles and in the neighboring streets,—a crowd, which could be restrained only by the presence and zeal of the civil and military authorities.

"We found, within said hotel, M. de Saint-Chamans, newly appointed prefect of Vaucluse, who did not reach Avignon until five o'clock in the morning of that day, and had not yet taken up his residence at the prefecture. This courageous magistrate, surrounded as he was by all the civil and military authorities, had not succeeded, by his earnest efforts in every direction, and by the concurrence of the said authorities, in allaying the popular excitement; he confirmed the report of Marshal Brune's death.

"With the view of certifying in proper form to the manner of his death, and preparing the several reports made necessary thereby, we required the attendance of MM. Louvel-Beauregard, surgeon, and Martin, health officer, both of this city, who at once obeyed our summons, and were present during the subsequent proceedings.

"In accordance with the information given us, we went up to the first floor of said hotel, attended by the said king's attorney, M. de Saint-Chamans, prefect of the department; Major Lambot, commander-in-chief of the department; M. Vernetty, commanding the garrison of Avignon; M. Acart, captain commanding the royal gendarmerie of the department; M. Hugues, colonel of the chasseurs of Angoulême; M. Bressy, one of the commissioners of police of Avignon, and the said Louvel-Beauregard, surgeon; Martin, health officer; and Verney, clerk. We entered a room having the number three over the door, which has two windows on the southern side, looking into a small inner courtyard; between the windows was a commode; there are two beds on the right, as one enters the room, and the fire-place is opposite the door. On the floor in the middle of the room lay the body of a man upon its stomach, with the face swimming in blood; he was dressed in a dark, gray coat, blue trousers, white quilted waistcoat, black silk cravat, shirt of fine linen, and Russian boots. The said surgeon and health officer, having first been separately sworn by us, found and declared, in presence of all the undersigned, that the body was still warm, that there were upon it two circular

It was all over; the marshal was beyond hope of rescue. M. Moulin determined to save at least the

wounds, about fourteen millimetres in diameter, one in front near what is called the larynx, corresponding to another wound in the back, between the shoulders and between the third and fourth cervical vertebræ; that the two wounds were both made by a single bullet, which, in its course, not only fractured the vertebræ, but severed the jugular and carotid arteries, and tore all the soft parts, so that death must necessarily have ensued at once; that the man seemed to be from fifty-eight to sixty years of age.

"The condition of the body having been thus reported to us by the said surgeon and health officer, Messieurs Recellac, assistant surgeon of the National Guard of Marseilles; Arnoux, formerly an officer in the Sixth Regiment of Infantry of the line, now an officer of the National Guard of Avignon; and Pierre Laport, servant at the Palais-Royal hotel, declared that they identified it as the body of Marshal Brune.

"We then observed in the wall of said room, between the chimney piece and one of the beds, a mark which seemed to have been made by a bullet, which mark is about on a level with the head of a man of medium height; we also noticed what seemed to be a recent break in the plastering, in the corner near the centre of a rafter; said break was of irregular shape, and we could not determine its cause.

"Proceeding next to examine all articles of every sort upon the Marshal's person, and in the room, belonging to him, we found the following, to wit:

"Upon his person, a leather belt containing two packages, each containing twenty-five 40-franc gold pieces, making	2000 fr.
"Six packages, each containing twenty-five 20-franc gold pieces, making	3000 fr.
"Twenty-five 20-franc gold pieces, making . . .	500 fr.
"And divers pieces of silver amounting in all to . .	36 fr.
Total,	5536 fr.

"Also a pair of silver spurs attached to the boots he wore; a silver seal, bearing the letters G. B. and two Marshal's batons crossed saltirewise behind the shield; a knife, a handkerchief, two souvenirs, an eye-glass, and a pair of grayish kid gloves.

"In the room, a gold watch lying on the commode, a hat with white plumes held in place by a golden clasp, and the marshal's white cockade and rosette; also a handful of small pieces of one or several sheets of paper, covered with written characters, which pieces were collected with much trouble by Monsieur Jean-Baptiste Didier, sub-lieutenant in the company of chasseurs of the urban guard of Avignon, who, after wrapping them up in a sheet of white paper, handed them to us just as we entered the room.

"All necessary formalities touching the said body having been gone through with, we ordered one of the grave diggers to procure a suitable cloth for a shroud, and to proceed to prepare it for burial; also to notify

valuable effects in his carriage. He found forty thousand francs in the money-box, in the pocket a snuff-box, set

the proper civil functionary and the curé of the cathedral parish, within the limits of which the marshal's death occurred, to hold themselves in readiness to follow such directions as should be given them by Major Lambot, commander-in-chief of the department, to whom, in view of the rank of the deceased, we have entrusted the removal and burial of the body.

"In order to ascertain at whose hand the marshal received the wound which caused his death, and being informed that Sieurs Didier, Boudon and Girard were witnesses thereof, we have received their depositions, one after another, in manner following.

"In the first place appeared the witness, hereinafter named, who, being first sworn to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, said:

"'That his name is Jean-Baptiste Didier, age twenty-eight years, married, by profession a locksmith, sub-lieutenant in the company of chasseurs in the urban guard of Avignon, born at Paris, domiciled at Avignon; is not a relative by blood or marriage, servant or retainer of the late Marshal Brune. That, immediately after the marshal entered room number three on the first floor of the Hotel du Palais-Royal, about ten o'clock in the morning of this day, he was assigned to guard the said marshal, with a squad of four men from the volunteer chasseurs of Angoulême, whose names he does not know; that the demonstrations of the populace, both within and without the hotel, during a period of about four hours, drove the said marshal on several occasions to attempt self-destruction, either with fire-arms or with a knife, and that he constantly manifested such purpose; that he was denied all fire-arms, and that at one time this deponent snatched a knife from his hands; that he also saw the said marshal offer money to a sentinel to induce him to loan him his musket, that he might kill himself; that, finally, about half after two in the afternoon, he saw said marshal snatch a pistol from one of the chasseurs of Angoulême, who was stationed at his door, and discharge it into his neck on the right side. He does not know the chasseur, but he saw him take his pistol and carry it away. That, about a quarter of an hour before the marshal killed himself he saw him throw into the fireplace a handful of small pieces of written paper, which seemed to have been torn; that he ordered a chasseur to pick them up and wrap them in a large paper, and that they are the pieces that he placed in our hands a few moments since.

"'And further the deponent saith not; and his replies having been read to him he declared that they were true, and signed the same in this place.

"Signed: PIOT, DIDIER.'

"In the second place appeared the witness hereinafter named, who, having first been sworn to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, said:

"'That his name is Claude Boudon, age twenty-eight years, unmarried, by profession a butcher, sergeant in the first company of grenadiers in the urban guard of Avignon, born and domiciled in said city; that he is not

with diamonds, also a pair of pistols and two swords, one of which, with the hilt studded with precious stones, was

a relative by blood or marriage, nor a servant or retainer of the late Marshal Brune; that about eleven and a half o'clock of this day he was stationed as a sentinel in the corridor on the first floor of the Palais-Royal hotel, to prevent the disturbances which were taking place inside the hotel as well as outside; that, as the door of room number three remained open, he was able to see what took place therein, as he did not leave said corridor; that he plainly saw that it was the marshal's purpose to destroy himself with the first weapon he could procure; that he heard him offer a volunteer money to loan him his musket; that he urged the deponent himself to loan him his sword, saying: "Sergeant, loan me your sword, and you will see how a brave soldier dies;" that, at last, about two and a half o'clock the said marshal, finding himself within reach of a volunteer who had a pistol, took it from him by force, and fired a shot into his neck on the right side, which killed him instantly.

"'And further the deponent saith not; his deposition having been read to him he declared that it contained the whole truth, and signed the same in this place.

"Signed: PIOT, BOUDON.'

"In the third place appeared the witness hereinafter named, who, having first been sworn to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, said:

"'That his name is François Xavier Girard, age twenty-seven years, married, silk-weaver by trade, grenadier in the first company of the second battalion of the National Guard of this city; born at Lille, domiciled at Avignon; that he is not related by blood or marriage, nor a servant or retainer of the late Marshal Brune; that about ten o'clock in the morning of this day, his duty took him, by his captain's orders, to the Hotel du Palais-Royal in this city, where he remained, to maintain order, until after the decease of Marshal Brune; that during all the time he was constantly within sight of said marshal, either in the corridor on the first floor of said hotel, or in the room occupied by said marshal on the right of said corridor, with two windows looking upon an interior courtyard; that, without going into the details of the numerous colloquies he had with said marshal upon indifferent subjects, he confines himself to saying that as soon as said marshal entered said room, he saw him take from his overcoat pocket three or four letters, as nearly as he could guess; that he stood in front of that one of the two beds which is behind the door of said room, and tore the said letters, some with his hands and one with his teeth, and that while he was tearing them the deponent asked him if he still corresponded with the Army of the Loire; to which said marshal replied: "These are letter from my wife;" that he then saw him gather up in his hand all the pieces of the said torn letters, and that he spat a small quantity of them which he had put in his mouth out through the window into the courtyard, and that he threw all the pieces that he held in his hand into the fireplace in said room; that he did not witness the marshal's death; that he only heard the report of the shot which

a gift from the ill-starred Selim. As M. Moulin was crossing the courtyard with these objects, the Damascus

killed him, he, the deponent, being at that time on the ground floor of the hotel, with M. le Major, commanding-in-chief.

"'And further this deponent saith not; his deposition having been read to him, he declared that it contained the whole truth, and signed the same in this place.

"Signed: PIOT, GIRARD.'

"It is sufficiently established by reliable evidence that Marshal Brune set out from Toulon with his suite during the night of July 31st and August 1st, about two hours after midnight; that he arrived at the post-house in this city to change horses about ten o'clock in the morning; that he traveled alone in a vehicle called a calèche; that his suite consisted of two aides-de-camp, and a single servant, traveling in a cabriolet that, having exhibited his papers to the officer of the guard at the Oule gate, by which he entered the city, and that officer desiring to refer them to the major, commanding-in-chief, the marshal was delayed for a time, not so long, however, that he was not able to continue his journey; that the news of his presence, circulating from mouth to mouth, soon caused a considerable number of idlers to collect around the post-house and at the city gate; that, nevertheless, the said marshal succeeded in leaving the post-house, but that, the crowd having meanwhile greatly increased in size, he was pursued; that his carriages were driven to the Hotel du Palais-Royal; that he was forced to alight from his, and his aides-de-camp from theirs; that he ascended to room number three on the first floor of said hotel, and occupied it until his death; that he had interviews successively with the prefect, who reached Avignon a few hours before him, with the commander-in-chief of the department, with M. Boudard, counsellor to the prefecture, with the mayor of the city and the commandant of the garrison, and with other public functionaries, and officers of the different corps which compose the armed force of the city; that all of them sought to assist the marshal's departure; that they constantly protected his person *at the peril of their own lives;* that, despite the exertions of the authorities, the excitement reached fever heat; that the uproar was universal; that loud threats were uttered from all parts of the square and the adjoining streets; that the housetops were covered with people, who stimulated the excitement, and sought to incite the people to desperate measures; that the extreme agitation promised most serious results; that a frenzied mob made a violent attack with axes upon the main door of the hotel, upon which divers cuts made by said axes may still be seen; that many panes of glass were shattered in the windows on the first floor, and said windows were forced; that they poured tumultuously into the hotel; that all sorts of damage was done, even to the roof, to which forty or more people climbed; that several articles were broken or stolen, as will hereafter appear in the rightful claim to be presented by Sieur Moulin, proprietor of said hotel; that for some hours, while this outbreak of the people lasted, the threat was several times made to said Moulin that his hotel would be burned; that the

blade was snatched from his hands; the man who thus gained possession of it kept it five years as a trophy, until 1820, when he was forced to return it to Marshal Brune's representatives; that man was an officer; that

guests of said hotel lost no time in taking their leave; that, in short, the authorities were defied, property destroyed, and personal safety endangered; that the disorder did not cease until M. le Major, commander-in-chief of Vancluse, announced to the people that Marshal Brune *had committed suicide.*

"The officials who arrived before us having taken measures for the safety of Marshal Brune's two carriages by stationing a strong guard to see that nothing was removed from them, and we having assured ourselves that said carriages were in fact carefully guarded in the shed of the Palais-Royal aforesaid, it only remained for us to ratify the arrangements already made, to continue until the conclusion of the inventory which we propose to make of all that is contained in said carriages.

"Of all which we have prepared the present report, at Avignon, on the day, month and year above mentioned, at four o'clock in the afternoon, in a room on the ground floor of said Hotel du Palais-Royal, in accordance with the minutes taken summarily upon the spot; and have signed the same with the king's attorney; the prefect; the major, commanding-in-chief in Vancluse; the commandant of the garrison; the captain of the royal gendarmerie; M. Hugues, colonel; M. Bressy, commissioner of police; MM. Louvel-Beauregard and Martin; M. Arnoux, adjutant of the National Guard; M. Pierre Laporte, and M. Vernay, clerk; and M. Recellac did not sign, having left the hotel after making his statement.

"Signed: PIOT,
VERGER, *King's Attorney.*
BARON DE SAINT-CHAMANS, *Prefect.*
LAMBOT, *Commander-in-chief of the Department of Vancluse.*
ACART, *Commander of Gendarmerie.*
LOUVEL-BEAUREGARD, *Surgeon.*
MARTIN, *Health Officer.*
BRESSY, *for the Commissioner of Police.*
JOSEPH ARNOUX, *Adjutant of the National Guard.*
HUGUES, *Colonel.*
P. VERNETTY, *Colonel, Commanding the Garrison.*
PIERRE LAPORTE.
VERNAY, *Clerk.*

"Copy delivered to the king's attorney, at his request.

"Signed: VITALIS, *Clerk.*"

officer retained his rank throughout the Restoration, and was not dismissed until 1830.

Having deposited the rest of the objects in a safe place, M. Moulin called upon the magistrate to order the removal of the body, so that the crowd would disperse, and he could help the aides-de-camp to make their escape.

When they undressed the marshal, in order to make an examination upon which to prepare the certificate of death, they found upon him a leather belt containing five thousand five hundred and thirty-six francs.

The body was taken down stairs by the grave-diggers without interference, but they had not taken ten steps in the square, when the air was filled with shouts of: "To the Rhône! to the Rhône!" The police commissary, who attempted to resist, was thrown down; the bearers were ordered to take a different direction, and obeyed. The crowd carried them along to the Pont-de-Bois. At the fourteenth arch the litter was snatched from the bearer's hands; the corpse was thrown into the river, and at the shout of: "Military honors!" many muskets were discharged at the lifeless mass, which received two additional bullets.

Then someone wrote over that arch of the bridge: "*Tomb of Marshal Brune.*"

The remainder of the day was devoted to holiday-making.

The Rhône was unwilling to be the accomplice of these men; it carried away the body which the assassins supposed it had swallowed up. On the following day it went ashore upon the beach at Tarascon; but the report of the assassination had arrived there in advance of it; it was identified by its wounds, the peasants threw it back

into the Rhône, and the river carried it on toward the sea.

Three leagues farther on it stopped a second time in the grass; a man of about forty, and a youth of eighteen discovered it there, and they also recognized it; but instead of throwing it back into the river, they drew it out upon the bank, carried it to a field belonging to one of them, and buried it there with religious rites. The older of the two was M. de Chartrouse, the younger M. Amedée Pichot.

The body was exhumed by order of Marshal Brune's widow, and transported to her château at Saint-Just in Champagne, were it was embalmed, and laid in a room, adjoining her bedroom, and there it remained covered with a veil, until her husband's memory was cleansed of the charge of suicide by a public and solemn judgment. Then and not till then was it interred with the decree of the court of Riom.

The assassins, although they escaped the vengeance of man, did not escape the vengeance of God. Almost all of them ended their lives in misery. Roquefort and Fargès were afflicted with strange, hitherto unknown diseases, like the wounds which God inflicted in bygone ages upon the peoples He desired to punish. In Fargès' case it was a drying-up of the skin, accompanied by such intense burning that they buried him up to his neck to cool him. Roquefort's trouble was a sort of gangrene which attacked the marrow, and by decomposing the bones deprived them of all solidity and power of resistance; so that his legs would not bear his weight, and he crawled through the streets like a reptile. Both died in horrible agony, regretting the scaffold, which would have spared them such fearful suffering.

Pointu, sentenced to death by the Assize Court of

Drôme, for the murder of five persons, was abandoned by his own faction. For some time his wife could be seen at Avignon, a deformed, infirm creature, going from house to house, asking alms for the man who was for two months king of the civil war, and high priest of murder. One day it was noticed that she did not beg, and that she wore a black rag on her head. Pointu was dead; but no one ever knew where he died. In a corner, doubtless, in the hollow of some cliff, or in the heart of some forest, like an old tiger whose claws are clipped and his teeth extracted.

Nadand and Magnan were sentenced to ten years each at the galleys. Nadand died there; Magnan served his term, and to-day, as an employé of the sewer department, remains faithful to his death-dealing vocation, and poisons stray dogs.

There are many others beside, who are still living, who have offices, decorations, and shoulder straps, who rejoice in their impunity, and doubtess think that they have escaped God's eye.

Let us wait and see!

"The white flag was hoisted at Nîmes on a Saturday. On the following day a multitude of Catholic peasants from the neighborhood went into the city to await the royalist army from Beaucaire. The excitement was at fever heat; an eager longing for revenge filled the minds of all these men, whose hatred, after its long sleep while the empire existed, now awoke with new vigor. Monday found them in the same mood;—and here I ought to say, that, although I think I am sure of such dates as I give, I am less willing to warrant their accuracy than that of the facts; every occurrence that I describe actually happened, every detail is well vouched for and accurate, but dates do not make so lasting an

impression upon my memory; it is easier to remember that a murder was committed than to recall the precise hour at which it was committed.

"The garrison of Nîmes consisted of a battalion of the 13th regiment of the line, and another battalion of the 79th, which came thither with a full complement of officers to fill up its ranks. After Waterloo the inhabitants did all that lay in their power to induce the soldiers to desert; so that of the two battalions there remained only about two hundred men, including the officers.

"When the news of the proclamation of Napoleon II. reached Nîmes, general of brigade Malmont, commanding the department, caused the same proclamation to be made in the city, and there was no popular uprising. It was only a few days after this that the report was spread that a royalist army was assembling at Beaucaire, and that the populace would undoubtedly take advantage of its arrival to run riot. To provide against this twofold danger the general ordered the regular troops and a part of the National Guard of the Hundred Days to take up a position under arms in rear of the barracks, upon an eminence where he had ordered his five pieces of artillery to be set. He kept this position two days and a night, but as he could see no indication of any outbreak on the part of the populace, he abandoned it, and the troops returned to the barracks.

"But on the Monday, as we have said, the populace, knowing that the Beaucaire army was to arrive on the following day, assembled in front of the barracks, indulged in hostile demonstrations, and demanded with loud threats that the five pieces of artillery be delivered to them. The general and the other officers who were quartered in the city, getting word of the disturbance, hurried to the barracks, whence they soon came out again

and walked toward the mob to persuade them to retire; but their only reply was to fire upon them. Thereupon, feeling sure from his knowledge of the people with whom he had to deal, that when the struggle had once begun there was no way to prevent its running its course, the general fell back step by step toward the barracks, passed in, and secured the door behind him.

"They made preparations to repel force with force, for everybody was resolved to sell as dearly as possible an existence which seemed from the first, in such imminent danger. So it was that, without even awaiting the order to fire, when several panes of glass were shattered by bullets, the soldiers replied through the windows, and being more accustomed to handling weapons than the citizens, stretched several of the latter dead upon the ground. The terrified populace incontinently withdrew out of gunshot, and intrenched themselves in the neighboring houses.

"About nine o'clock in the evening, a sort of flag of truce, decorated with a white scarf, made his appearance, and spoke with the general. His errand was to discover what terms the troops would demand to evacuate Nîmes. The general demanded that they should be allowed to march out with their arms and munitions, except the pieces of cannon, which should remain at the barracks, and to halt in a little valley some distance from Nîmes; there the soldiers were to be provided with the means, either of rejoining the regiments to which they belonged, or of returning to their homes.

"About two o'clock in the morning the flag of truce returned and informed the general that his terms were accepted, except that the troops must march out *without their arms*. This functionary added, that if he did not accept this modification at once, say within two hours,

the time for capitulation would have gone by, and he would not undertake to restrain the fury of the people, or answer for its consequences.

"When they were informed of this last condition, the soldiers were on the point of refusing to submit to it, so humiliating did it seem to them to lay down their arms before a mob, which they had already put to flight with a musket shot or two. But the general succeeded in calming them, and persuading them to march out without their guns, saying that there could be no dishonor in an act which tended to prevent bloodshed between children of the same fatherland.

"The gendarmerie, according to one article of the capitulation, were to bring up the rear of the column, and thereby prevent the people from perpetrating any acts of violence upon the troops. This was all they were able to obtain from the flag of truce by way of compensation for giving up their weapons. The gendarmerie were accordingly drawn up in line in front of the barracks, and seemed to be awaiting the coming forth of the troops, in order to do escort duty.

"At four o'clock in the morning they stacked their muskets in the drill-yard of the barracks, and the movement began. But as soon as forty or fifty men were outside, they were fired upon at close range, and nearly half were killed or wounded at the first discharge. The soldiers who were still in the barrack-yard immediately rushed to close the gates, and thus cut off all chance of retreat from those who were outside; but as some of the latter succeeded in making their escape, the fate of those within, although the doors were secured, was little to be preferred to that of their companions. In fact, when they discovered that some ten or a dozen men out of two score had escaped them, the mob turned upon the barracks

in a furious rage, burst in the gates, scaled the walls, and all this so quickly and impetuously that only a few of the soldiers had time to resume possession of their guns; and they were almost useless to them in default of ammunition. Thereupon a horrible butchery ensued, within and without; for some of the poor devils, hunted from room to room, leaped from the windows, regardless of the height, and either fell upon the bayonets of those who were waiting for them below, or broke their legs in the fall, and were pitilessly dispatched. The massacre lasted three hours.

"The gendarmerie who had come to escort the garrison, doubtless fancied that they had been summoned to attend some judicial execution; for they did not stir from their places, but remained impassive witnesses of all the atrocious deeds that were done under their eyes. The penalty of their impassibility, however, was not long delayed; when the soldiers were all attended to, the assassins considered that the massacre had lasted altogether too short a time, so they turned upon the gendarmes; many were wounded, all lost their horses, and some their lives.

"The mob was still engrossed with its bloody task, when the news arrived that the Beaucaire army was in sight. A few wounded men who were still breathing were quickly dispatched, and the assassins hurried away to meet the approaching reinforcement.

"This Beaucaire army must have been seen to form an idea of what it was, aside from the first corps, commanded by M. de Barre, who had accepted the command with the noble and praiseworthy design of doing all that he could to prevent massacre and pillage. This first corps, which was preceded by some officers of respectability, moved by the same philanthropic motives which influenced the general, marched in some order, and was

under reasonably good discipline. All were armed with muskets.

"But the second corps, that is to say the real army, for the first was nothing more than a vanguard, was something marvelous to see. Never before was such a deafening uproar of frenzied shrieks, and fierce threats, or such a collection of rags and tatters; never before did so many extraordinary weapons, from the old matchlock of the days of the Michelade to the iron-pointed goad of the ox-drivers of Camargue, find themselves in company. Ragged and noisy as was the mob from Nîmes, its first feeling, at sight of this motley horde extending the hand of fellowship, was one of amazed hesitation.

"However the new-comers soon made it manifest that nothing but lack of opportunity to improve their condition was the cause of their appearing so poorly clad and poorly armed; for they were no sooner within the city-walls than they caused the houses of the former National Guards to be pointed out to them; and each one was levied upon for a musket, a coat, a complete equipment, and for twenty or thirty louis, according to the whim of the individual who made the levy; the result being that, before evening, most of those who entered the city half-naked in the morning, were dressed in a complete uniform and had money in their pockets.

"The pillage began toward evening; for what had been done since the morning was done under the guise of contribution.

"It was claimed that during the siege of the barracks a certain individual had fired from his window at the assailants. The mob in its wrath attacked the house in question, and sacked it, leaving nothing but the walls. To be sure it was afterwards discovered that the accused individual was innocent.

"The house of a wealthy merchant lay in the path of the army. Some one cried out that the merchant was a Bonapartist and that was enough. The house was invaded and pillaged, and the furniture thrown out into the street. Two days later it was proved, not only that the merchant was no Bonapartist, but that his son accompanied the Duc d'Angoulême to Cette at the time of his embarkation. The pillagers alleged that they had made a mistake in the name and the excuse must have been a most convincing one, for it seemed perfectly satisfactory to the authorities.

"Much less would have sufficed to incite the populace of Nîmes to emulate the example of their brethren of Beaucaire. Within twenty-four hours bands were organized, of which Trestaillons, Truphémy, Graffan and Morinet became either captains or lieutenants. These bands assumed the title of National Guard, and that which had taken place at Marseilles as the result of momentary excitement, was premeditated at Nîmes, and set in motion with all the precautions induced by deadly hatred and thirst for vengeance.

"The reaction followed the ordinary course: pillage first, then burning, and murder last.

"M. V——'s house was sacked in the first place, and afterwards demolished; it was in the centre of the city and yet no one came to his assistance.

"On the Montpellier road, M. T——'s house was sacked and then demolished. The furniture was thrown together in a heap and set on fire, and the mob danced around it, as they would have done on an occasion of public rejoicing. They searched everywhere for the owner to put him to death, and as they could not find him they transferred their hatred from the living to the dead. A child that was buried three months

before, was exhumed, dragged by the feet through the filth in the gutters, and thrown into the sewer. The mayor of the village slept through that night of pillage, arson and sacrilege, and his sleep was so sound that when he awoke the next morning he was amazed beyond measure at what had taken place.

"After this exploit, the band which performed it turned its attention to the country-house of a widow, whom I had often urged to leave it, and come and live with us. The poor woman, relying upon her very weakness, had always refused, and remained by herself, locked up in her house. The doors were broken in, the widow insulted, roughly used and driven out; then they tore down the house and set fire to the furniture. The remains of her family were laid to rest in a vault beneath the house; they were removed from the coffins and scattered over the fields. The next day the widow, having learned of this sacrilege, returned, collected what she could of the remains of her fathers, and replaced them in their tombs. This was a crime; the band returned, exhumed them once more, and threatened her with death if she replaced them in the vault, so that the poor widow had no choice but to weep over them where she could find them in the fields. She was the widow Pepin, and the house where the sacrilege was committed was in a small enclosure on the hill of the Moulins-à-Vent.

"Meanwhile, in the suburb of Bourgades, the populace were indulging in a variety of amusement which they looked upon as the comic interlude of the drama being performed elsewhere. They drove nails into the ends of the beetles used in washing clothes, in such a way as to resemble a fleur-de-lis in shape, and every Protestant woman who fell into their hands, whatever her age or quality, was branded in the twinkling of an eye. Several

were grievously wounded, the nails being generally an inch long.

"It was not long before the air was filled with reports of assassinations. Loriol, Bigot, Dumas, Lhermet, Héritier, Domaison, Combe, Clairon, Begomet, Ponjas, Imbert, Vigal, Pourchet, Vignole, were the names of some of the earlier victims. Hardly a moment passed that the details of some more or less ghastly murder did not come to hand. Dalbos was in the custody of two armed men; others came up and stopped to consult with them. Dalbos pleaded with the new-comers for pardon, and they granted it. He started away, and had taken two steps, when he fell, pierced by several bullets.

"Rambert tried to escape, disguised as a woman; he was detected and shot only a few steps from his house.

"Saussine, a captain of artillery, was walking along the Uzès road, with so little suspicion of danger, that he had his pipe in his mouth; he fell in with five men of Trestaillons' band, who surrounded him and dispatched him with their knives.

"Chivas the elder fled across the fields; he reached the country-house called Rouvière, which had fallen into the hands of the new National Guard, without his knowledge, and was murdered as he put his foot over the threshold.

"Rant was seized in his own house and shot.

"Clos was discovered by one of the bands; but seeing Trestaillons, who had been his friend, in its ranks, he walked up to him and offered his hand. Trestaillons drew a pistol from his belt and shot him dead.

"Calandre was chased through Rue des Sœurs-Grises, and took refuge in an inn. He was compelled to come forth, and was attacked and killed with swords.

"Courbet was being escorted to prison by certain men;

on the way they changed their minds, and shot him down in the middle of the street.

"Cabanon, a wine-merchant, fled from Trestaillons, and sought shelter in a house where there was a venerable priest, named Curé Bonhomme; at sight of the assassin, whose garments were covered with blood, the priest went forward and stopped him.

"'What will you say, unhappy man,' he cried, 'when you appear at the confessional with your hands stained with blood?'

"'Bah!' retorted Trestaillons, 'you must put on your full gown with the wide sleeves, and it will be all right.'

"I will add to this brief mention of these different murders, a description of one which I personally witnessed, and which caused me one of the most terrible shocks I ever experienced.

"It was midnight. I was working beside my wife's, bed, who was nearly asleep, when a distant noise attracted our attention. It became gradually more distinct; several drums were beating the générale in all directions. Concealing my own alarm, lest I should add to hers, I answered her questions as to what could have happened, by saying that troops were undoubtedly arriving or departing, and that the commotion had no other cause. But soon, reports of fire-arms reached our ears, accompanied by sounds to which we were so well used that we could not mistake their meaning. I opened my window and heard blood-curdling imprecations, mingled with shouts of '*Vive le roi!*' Unwilling to remain in uncertainty, I ran and aroused a captain who had rooms in my house; he rose, took his arms, and we went out together, taking the direction from which the shouts seemed to come. The moon was shining brightly, and made it possible for us to distinguish objects almost

as plainly as at midday. The square was crowded with men, shouting like maniacs; most of them were half-naked, armed with guns, swords, knives and staves; they were swearing to exterminate everybody, and waving their weapons threateningly over the heads of people whom they had dragged from their houses out upon the square as victims. The rest of the throng were drawn thither by curiosity, and were inquiring the cause of the disturbance, like ourselves.

"Murder was being done everywhere, so I was told. Several people had been murdered in the suburbs, and the mob had fired on the patrol. And still the tumult increased from moment to moment, and as I had no private business to detain me in a place where three or four murders had already been committed, and was anxious, moreover, to comfort my wife, and protect her if the disturbance spread in our direction, I took leave of the captain, who went on to the barracks, while I turned back toward the suburb where I lived.

"I was within fifty steps of my door, when I heard voices at some distance behind me; I turned and saw gun barrels glistening in the moonlight. As the party seemed to be coming toward me, I stepped into the shadow cast by the houses, and crept along close to the walls to my own door. I went in, and closed the door without fastening it, that I might lose none of the movements of the party, who were rapidly drawing near. At that moment I felt something moist against my hand; it was a large Corsican dog, that was turned loose at night, and whose ferocity made him an invaluable defender. I did not send him away, for if there was to be a fight, he was an ally not to be despised.

"I found that there were three armed men, leading a fourth, unarmed and a prisoner. This spectacle did not

surprise me, for during the month, or nearly that, since the beginning of the troubles, every armed man, although not authorized by any precept, arrogated to himself the right to seize and imprison whomsoever he chose. As for the authorities, they held aloof and let things take their course.

"The four men stopped in front of my door, which I softly fastened; but I did not wish to lose sight of them, so I went into the garden which opened upon the street, attended by my dog, who, contrary to his habit and as if he realized the danger, emitted a plaintive whine, instead of his usual threatening growl. I climbed into a fig-tree, the branches of which overhung the street, and, hidden in the foliage, with my hands resting on the wall, and my head only far enough above it to enable me to see, I looked around for my men.

"They were still in the same place, but their positions were changed; the prisoner was on his knees in front of the assassins, imploring them with clasped hands, in the name of his wife and children, and in heart-rending tones, to spare his life; but his executioners had no reply for him but mockery.

"'Ah! you are in our hands at last, dog of a Bonapartist,' said they; 'come, why don't you call on your emperor to come and get you out of this scrape?

"Thereupon the poor wretch redoubled his supplications, and they replied with even more malignant irony; they leveled their muskets at him, then lowered them again, saying:

"'No, not yet; deuce take it! let us give him a little time to see death coming.'

"At that the victim, abandoning all hope, begged them at least to make an end of him speedily.

"The sweat was rolling down my forehead. I felt in

all my pockets to see if I hadn't a weapon of some sort upon me, but I had nothing, not even a knife. I looked for my dog, he was lying flat on the ground at the foot of the tree, and seemed himself a prey to the most intense horror. The prisoner continued to beg; the assassins were still threatening and mocking. I gently climbed down from the tree to go for my pistols. My dog followed me with his eyes; his head seemed to be the only living part of him. Just as I put my foot to the ground there was a double report and my dog uttered a prolonged, doleful howl. I realized that all was over.

"It was useless of course to go for my weapons, so I climbed back into my fig-tree. The poor victim was writhing in his blood, with his face to the ground; the assassins were hurrying away, reloading their guns.

"I desired to ascertain if it was not possible to do something to assist him, whom I was unable to save; so I went out into the street and to his side. He was bleeding, disfigured, dying, but he was still alive, and groaning dismally, I tried to lift him, but I soon saw that his wounds, one in the head, the other in the loins, both fired at close range, were mortal. A patrol of the National Guard appeared at the street corner; to me it indicated danger rather than relief. I could do nothing for the wounded man; already the death rattle was in his throat, and death was at hand. I entered the house, partly closed the door, and listened.

"'*Qui vive?*' demanded the corporal.

"'Idiot!' said another, 'to ask a dead man *qui vive!*'

"'Why, no, he's not dead,' rejoined a third, 'he's still singing, don't you hear him?'

The poor wretch, in his death agony, was in fact, groaning horribly.

"'Some one has pricked him,' said another; 'there's

nothing wrong in that; the best thing we can do now is to finish him.'

"I heard five or six reports, and the groaning ceased.

"The dead man was one Louis Lichaire; it was not he, but his nephew, against whom the assassins had a grudge. They forced their way into his house, and as they did not find the man they were looking for, and must have some victim, they tore him from his wife's arms, and took him almost to the citadel, and there murdered him in the way I have described.

"At daybreak I sent to three police commissioners one after another, seeking permission to remove the body to the hospital; but those gentlemen either had not arisen, or had already gone out; and it was not until eleven o'clock in the morning, and after repeated visits, that they at last condescended to give me the desired authorization.

"During the day, thanks to this delay, the whole city came to see the unfortunate man's body. The day following a massacre was made a holiday, and the people laid everything aside to go and stare at the victims' bodies. One man, to amuse the crowd, took his pipe from his mouth and put it in the dead man's,—a bit of pleasantry which was marvelously successful, and all the onlookers roared with laughter.

"Murders succeeded one another throughout the night; armed bands paraded the streets, singing a sort of ballad, composed by one of these poets of blood, the refrain of which was:

"N'epargnons personne,
Trestaillons l'ordonee.*

"Seventeen fatal assaults were committed, and yet, neither the reports of the assassins' muskets, nor the

*We will spare nobody,
'Tis Trestaillons' order.

shrieks of the victims disturbed the peaceful slumbers of the prefect, and the chief commissioner of police."*

But if the civil authorities were sleeping, General Lagarde, who had recently arrived in the city to take command in the king's name, awoke at the first shot. He leaped out of bed, hurried on his clothes, and visited all the posts; then, feeling sure of all his troops, he organized patrols of chasseurs, and personally, accompanied by only two officers, rode wherever he heard an outcry. Notwithstanding the strict orders issued, however, the fact that he had so few troops at his disposal greatly interfered with the efficacy of his exertions, and it was not until about three o'clock in the morning that he succeeded in capturing Trestaillons. He was dressed as usual in the uniform of the National Guard, with a three cornered hat and a captain's epaulets. General Lagarde ordered his sword and carbine taken away, and that he be taken, disarmed, to the barracks of the gendarmes, and remain under guard there. It was a hard struggle, for Trestaillons swore that he would not give up his carbine except with his life; but he was obliged to yield to numbers, and as his absence from the city was essential to its tranquillity, General Lagarde ordered that he be transferred to the citadel of Montpellier on the following morning; and at daybreak he was so transferred, under a strong escort.

At eight o'clock in the morning, the disturbances had not altogether ceased. The mob were still animated by Trestaillons' spirit, and while the soldiers were scouring one quarter of the city, a score of men assembled, and forcibly entered the house of one Scipion Chabrier, who

* Here ends the very curious and interesting narrative which we borrow from the author of "Nimes and Marseilles in 1815," published in 1818. Such a publication at that time affords a notable example of patriotism and a very great proof of courage.

had been in hiding for a long while, but had ventured to return home, on the strength of the proclamation issued by General Lagarde upon assuming command of the city. He had supposed that the excitement was somewhat allayed, when it was increased again tenfold by the occurrences of October 16. On the seventeenth in the morning, he was in his own house, working at his trade of weaving, when he heard the shouts of the assassins drawing near, and tried to make his escape; he took refuge in a public house called the Coupe d'Or, but the murderers rushed in close upon his heels, and the foremost plunged his bayonet in his thigh; he fell from top to bottom of a staircase, and was seized and dragged into a stable, where the assassins left him for dead, pierced with seven wounds.

This, however, was the only murder committed during that day, thanks to the vigilance and courage of General Lagarde.

On the following day a considerable crowd gathered; a noisy deputation repaired to General Lagarde's hotel, and insolently demanded that Trestaillons be set at liberty. The general ordered the assemblage to disperse, but the assemblage paid no attention to the order; whereupon he ordered a charge, and force effected in one moment what persuasion had utterly failed to effect. Several of the ringleaders were arrested and lodged in prison.

Thus, as will be seen, the contest had assumed a different phase: resistance in the name of the royal power was now offered to the royal power itself, and they who disturbed public order, as well as they who sought to restore it raised the battle cry of: "*Vive le roi!*"

By the firm attitude of General Lagarde tranquillity was restored at Nîmes, in appearance at least; but in reality the end was by no means reached; an occult

power, which betrayed itself by its very inertia, neutralized all the efforts of the military commandant. As it was clear to his mind that the real foundation of this bloody political warfare was religious animosity of long standing, he determined, at the general request of the Protestants, and after receiving the king's authorization, to strike a last blow by reopening the Protestant places of worship, which had been closed for more than four months, and by publicly re-establishing the exercise of the reformed religion, which had been entirely suspended in the city during the same length of time.

Only two ministers had remained at Nîmes, all the others having fled; they were MM. Juillerat and Olivier Desmonts, the first a young man of twenty-eight, the other an old man of seventy.

The whole weight of the ministry during these weeks of proscription, had fallen upon M. Juillerat, who had cheerfully accepted and religiously fulfilled the mandate, and who seemed to have been miraculously protected by a supreme power amid all the perils which surrounded him. For M. Olivier Desmonts, although he was president of the consistory, there had been less real danger; he had reached an age which almost always commands respect, and furthermore, his son, who was in the royal guards, who had followed the prince, and who was a lieutenant in one of the bodies organized at Beaucaire, protected him with his name, when he did not protect him with his presence. M. Desmonts, therefore, was in little personal danger either in the streets of Nîmes, or in going to and from his estate of Redessans.*

*In order to be always certain of stating what is true, we borrow all these details, almost word for word, from the excellent work of M. Lauzede Pelet, entiteld "Causes and Accounts of the Disturbances and Crimes in the Department of Gard, and Other Places in the South in 1815 and 1816."

But, as we have said, it was not so with M. Juillerat; he it was, who, with the activity of youth, and with unchanging faith, administered to the wants of the sick, and performed the other duties of his cloth, almost unaided. Children were brought to him at night to be baptized, but he consented to this underhand method, only because, by demanding that the ceremony should be performed in the daytime, he would compromise others beside himself. In everything that concerned his personal welfare only, as in ministering to the sick, and caring for the wounded, he acted openly, in broad daylight, nor did the danger which lay in his path once cause him to retrace a single step.

One day as he was passing through Rue des Barquettes on his way to the prefecture, on some business connected with his ministry, he saw a number of men lying in wait for him in a sort of cul-de-sac, with their muskets pointed at him; but he walked on so calmly and with such an air of resignation, that the assassins were overawed and lowered their weapons without firing a shot. M. Juillerat, thinking that a prefect ought to know of everything that took place contrary to his orders, mentioned this incident to M. d'Arband-Jonques; but he did not consider it of sufficient importance to warrant a special investigation.

It was therefore, as will be seen, a serious matter, and difficult of accomplishment, to publicly throw open the temples that had been closed four months, under existing circumstances, and with the certainty that the civil authorities would look with disfavor upon the undertaking. But General Lagarde was one of those determined fellows who never flinch in the face of their convictions; moreover, to assist in preparing men's minds for this religious *coup-d'état*, he relied upon the presence

of the Duc d'Angoulême, who was to visit Nîmes very shortly in the course of a tour through the South.

The prince entered the city on November 5; being forewarned by the general's reports to King Louis XVIII., and having positive instructions from his uncle to effect the pacification of the unhappy provinces he was about to visit, he came with an earnest desire, apparent, if not sincere, to be absolutely impartial. When the deputies of the consistory were presented to him, not only did he welcome them most graciously, but introduced the subject of the interests of their sect; adding that he was pained to learn, only a few days before, that their services had been interrupted since July 16.

The consistory replied that, at such an agitated period, the closing of the temples was a prudent measure to which they were bound to submit, and that they did in fact submit to it with resignation. The prince approved this reserve touching the past; but he said that his presence would furnish them with all the guaranty they needed for the future; and that he desired that the two temples should be thrown open on Thursday, November 9, and restored to the use for which they were intended,—at the same time promising the Protestants, who were rather alarmed at the favor they were far from expecting, that all needful measures should be taken to provide against their being molested thereafter. M. Olivier Desmonts, president, and M. Rolland-Lacoste, a member of the consistory were invited to dine with the prince on that day.

Another deputation waited upon the prince, when the first had taken leave. This one was composed of Catholics, whose object was to have Trestaillons set at liberty. The prince was so angry at such a request,

that he made no other reply than to turn his back on those who proffered it.

The next day the Duc d'Angoulême started for Montpellier, accompanied by General Lagarde; as the latter was the principal reliance of the Protestants in upholding their rights, which had thenceforth the guaranty of the prince's word, they preferred to undertake nothing in his absence, and allowed the ninth of November to pass without an attempt to resume religious services, awaiting the return of their protector, who returned to Nîmes during the evening of Saturday, November 11.

General Lagarde's first thought on arriving was to ascertain whether the prince's intentions had been carried out; and when he found they had not, he did not wait to hear a word in justification of the delay, but sent the president of the consistory explicit orders to reopen the two temples at once.

Thereupon, the president, carrying self-abnegation and prudence to extremes, repaired to the general's quarters, and after thanking him for his interest reminded him of all the risks to which he would expose himself by thus running counter to the opinions of the men who had been masters of the city for four months. But General Lagarde would hear nothing of it; he had received an order from the prince, and to his military mind it was necessary that that order should be obeyed.

The president ventured to make a few further observations.

"I will answer for it with my head," said the general, "that nothing will happen."

But the president persisted, and finally requested that only one of the temples be opened. To this the general consented.

This resistance to the rehabilitation of the religion on the part of the very men who were most interested in it, gave the general a realizing sense of the danger, and measures were instantly taken to guard against it. He availed himself of the pretext of a general review to bring the whole civil and military force of Nîmes under his control, being fully determined, if it should become necessary, to repress one by the other.

At eight o'clock in the morning, gendarmes were stationed at the doors of the temple which was to be opened, while platoons of soldiers of the same branch of the service patrolled the adjoining streets. The consistory resolved that the doors should be opened an hour earlier than was customary on Sundays, that the bells should not be rung and the organs should be mute.

These precautions had their good and their bad side. The gendarmes stationed at the door promised the support of the armed force, at least, if they did not ensure tranquillity; but at the same time they served notice upon ill-meaning folk of what was proposed to be done. The result was that, as early as nine o'clock, the Catholics began to form in groups, and as the day happened to be a Sunday, the people from the neighboring villages, coming in by twos and threes, soon made of these groups a large assemblage. In fact, it was not many moments before all the streets leading to the temple were thronged with people, the Protestants were greeted with insulting remarks as they passed, and the president of the consistory, whose snowy locks and venerable face were without influence upon the multitude, heard men saying on all sides: "The brigands of Protestants are going to their temple, but we'll fix 'em so that they'll never want to go there again."

The wrath of the populace is soon kindled, and when

it has once begun to hiss, it soon boils over. These threats, uttered at first in undertones, were quickly succeeded by more noisy demonstrations. Women, children and men, all began to yell together: "Down with the broilers!" (This was the name given by them to the Protestants.) "Down with the broilers! We won't have them using our churches! Let them give us back our churches, and go out into the desert! Out with them! out with them! To the desert! to the desert!"

However, as there had been nothing but insults as yet, and the Protestants had long since become accustomed to much worse than that, they plodded along, speechless and humble, toward their temple. They entered, undeterred by these first obstacles, and the celebration of the service began. But Catholics entered with them, and in a short time the same shouts that accompanied their approach to the temple arose within the walls. The general was on the alert, however, and the gendarmes at once poured into the building and arrested those who were making the disturbance. The Catholics undertook to oppose their being taken to prison but the general appeared at the head of an imposing force; at sight of him they held their peace, and the service went on without interruption.

The general was misled by appearances; he had himself a military mass to attend. At eleven o'clock he returned to his quarters for breakfast.

His absence was noticed instantly, and the disturbing spirits made the most of it. The crowds formed again and increased rapidly in size; the Protestants, threatened anew, secured the door of their temple on the inside, and the gendarmes drew up in line without. But the crowd pressed so close upon them and their attitude was so threatening, that the captain who commanded them, doubting his ability to hold out against such a mass,

ordered M. Delbose, one of his officers, to go and inform the general of the state of affairs. He forced his way through the crowd with great difficulty, and rode off at a gallop.

Thereupon the mob realized that they had no time to lose; they knew the general, and that he would be upon the spot in a quarter of an hour. They were powerful in point of numbers; they had but to press forward, and whatever lay in their path would give way—men, wood and iron. One of those movements took place before which everything bends, cracks and breaks. The gendarmes and their horses were crushed against the wall, the doors yielded, and the tumultuous, roaring flood swept into the temple. Immediately shrieks of terror and angry imprecations filled the air; everyone made a weapon of whatever came to his hand; a hand to hand combat with benches and chairs began, and the days of the Michelade were in a fair way to return; the uproar was at its height, when suddenly a terrible rumor passed from mouth to mouth and stayed the hands of assailed and assailant alike; General Lagarde had been assassinated.

General Lagarde, at the summons of the officer of gendarmes, immediately mounted his horse; too brave, or perhaps too disdainful of such foes to care for an escort, he took with him only two or three officers, and galloped away toward the scene of the tumult. He rode through the narrow streets leading to the Place du Temple, thrusting the crowd aside with his horse's chest; but as he rode out upon the square, a young man named Boissin, a sergeant in the National Guard of Nîmes, stepped to his side as if to speak to him; the general, seeing a man in uniform, leaned over his saddle unsuspectingly, to hear what he had to say, whereupon he

discharged a pistol point-blank in his face; the bullet fractured the collar-bone, and lodged in the neck behind the carotid artery. The general fell from his horse to the ground.

The news of this murder produced a strange and unexpected result. The crowd, furious and insensate as it was, realized in an instant the inevitable consequences. It was not, as in the case of Marshal Brune at Avignon, and of General Ramel at Toulouse, an act of vengeance against a favorite of Napoleon; it was open armed rebellion against an agent of the king. It was not murder simply, but high treason.

A feeling of profound terror at once spread throughout the city. None but a few fanatics continued to howl in the church, which the Protestants, in dread of greater disasters, immediately abandoned. President Olivier Desmonts marched at their head, escorted by the mayor of Nîmes, M. Vallongues, who had but just returned to the city, and hurried to the spot where his duty called him.

M. Juillerat took his two children in his arms and walked behind him. All the Protestants who were in the temple followed after. The mob was still angry and threatening, shouting and throwing stones, but at the mayor's voice and the venerable appearance of M. Olivier Desmonts, who had been a minister in the city for fifty years, the people stood aside to let them pass. Although eighty persons were wounded in this strange retreat, not one fell by the way, except a girl named Jeannette Cornillière, who was so maltreated, and so cruelly beaten that she died a few days later.

This well-timed hesitation, occasioned by the news of General Lagarde's murder, did not, however, imply total inaction on the part of the Catholics. During the

balance of the day the feverish populace acted as if they were shaken by an earthquake. About six o'clock in the evening some of the most desperate characters got together, secured an axe, and hacked the doors of the temple in pieces, cut the minister's robes, robbed the poor-box, and destroyed the books. A patrol came up in time to prevent their setting the edifice on fire.

The following day was much more peaceful; the affair was too serious this time to pass unnoticed by the prefect, as so many bloody affrays in the past had done. It was duly reported to the king.

Towards evening it was rumored that General Lagarde's wound might prove not to be mortal; Doctor Delpech, summoned from Montpellier, had succeeded in extracting the ball, and, if he did not encourage hope, did not discourage it.

Two days later everything seemed to be going on as usual.

On November 21 the king issued the following edict:

"Louis, by the grace of God, King of France and of Navarre.

"To all those to whom these presents shall come, greeting:

"An atrocious crime has cast a blot upon our city of Nîmes. In contempt of the constitutional charter, which, while it recognizes the Catholic religion as the established religion of the State, guarantees to all other forms of religion, protection and freedom, seditious gatherings dared to oppose the opening of the Protestant temple. Our military commandant, while trying to disperse them by persuasion before employing force, was assassinated, and his assassin has sought asylum from the officers of justice.

"Wherefore we have ordered and do order as follows:

"Article 1. Proceedings will be instituted without delay by our procureur-general, and our departmental procureur against the perpetrator of the crime committed upon the person of Sieur Lagarde, and against the authors, instigators and accomplices of the *émeute* which took place in the city of Nîmes on the twelfth of the present month.

"Article 2. A sufficient number of troops will be sent to said city, and will remain there at the expense of the inhabitants until the assassin and his accomplices have been brought before the courts.

"Article 3. Those of the inhabitants not entitled to be enrolled in the National Guard will be disarmed.

"Our Keeper of the Seals, our Ministers of War, Interior and Police are charged with the execution of this order.

"Given at Paris, at the Château des Tuileries, this twenty-first of November in the year of grace 1815, and of our reign the twenty-first.

"*Signed:* LOUIS."

Boissin was acquitted.

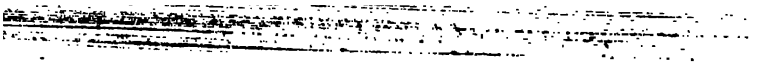
This was the last crime committed in the South, and, happily, it led to no reprisals.

* * * * * *

Three months after the attack, which was so near resulting fatally for him, General Lagarde left the city of Nîmes with the rank of ambassador, and was succeeded by M. d'Argout with the title of prefect.

During the firm, just and independent administration of the latter, the disarmament decreed by the royal edict took place without the shedding of one drop of blood.

His influence resulted in the election to the Chamber of Deputies of MM. Chabot, Latour, Saint-Aulaire and

Lascour, in the places of MM. de Calvière, de Vogué and de Trinquelade.

So it is that to-day the name of M. d'Argout is still held in veneration at Nîmes, as if it were only yesterday that he left the city.